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MILITARY AND NAVAL AFFAIRS.

VOLUME IV.

THIRD SERIES.

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UNITED SERVICE

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JULY, 1903.

INFANTRY IN WAR.

A DEPOT SYSTEM ESSENTIAL TO EFFICIENCY.

THE military history of the United States, so far as it relates to periodic modifications of prevailing military systems, does not differ much from that of other nations. When the Revolution took place there was little of military knowledge but that gained in the Indian wars in service with British troops. Washington had a serious time with the Continental Congress almost from start to finish in his efforts to secure approval of his recommendations for improvement of the Revolutionary Army. In 1798, when it appeared impossible to avoid a conflict with France, the country turned to the veterans of the Revolution for guidance. Political conditions were such that the country must be congratulated upon the avoidance of war at that time. In 1812 the long period which had elapsed since the close of the Revolution had thinned the ranks of veterans to such an extent that there were but few still able to take the field. It is difficult to conceive of a war the history of which could contain less for the country to be proud of than the War of 1812. The reader of history is impressed so constantly with the dangers which surrounded the Republic in its early years that it seems incomprehensible that its fate in war should have been left to the unreliable militia system, which at critical times had failed to fill the military requirements of the situation. In the Mexican War the principal army was led by a veteran of the War of 1812, but the knowledge of the art and science of war which had been disseminated through the Military Academy at West Point, combined with the experience of the regular army on the frontier, furnished a

great leaven to the armies operating on Mexican soil. The experience gained by the younger men in this war was of much value in the Civil War, but many of the older officers proved embarrassing and disappointing. At the outbreak of the war with Spain almost all those in positions of authority were officers who had served during the Civil War, and it was but natural that the methods which obtained in that war should be adopted in the war with Spain. The remark was constantly heard in Congress and about the War Department that the methods pursued during the Civil War were good enough for these United States at all times, and suggestions for improvement on the system under which that war was brought to a conclusion were coldly received. It was not generally known that many of the brightest generals who engaged in that conflict had become convinced that the system under which they had labored was defective and had earnestly advocated reform and improvement before the true lessons of the war should be forgotten.

It has never been proposed to tear down the system which brought ultimate victory over the exhausted armies of the Confederacy, but to improve and render it more perfect. The military system, based upon the experience gained in the Mexican War and the subsequent operations of a small regular army of 10,000 men, disclosed many palpable defects when applied to the administration of the affairs of 2,000,000 men. These defects were not confined to any particular branch of the army, but as the infantry was and must ever be the main reliance of the country for war purposes, the administration of that arm alone will be considered. The conditions existing during the period 1861 to 1865 are not likely to prevail again, yet since the close of the Civil War every effort to modify existing systems has had to encounter the argument that the experience then gained contains all the lessons of war to be learned anywhere. The principal difficulty has been to induce the veterans of the Civil War to recognize some of the lessons of that conflict and to assist in perfecting the American system. At the outbreak of the war with Spain strenuous efforts were made to prevent the War Department from profiting by the recognized experience of the Civil War in the most important matter which can arise in a country which depends upon militia and volunteers for its main defense. It is to this one serious problem that this paper is primarily devoted.

As the regular army and national guard or organized militia do not together constitute a sufficient body of troops to carry on war of any magnitude, it may be safely assumed that the army for war purposes will, during the first nine months, consist of regulars, national

guard and volunteers. The great bulk of the last two will consist of infantry regiments. The condition which will confront the regular infantry will be applicable to either of the other two forces when called into active service. In order that the proposed scheme for making the infantry regiments efficient for field service may be clearly understood it will be profitable to examine the recorded experience of the Civil War.

When it became apparent that the increase of the regular army raised under the proclamation of President Lincoln, together with the small force of volunteers which came into service under the first call in 1861, would not be able to make any impression upon the army being raised in the Confederate States, the Government adopted the wise rule of accepting volunteers for three years or the war. For some unknown reason, Congress modified this plan in providing for a volunteer army in 1898, and by its legislation limited future calls for volunteers to two years or the war. Of course Congress can at any time enact a law to repeal this clause, but as it was intended as a permanent statute, it is probable that whenever the organized militia is called out and is insufficient in numbers, volunteers will be authorized under the act of April 22, 1898.

When President McKinley issued his proclamation for 125,000 volunteers under this act there followed at once an effort to have volunteer regiments received with a less number of men in the ranks than the standard fixed for the war strength. The effort was successful, but the President called immediately for 75,000 more men and stipulated that no new organizations should be received from any State until those organizations already mustered in should be recruited to the maximum number. Recruits to fill organizations below the required standard were obtained by sending home regimental recruiting parties. The wrong done by accepting the depleted organizations in the first place was compensated for by the successful experiment of *recruiting volunteer regiments already in service.* Herein lies the basic principle of efficiency which applies equally to regulars, militia and volunteers in active service.

During the Civil War the killed represented a small fraction of the losses in the average regiment. Sickness, with long periods of convalescence, desertions and reported missing constituted together an appalling total. The large regiments both of regulars and volunteers shrunk rapidly in size, although the reduced organizations represented the "survival of the fittest," and grew daily more valuable with the experience of camp, march and battle. With rare exceptions, however, these splendid organizations were allowed to dwindle gradu-

ally below a standard of efficiency, as far as relates to numbers. Regiments which had entered the service a thousand strong soon fell below half that number. In the meantime, the numbers of officers and non-commissioned officers remained constant so that the real loss fell upon the bone and sinew of every fighting force, the privates. Some relief was demanded from a system which was rapidly sapping the strength of the various armies. Owing to the large bounties paid for volunteer enlistments the regulars were gradually reduced to a discouragingly low number. New regiments of volunteers with full quotas of officers were constantly coming into service. The adjustment of matters was thrown upon Congress, a body which usually deals with military emergencies much more promptly than with recommendations for the avoidance of such emergencies.

The remedy applied by Congress was drastic, discouraging, unbusinesslike and calculated to dishearten the whole army through the loss of its trained officers and non-commissioned officers. Experienced officers and non-commissioned officers can soon turn squads of recruits into disciplined and efficient soldiers, particularly when arrayed under the battle-scarred flags of well-known regiments. Under the "Act for enrolling and calling out the national forces, and for other purposes," commonly known as the draft act, which was approved March 3, 1863, the President was authorized to assign all persons drafted under the provisions of the law "to military duty in such corps, regiments or other branches of the service as the exigencies of the service may require." The act rescinded general orders of the War Department which had authorized the filling of organizations of regulars by transfers from the volunteers and specifically forbade volunteers from enlisting in the regulars. The sections of the act which gave the most severe blow to efficiency directed that whenever a regiment of volunteers should become reduced to one-half the maximum number prescribed by law, the President was authorized to direct the consolidation of the companies of such regiment. The general order of the War Department, published in conformity with this law, directed that each regiment of infantry "of the volunteer army now reduced, or that may be reduced hereafter, as set forth in said sections," shall be consolidated into six, or a less number of companies, and the colonel, major and one assistant surgeon mustered out. The order further directed that company officers and non-commissioned officers rendered supernumerary by the consolidation should be mustered out of service.

After a lapse of forty years, and with a full recognition of the integrity of purpose and high motives of the Congress, one cannot

read the draft act and the orders issued to carry it into effect without coming to the conclusion that it was a grievous military mistake to direct the muster out of the experienced volunteer officers and non-commissioned officers. In the first place, the very provisions for mustering out reduced regiments constituted an acknowledgment that the other parts of the act providing for a draft to fill the depleted ranks were doomed to failure. The serious trouble was that no military men of commanding ability and high rank had seen fit to study the problem and recommend a proper remedy before conditions had reached an acute stage which appealed to Congress for drastic action. Having applied the thoroughly Democratic and righteous rule of the draft to carry on a war in which the life of the nation was at stake, Congress had a right to demand that the law be executed in such manner as to fill the ranks of all existing regiments and that the raising of new regiments should be discouraged.

General Sherman emerged from the Civil War with a reputation for soldierly ability second only to that of General Grant. As a military student and a forceful writer his reputation is unexcelled. That he was quick to discern the evil effects of the consolidation order and prompt in his efforts to bring the military mistake to public attention may be best shown by quoting a letter written to his distinguished brother, then a senator:

"CAMP BEFORE VICKSBURG, April 23, 1863.

"DEAR BROTHER: I have noticed in the Conscript Act the clauses which empowered the President to consolidate the ten companies of a regiment into five, when the aggregate was below one-half the maximum standard, and to reduce the officers accordingly. Had I dreamed that this was going to be made universal, I should have written you and begged you for the love of our ruined country to implore Lincoln to spare us this last and fatal blow. Two years of costly war have enabled the North to realize the fact that by organized and disciplined armies alone can she hope to restore the old and found a new empire. We had succeeded in making the skeletons of armies, eliminating out of the crude materials that first came forth the worthless material, and had just begun to have some good young colonels, captains, sergeants and corporals. And Congress had passed the Conscript Bill, which would have enabled the President to fill up these skeleton regiments full of privates who soon, from their fellows, and with experienced officers, would make an army capable of marching and being handled and directed. But to my amazement comes this order. * * * This is a far worse defeat than Manassas. Mr. Wade, in his report to condemn McClellan, gave a positive assurance to the army that henceforth, instead of fighting with diminishing ranks, we should feel assured that the gaps made by the bullet, by disease, desertion, etc., would be promptly filled, whereas only such parts of the Conscript Law as tend to weaken us are enforced, viz.: five per cent. for furlough and fifty per cent. of officers and non-commissioned officers discharged to consolidate regiments. Even Blair is

amazed at this. He protests the order cannot be executed, and we should appeal to Mr. Lincoln, whom he still insists has no desire to destroy the army. But the order is positive and I don't see how we can hesitate. Grant started to-day down to Carthage, and I have written to him, which may stave it off for a few days, but I tremble at the loss of so many young and good officers, who have been hard at work for two years, and now that they begin to see how to take care of soldiers, must be turned out. * * * * *

"If not too late, do, for mercy's sake, exhaust your influence to stop this consolidation of regiments. Fill all the regiments with conscripts, and if the army is then too large disband the regiments that prefer to serve north of the Potomac and the Ohio. Keep the war South at all hazards. If this Consolidation Law is literally enforced, and no new draft is made, this campaign is over. And the outside world will have a perfect right to say our Government is afraid of its own people. * * * * *

"Affectionately yours,

"W. T. SHERMAN."

With this action by Congress at a critical period of the Civil War it may be fairly questioned whether the time has not arrived when the lessons of that war may be studied with a view to avoidance of recognized errors. Much of the writing in which prominent officers of the Civil War indulged subsequent to the close of that conflict bore generally upon discussions of various campaigns and battles. A very few urged the nation to profit by the lessons of that war and almost without exception their words were unheeded. The clearest proof of this exists in the acknowledged fact that practically nothing had been adopted as a modification of the system when the war with Spain was declared in 1898. The country gloried in the easy victory over Spain, but at the same time recognized that all was not right in our army methods. Anchored to an obsolete and defective system, the task of preparing to meet the foe was rendered extremely difficult. Everything done from April, 1898, until the close of the Philippine Insurrection was pushed with characteristic American vigor, but a historical examination of the sequence of events and the remedies applied leaves one with the conviction that nearly all legislative, administrative and executive action was based on emergency consideration and the expediency of the moment.

During the last hours of the session of Congress, which ended March 4th, 1899, the administration was appealing for legislation to meet the emergencies in the Philippine Islands, where thousands of volunteers were fighting with the colors although they had enlisted for the war with Spain, which had collapsed during the previous summer. On March 2nd, 1899, an Army Act was passed, but it contained a provision that on July 1st, 1901, the regular army should be reduced to the status it occupied prior to the war with Spain. Without later

legislation this would have restored the old ten company organization to all infantry regiments. The mere question of whether the regiment shall have ten or twelve companies in the line of battle does not materially affect the result, provided the fire action is the same. The twelve company regiment has been recommended for adoption for years because, with modern arms, the smaller battalion unit can be better controlled in action than a regiment of ten companies not divided into battalions.

The regiment of three battalions constitutes a very desirable organization for administration and the responsibility of their battalions tends to develop the majors and fit them for higher command. The adoption of the three battalion regiment accords with the requirements of the Act of April 22nd, 1898, which provides that three regiments shall constitute a brigade, three brigades a division, and three divisions an army corps. For many years military writers have inclined to the view that troops in battle should no longer have both support and reserve, since long range guns have all three parts under fire at once. It is quite generally accepted that a preponderance of fire at the moment of action is an element of success. It is therefore reasonable and right to adhere to the system of threes for all the organizations from the regiment to the corps for such organization will permit of two-thirds being put into action in a perfectly natural way whenever conditions are favorable. These considerations of the higher units have been mentioned incidentally; the crucial test of efficiency lies in strong and well disciplined battalions.

Strange as it may seem, there was never a period of American military history when so much attention and study was given to improvements in arms, drill, etc., as during the half dozen years preceding the war with Spain. Experiments were being made in every direction, but when the army was called to the field all that the officers of the regulars could say was that their men were the most completely trained of any the country ever saw. When these were gone, there was no time to train the squads of raw recruits sent to replace them, and a general feeling of discouragment took place. History had simply repeated itself, and unless something radical is accomplished soon in establishing a new system, the same thing will happen in the next war. A remedy must be found in peace which will fulfill its function in war.

For some years prior to the war with Spain many valuable essays were published, but it was no one's particular business at the War Department to cull out and take action upon recommendations coming up from the daily experience of the service. Field

guns, small arms, ammunition supply, drill regulations and many important accessories were under constant experimentation and were vastly improved. Everything was developed along progressive lines except the one most urgent and necessary thing of all, the important elements which go to make up a workable army.

The experience of the Civil War teaches that while all the states appeared able to furnish new regiments of volunteers with a full supply of officers, not one of them arranged to fill the vacancies in their old and experienced regiments. When the draft law was put in operation there was no serious effort made to insure the sending of conscripts to the organizations in service from their own localities. The result was that regiments which entered upon three year enlistments a thousand strong or more strong were soon reduced to half that number, and long before the close of hostilities the number of men present with the colors in the majority of regiments did not equal in strength a modern battalion. Men separated from their regiments through wounds or sickness frequently drifted to convalescent camps, where they were practically unknown. Conditions became so obnoxious that on March 3d, 1863, Congress enacted a law directing the paymaster general "to take immediate measures for the prompt payment of the sick and wounded soldiers in the convalescent camps, hospitals and elsewhere, so that they may be fully paid within sixty days from and after the passage hereof."

It is needless to dwell on these conditions; the facts are accessible to all who care to study the Records of the Rebellion. The long era of peace has caused those who fought in the Civil War to forget many of the serious and costly business errors of that conflict. Their presence in all the high and important offices of the army should have assured correction of all known errors of organization and administration. Congress must take its honest share of blame, but no system was ever properly presented to prevent the recurrence of the evils which overtook the splendid regiments of volunteer infantry of 1861 to 5 through failure to supply recruits and provide for convalescents in such a way as to assure present comfort and a future return to the ranks of their own companies. When the war with Spain was an assured fact, instead of having a plan which had received the sanction of Congress, the hands of the clock were turned back to 1861. The old mustering regulations were drawn from dusty pigeon holes and the system which had achieved results at a maximum of cost in health and money was again established. Volunteer regiments were quickly brought into service and hurried to large camps before the necessary provisions could be made. Thousands

of recruits were enlisted for the regular army, but as nearly all of the regiments had gone to Cuba before the recruits could join and be equipped, they were left to the mercy of a homeless existence in large bodies, with but few officers, and those few rebelling at heart at being compelled to do duty when their comrades were joining battle with the enemy. The War Department authorities performed an enormous task in those kaleidoscopic days and nights of 1898. The accomplishment of great purposes with defective machinery is highly creditable. If another war is allowed to find the country with no better system for putting its infantry in the field and keeping it up to a state of efficiency, so far as the supply of recruits is concerned, then public condemnation will follow as surely as it did in 1898.

There may be many feasible plans for accomplishing the same purposes. It should be borne in mind that a large number of infantry regiments must be made ready for immediate field service at the outbreak of war, and that each and every regiment should know that its sick and wounded will be cared for and returned to the ranks without undue delay, and that vacancies will be filled with acceptable recruits sent by those interested in the honor and welfare of each particular regiment. This question satisfactorily solved means increased economy, contentment and efficiency. As the methods recently in operation did not differ from those which obtained during the Civil War, it is assumed that the remedy must be a radical reparture from all past systems. The depot system has been frequently recommended and during the Philippine Insurrection a home battalion scheme was put in partial operation. This took from each regiment one-third of its officers and men. The other battalions could not profit by the movement to any great extent, and after a brief trial public opinion in the service condemned the experiment. *To accomplish the desired result some form of depot organization is absolutely necessary.*

As each infantry regiment of the regular army, militia and volunteers is to consist of three battalions of four companies each, the proper solution of the serious question appears to be for each battalion to have its depot company, which shall remain at home whenever the battalion takes the field. This will leave three battalions of three companies each for duty with the regiment. The administration and maneuvers of the regiment will be unchanged. The battalion of three companies is an ideal organization for drill purposes. The same general rules would be applicable to all the organizations of the army, since three companies would constitute a battalion, three battalions a regiment, three regiments a brigade and so on to the division of corps. The large twelve company regiments, filled to the

maximum, would so enlarge the army corps as to make it unwieldly. The dropping out of a depot company simplifies this question.

The home battalion scheme having been abandoned it may be contended by those who approved its continuance that the home or depot company would be no better solution. This is not believed to be the case. When the methods of operation and benefits to be obtained are considered the scheme should commend itself to every military man who will acquaint himself with the grave difficulties which confront regiments without home depots of some kind. If almost any regiment which participated in the active campaigns of the Civil War be selected and its records be examined it will be found that there was a marked uniformity of experience throughout. Some regiments suffered more severely in battle casualties than others, and some met with practical annihilation by capture. Nevertheless, the general statement is substantiated that the lack of a proper system allowed splendid divisions and brigades of infantry to dwindle to such proportions that they could only be kept efficient by adding additional regiments to each brigade. Aside from the military questions involved this sort of consolidation was extremely extravagant as a business proposition. If any great railroad system continued to run three trains an hour, with full crews, after experience had shown that there were never more passengers than could be accommodated on one train, the officials of the road would be considered incompetent and the bonds and stocks of the corporation would rapidly seek a low level or become worthless. Even the government felt the financial strain of the war very acutely towards the last, and the records show strong pleas to the army commanders for economy in requisitions of all kinds.

As a military proposition strong battalions make for good morale, increased confidence and battle efficiency. Weakness in the real battle element, the fighting privates, on the other hand, stands for discouragement, excessive guard and fatague duty and a lowered capacity for efficient military work of all kinds. A company, in the mind of the average general officer, stands for a specific organization possessing certain vital characteristics, and whenever the number of men in the ranks has become reduced to one-half or one-third the proper number that particular organization suffers in consequence.

It is of sufficiently recent date to be remembered that in 1898 large numbers of soldiers drifted about the country to hospitals or their homes, without descriptive lists or means of identification and created just such a condition on a smaller scale as that which existed in 1863

when Congress ordered payment to be made to such absentees. It should be recognized that any really serious or prolonged war will always produce similar conditions unless some means be devised to reduce the evil. It can never be wholly eradicated when armies are actively engaged, but as training in the use of the first aid package for wounded has materially reduced the percentage of losses, so the adoption of a home station for every battalion, where complete copies of all rolls will be kept, will induce the absent from any cause, except desertion, to find their way to comrades and to recognition for pay, clothing and food. No legislation is required to put this in practice. If upon a mature investigation by the General Staff it be found practicable and wise nothing more than a War Department order is needed to put the system in operation for the regular army, the militia and volunteers when called into the service of the United States.

It is a common thing for officers possessed of some leisure to propound theories and submit recommendations of a general character to the War Department, with the naive suggestion that the mere details can be worked out at the department. In the scheme proposed for a depot company for every battalion of infantry of the regulars, militia and volunteers, it is possible that the details might be worked out in many different ways. Being an entirely new scheme, it is hardly possible for any one to foresee all the minute details which experience would suggest as for regulation. It is desirable always to provide for as many contingencies as possible, for in military matters it is found that when good business men enter the service fresh from civil life and apply common sense and honest mercantile rules to government affairs, they become hopelessly entangled with treasury rules made to catch swindlers. It is, therefore, wise to remove all embarrassment and chance of error which it is possible to avoid by the establishment of regulations to govern depot companies. It is entirely probable that when the General Staff has been in operation for a time the remount system can be so arranged that the cavalry can be brought under the same system, and possibly later it may commend itself to the artillery and engineers. The place where it finds its first and most needed application is the infantry, and in view of the possible reorganization of the militia in many states, an early consideration of the proposed scheme is very desirable. The details of the order putting this depot company system in operation should be along the following lines, which are suggested as corrective of known evils of past administration and not as theories to be experimented with:

WAR DEPARTMENT,

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

General Orders
No.

In every battalion of infantry of the regular army and of the organized militia and volunteers in the United States, one company shall be designated as the depot company, and shall occupy the home station of the battalion whenever the latter is ordered into active service in time of war.

2. The duties of the depot organization shall comprise all those which will tend to keep up the strength and efficiency of the battalion. The depot company commander shall be furnished with descriptive rolls of the companies on active service and information necessary to keep up and complete such records will be promptly communicated by company commanders, particularly that relating to recruits required and to men absent from their proper organizations from any cause whatever.

3. When a battalion takes the field the authorized maximum strength, under the provisions of the act approved February 2nd, 1901, shall be announced. Battalion commanders shall then transfer such number of non-commissioned officers and privates from the depot company as circumstances appear to warrant, leaving always an efficient organization to serve its purpose as contemplated in this order. Officers shall be detached from or attached to the depot companies by battalion commanders as the needs of the service may require. Immediately upon the completion of transfers each depot commander shall commence recruiting and continue until the depot company is filled to the maximum established for all companies of the battalion.

4. Recruiting by depot companies shall be carried on within the limits of the district allotted to each. Officers belonging to or attached to a depot company shall be detailed as acting quartermasters whenever necessary to the performance of recruiting or other duties. Department commanders are charged with the supervision of all depot companies stationed within the limits of their respective commands. All requisitions for supplies required by depot companies shall be sent direct to the department headquarters. When necessary, arrangements for renting, under emergency agreements, suitable quarters for temporary recruiting stations and for furnishing supplies therefor shall be made by the Quartermaster's Department. Arrangements for

the subsistence of recruiting parties shall be made by the Subsistence Department, and for medical attendance by the Medical Department.

5. Whenever requisitions for recruits are received from companies on active service, the depot company commander shall procure the necessary transportation and send, without delay, the required number of men, as nearly as practicable. Recruits should be sent to companies fully uniformed, equipped and armed, unless the depot company commander shall have ascertained that equipments and arms are available in the organizations to which recruits are destined. Depot company commanders will be held responsible for the instruction of recruits, and that they are fit for duty when sent to join the battalion. Small detachments may be sent under charge of a non-commissioned officer, but habitually an officer shall be assigned to the duty of conducting detachments to the battalion.

6. Upon the restoration of peace conditions, records of depot organizations of the regular army not necessary for battalion administration shall be sent to the adjutant general of the army for file in his office. All depot records of volunteer and militia organizations in the service of the United States shall be sent by mustering officers, with other records pertaining to these organizations, to the adjutant general of the army for file in the Record and Pension Office, War Department.

This plan will give to the National Guard regiments an assurance that no disturbance will be made in their armories by reason of being sent to the field. The depot company of each battalion could occupy such property under arrangements made with the various states, and there would be no likelihood of new regiments being formed to take charge of these armories. This is one of the reasons given by National Guard organizations for not desiring to be mustered into service by the United States when simply called out for short periods. It is useless to enter into a discussion of the merits of this question, because Congress has settled it by directing that whenever the organized militia is called into the service of the United States each man shall be examined before muster in.

All of the volunteer battalions and a large proportion of the National Guard and regular battalions will not have armories or permanent stations in the districts allotted for the establishment of their depot companies. It would be in the interests of economy if there is any probability that the war will continue for a prolonged period to construct temporary barracks and hospital accommodations for each depot establishment. This would insure good sanitary arrangements and more continuous and effective instruction than if the men

were kept under canvas and prevented from receiving instruction during bad weather.

It will be the duty of the General Staff to work out a satisfactory distribution of the entire United States, so that each battalion of the regular army and organized militia may know in time of peace the district which would be allotted to it in time of war. Similarly an allottment of districts should be reserved for the volunteer battalions which may be called into service. Of course a plan suited for an army of 300,000 men would not do for an army of 500,000. It will therefore be necessary to make several alternative plans and keep them ready for emergencies.

In each territorial department the commanding general will require mustering and inspecting officers. The law which authorizes the employment of retired officers for such work during war will find its greatest application in this connection. Many retired officers who are unfit for active duty in the field are physically and professionally capable of carrying out the details of this work. It may be necessary for department commanders to sub-divide their departments into mustering districts in the event of a great war.

The general theory of this whole scheme is that concentration of small details in the War Department constitutes a form of centralization which caused the War Department to practically break down for several weeks during the war with Spain, and a similar experience may be expected in any future war unless this matter receives careful attention in peace. The decentralization of the recruiting of the army in time of war meets with the approval of all those most familiar with the conditions which existed in 1898.

For many years department commanders were gradually deprived of the initiative and control in many of the important matters which should have remained entirely within their jurisdiction. This general plan decentralizes and takes away from the War Department a mass of correspondence and direction which can only be imperfectly and with great difficulty carried on under the existing system. The mass of letters and telegrams coming from recruiting stations, rendezvous, state camps and mustering offices and a thousand and one other sources of correspondence during periods of war excitement will break down any system which has ever existed or which may be adopted, unless authority over these matters is dispersed to the proper officials throughout the country and not concentrated in a bureau of the War Department already overburdened with such matters.

The organic laws of our country for the conduct of war are based upon the just theory that all men between the ages of eighteen and

forty-five must join the colors when their services are demanded for the common defense. The bounty system of the Civil War was a constant source of scandal, and it should be made impossible for any state or community to furnish troops procured through a bounty system. The division of the entire area of the United States into recruiting districts and the establishment of depots would enable the officers of the general government to get in close touch with each community through the agency of polling and jury lists. War and its burdens would then bear evenly on all sections, and make it impossible for an unwilling state to furnish its "volunteers" for another state as was done recently during the war with Spain.

Congress, as yet, is unwilling to authorize a volunteer reserve, preferring to rest the defense upon the regular army and organized militia. There is no existing foreign entanglement to lead Americans to a conflict beyond our territorial borders, but the moment such a contingency arises our militia system ceases to meet the requirements of the situation, and the United States volunteer army becomes a necessity.

If the scheme proposed be adopted it will have a tendency to develop battalion commanders through the responsibility thrown upon them. The battalion will become an administrative as well as technical unit. There is no obstacle to this, so far as the returns are concerned, for a saving of time would result if the regimental commander should submit the return of the field, staff and band, and each battalion commander the return of his battalion. It would not be necessary to consolidate these upon the present form of regimental return, for by simply attaching them together in the adjutant general's office they become the returns of the regiment and are available for all information concerning it. Incidentally many minor and important reforms will follow the adoption of this or a similar depot system. These will result, however, from experience. In order that the plan may not be left untried in practice until war is declared, it should be applied annually to some organization ordered to participate in maneuvers. In that way minor defects can be discovered and the system perfected. Any system which will utilize the full strength of trained regiments and reduce the expense of maintaining armies is worthy of careful study. That the proposed plan will accomplish this and more, there can be little reasonable doubt.

WM. H. CARTER,

Brigadier-General, U. S. Army.

"OLD IRONSIDES."

The Interesting Story of a Nation's Naval Favorite.

To the youth of the present generation there must be something interesting in the story of one of the most remarkable vessels that ever bore the American flag, and the name of which, in the days of their fathers, was of more than usual significance. She was Boston born and built, was never beaten, and escaped from British fleets vastly superior in force on two or three occasions at least, when that luck attended her which sailors always believe in, and which, in fact, never deserted her. It is doubtless true that at the present day little remains of the old craft which more than a hundred years ago saw the light at Edmund Hartt's ship yard in Ship Street, between the Winnisimmit Ferry and Fish Street, now known as Constitution Wharf.

In the year 1794 the Congress of the United States ordered the building of six frigates, three only of which were completed, viz., the Constitution, or "Old Ironsides," the United States, and Constellation. The first, as we have already indicated, was built in Boston, the second in Philadelphia, and the last named in Baltimore, all upon an entirely new theory; that is, with cannonades on a flush spar deck, and thirty long 24-pounders on the main deck, whereas the usual metal of a frigate of a hundred years ago was an 18-pounder. The Constitution was two years or more in building, and at the first and second attempts to launch her she stuck on the ways. The third attempt was successful. Her first commander was Captain Samuel Nicholson, who exercised a general supervision over her during her construction. Her dimensions were so large that her sails were made in the old Granary at the corner of Park and Tremont Streets, there being no other building in Boston large enough to contain them. Her first figure-head was a statue of Hercules with an uplifted club, which, upon being shot away in the Tripolitan war, was replaced by a Neptune, at the beginning of the war of 1812 with Great Britain, which Samuel Adams Drake has immortalized in an allusion to an old song:

> "'By the trident of Neptune,' brave Hull cried, 'Let's steer;
> It points to the track of the bullying Guerriere.'"

She afterwards bore a plain billet-head scroll, which is now preserved in the Charlestown Navy Yard. Her first battery was entirely English, and her frame was of live oak. She carried forty-four guns, and was in every respect a most formidable vessel for the days in which she saw birth. A figure-head of President Andrew Jackson was afterwards placed upon her bows at the Charlestown Navy Yard by Com. Elliott, the head of which was cut off one stormy night by an adventurous seaman, one Capt. Dewey, but was afterwards replaced.

Old records tell us that it was not until the twentieth of September 1797, that Col. Claghorn, who had, under Capt. Nicholson, the charge of the ship, announced that the famous frigate would be launched. Drake tells us—than whom there is no more reliable authority—that "people poured into the town from all quarters. The day was pleasant, but cold, and the neighboring wharves were crowded with spectators, who received warning that the passage of the vessel into the water would create a swell which would endanger their safety. About six hundred people went over to Noddle's Island (now East Boston, on which then there was not a single resident), where they could obtain a fine view of the expected launch. At high water the signal was given, but the ship moved only about eight feet, and then she stuck fast, and the assembled multitude dispersed with anxious forebodings. On the following twenty-second of the month a second effort was made to get the frigate afloat; but she moved only a little, and then stuck fast. Now she came to be regarded as an "ill-fated ship," for superstition was rife in those days, especially among the sailing community. On the twenty-second of October following, a third attempt was made. The day was lowering and cold. But few people were present, owing to the previous failures, the general belief being that this would, like the other attempts, prove abortive. At high tide all was ready,

> "And at the mast-head,
> White, blue and red,
> A flag unrolls, the Stripes and Stars."

On the heel of the bowsprit stood Commodore James Sever, who according to the usage of the times, baptized the old ship with a bottle of choice Madeira from the cellar of the Hon. Thomas Russell, one of the leading merchants of the town. A few invited guests, including some ladies, stood on the vessel's deck. At last, at the given signal,

> "She starts, she moves, she seems to feel
> The thrill of life along her keel,
> And spurning with her foot the ground,
> With one exulting, joyous bound
> She leaps into the ocean's arms."

Thus, after three trials, this old favorite ship was launched upon the water which for more than one hundred years has been her resting place, and she became the lucky ship of the Navy.

In 1798 the Constitution, or as she was more affectionately known in our early naval battles, "Old Ironsides," proceeded to sea, and for several years was under command of Samuel Nicholson, who had been a lieutenant under Paul Jones, when the latter lashed his vessel to the English ship, Serapis, and Edward Preble, who in 1804 gallantly laid "Old Ironsides" under the walls of Tripoli; again under Isaac Hull, her original fourth lieutenant, and William Bainbridge, and that grand old sea dog, Charles Stewart, who placed the Constitution between the Cyane and Levant, during the war of 1812, on a beautiful moonlight night off the island of Madeira, and so whipped the two ships that there was not much to be said in favor of British gunnery. Drake, from whom quotations have been liberally made, says: "No ship was ever so much loved by a nation as the frigate Constitution, not even the famous old Victory of Nelson. Good luck pursued her without the intervention of the horse-shoe which Nelson carried nailed to his masthead."

The exploits of the United States Navy in the war of 1812, between the United States and Great Britain, began with the escape of the frigate Constitution from an English squadron, consisting of the America (64), Guerriere, Shannon, Belvidera, Oeolus, frigates; a brig and a schooner. The Belvidera was within gunshot. The day following the discovery of this fleet (July 17th) there was a dead calm and the time was spent in towing, maneuvering and firing. Matters continued in this way until the 19th, when a light breeze sprang up, and the Constitution suddenly spread all her canvas, and by outsailing her enemy escaped a conflict which she could not have maintained with any hope of success against a force so greatly her superior. The chase was continued day and night for more than seventy hours, during which the whole crew remained at their stations. There was on board one of the British frigates the commander of an American captured vessel, who stated that all the officers of the British squadron applauded the conduct of Capt. Hull and his crew in maneuvering "Old Ironsides." This squadron was under command of Captain Brooke, who afterward, in the Shannon, defeated the lamented Lawrence in the Chesapeake, the most unlucky vessel in our then infant navy. It was after this wonderful escape that Capt. Hull brought the Constitution into Boston Harbor and penned upon the register of the Exchange Coffee House the following tribute to Lieut. Morris (afterward commodore) and his brave officers and crew:

"Capt. Hull, finding his friends in Boston are correctly informed of his situation when chased by the British squadron off New York, and that they are good enough to give him more credit for having escaped then than he ought to claim, takes this opportunity to make a transfer of a great part of their good wishes to Lieut. Morris and the other brave officers and crew under his command for their many great exertions and prompt attention to orders while the enemy were in chase."

In this escape, which has become a part of our nautical history, it is said that Lieut. Morris conceived the idea of kedging the Constitution, that is, throwing out anchors ahead and pulling up to them, by which she escaped, and he acquired undying renown. When the wind did reach the old frigate she was off at the rate of thirteen knots, leaving her pursuers hull down in a short space of time, for she was one of the best sailers ever built, and on occasion displayed wonderful speed.

After a thorough overhauling the Constitution proceeded to sea, from Boston, on the nineteenth day of August, 1812, and fell in with the British frigate Guerriere, one of the pursuing squadron. In about thirty minutes the latter lay a log upon the water, having lost all her masts, beside seventy-nine killed and wounded, while "Old Ironsides" had but fourteen killed and wounded and was soon in fighting trim. This was the first bad blow the British Navy had received at the hands of the Americans; they could not understand it, and they never will. It is ludicrous to read the English papers of the day, which try to account for the loss of one of their finest frigates, *sent out especially to tackle a Yankee frigate.* What was the world coming to if such things should be allowed. John Bull was "up on his ear," as the boys say, but it did no good. Bainbridge followed the suit of Hull by capturing the Java, and Stewart brought two of their ships to terms in this Yankee frigate, the pride of the nation, and Great Britain's back was broken. Her sovereignty of the seas was gone. Blessed be the name of Yankee for all time!

Twice after the famous escape of Capt. Hull, off Sandy Hook, above alluded to, did the Constitution escape from British fleets and far outstrip her pursuers. Once she was chased into Marblehead, when the New England Guard, of Boston, a corps organized in 1812, proceeded as far as Charlestown, when they learned that the pursuit had been abandoned. *"They then found that their cartridge boxes were empty."*

One of the pleasantest recollections that the writer has of "Old Ironsides" is the cruise he made in her from '43 to '46. At that time

the old ship had the same battery that she had in 1812, when she took the Guerriere, Java, Cyane, and Levant. Also there was the binnacle and the wheel which were transferred from the Java to the Constitution; and there was, moreover, a memorable man on board, one Andrew Petersen, a Swede, who, stationed in the maintop in the action between the Constitution and Java, shot Captain Lambert in the shoulder, from which wound he died.

Upon our arrival in Singapore with over two hundred sick of the Constitution's crew of five hundred, the first man to step on board and offer medical assistance was Commodore Chads, of the British squadron, who surrendered the Java to Captain Bainbridge. These events linger in my memory almost with a feeling of awe for those old naval heroes who have crossed the border land. In those days the sight of a steamer was rare; but few had been in commission, when now almost everything in the way of navigation is steam, and guns and powder are but accessories in the grand result. How skilful in the old days was the maneuvering of these wooden walls with such sailors as Hull, Bainbridge, Porter, Stewart, Jacob Jones, Warrington, Percival, and the hosts of others now dead and gone to their long home, who never dreamed of the naval warfare of the present day.

The history of the United States frigate Constitution has been written for the UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE by Captain H. D. Smith, of the United States Revenue Service, and the writer esteems it a favor to be allowed to copy from this work, which deserves the widest circulation, that part which relates to Commodore Chads and his visit on board "Old Ironsides" at Singapore:

"The Constitution had swung to her anchor; the gangway ladder had been adjusted just in time for the accommodation of a magnificently appointed barge which dashed alongside in charge of a midshipman. Skipping lightly over the side, the youngster doffed his cap, presenting the compliments of Commodore Chads, whose broad pennant was displayed on board Her British Majesty's frigate Cambrian.

"But a short time elapsed before the commodore called in person. He was a fine looking man, of distinguished presence, about fifty years of age, standing six feet in height, and as erect as a life-guardsman. His smile was pleasant and genial as he returned, with an easy gesture, the salutes of the officers drawn up to receive him. He halted a moment at the cabin companionway, surveying the ship fore and aft, alow and aloft, a curious expression apparent in his bright blue eyes. He then descended to the private apartment of Captain Percival, who rose from his seat, receiving his distinguished guest leaning on crutches, he being a martyr to inflammatory rheumatism.

"'I have hastened to board your ship,' said the commodore, after the first salutations were over, 'to offer my services, having heard that you were suffering from illness, as well as many of your people. My surgeon, whom I have brought with me, who has been long on the station and is familiar with the diseases prevailing here, is at your disposal. Anything I can do for you shall receive my personal attention, for you must know I owe a debt of gratitude to your country.'

"He then inquired if he was on board of the identical frigate called the Constitution in 1813. He was assured that she was the same in model, battery, and internal arrangements, although rebuilt. The commodore, smiling, replied that he was glad to meet her *again;* that she was an old acquaintance of his, and that in the action with the Java, after Captain Lambert had received his fatal death-shot, he had by virtue of rank assumed command, fighting the vessel until compelled to strike. 'Although we were defeated,' continued the commodore, 'there are no reminiscences connected with my career more fragrant with pleasing remembrances than those bearing upon the skill, gallantry, and bravery of the large-hearted Bainbridge. I remember in particular one episode—I shall never forget it. We were all on board the Constitution, and rapidly nearing San Salvador. Poor Lambert was dying, and I was by his side on the quarter deck above, when Bainbridge approached, pale and weak from his wounds, and tenderly as a woman whispered a few words of comfort to the poor fellow, at the same time placing in his wan hands the sword he had been compelled to render up. It cheered Lambert's last moments on earth, sir, and the act I can never forget. The Constitution was maneuvered in a masterly manner, and it made me regret she was not British. It was Greek meet Greek, for we were of the same blood, after all."

The Constitution now lies snugly moored and protected at the Charlestown Navy Yard.

For many years after the capture of the Guerriere by the Constitution the bell of the latter ship was the one taken from the enemy. It was of remarkably fine tone. Lieut. George C. Read, of the old navy, who reached the rank of rear admiral at the date of his retiremen in 1862, was the officer dispatched from the Constitution by Capt. Hull to bring on board the prisoners from the Guerriere. On his return from the last trip of so doing, he heard the sound of this bell as the hull of the Guerriere rolled in the trough of the sea, and, being then but a short distance from the wreck, returned with his load, jumped on board the sinking ship, took off the bell, and returned with it on board "Old Ironsides," where it hung from 1812 to 1835, the year of the rebuilding of the Constitution.

The original Guerriere was a French frigate and surrendered to the English 38-gun frigate Blanche on July 19, 1801, and her bell afterwards became the inheritance of the English frigate Guerriere, rebuilt from the French original. This bell was cast at Amsterdam in the fifteenth century and must have been surrendered to the French in one of the old Dutch battles.

It is still in existence and rings daily the hours of work from out the belfry of the Butterfly cotton mill, near Providence, R. I. It has an inscription, a copy of which I possess, but it is mislaid. The bell is thought to have been taken originally from a convent, its tone is so pure.

This is Captain Smith's closing tribute to the nation's favorite:

"Full of honor and renown, with a record of glory undimmed by defeat, 'Old Ironsides' rests from her long term of service, rocked by the undulations of the waters of Boston harbor. 'Tis a fit and becoming haven of retirement for so faithful a servant, worn out in the service of the country. In New England waters the Constitution was first embraced, and the quaint old harbor will deal gently with the timbers and time-honored hulk of Columbia's favorite. No other vessel of war will ever exert the influence or retain such a hold on the hearts of the people. The Victory, lying at Portsmouth, England, is venerated by the English people as a reminiscence of the past, as a memento of that world-renowned fight when at one blow the naval power of two great nations was crippled and the superiority of England established without dispute. The Constitution occupies a like post of honor with the American people, and the navy-yard at the national capital would seem to be an appropriate asylum for the gallant frigate which has won her last battle. The deeds of her youth, her long list of triumphs, will never be surpassed, and will be cherished as long as the republic exists, and preserved as a memento of a by-gone age—a soul-stirring monument of the nation's youthful glory."

BENJAMIN F. STEVENS.

*LANCE, SWORD AND CARBINE.**

THERE is a general and not unnatural feeling of uneasiness with regard to the future of British cavalry. It has, almost more than any other arm of the service, recently come in for much criticism and remodeling. Many changes have been introduced into its organization, methods of instruction, and armament, which, to those responsible for them, no doubt appear to be completely justified by cogent reasons, but have not all commended themselves to a mass of soldiers of no inconsiderable practical and theoretical knowledge, and have, it must be confessed, in some instances been very hurriedly made. Presumably the experiences of our late war in South Africa have had much influence on the minds of our military authorities, but these experiences cannot be allowed to be conclusive with regard to war in general; and it is to be feared that perhaps the strong impression that they made on those who felt them has in some degree obscured the wider outlook which should be taken by men who have to deal with broad principles capable of universal application. Our struggle with the Boers was a great war, as regards its duration, the melancholy losses that it caused, and the vast efforts which it entailed upon our country; but it was altogether abnormal in most of its conditions, and was only an exaggerated form of the many fights which we have had on the borders of our empire ever since we became a world-power. There is really no more reason why we should deduce decisive rules of military conduct from the late experiences of South Africa than from the Zulu and Afghan campaigns. As Colonel James very clearly points out in his lately published and most masterly treatise, "To say that tactics found successful against an irregular foe like the Boers in an extraordinarily difficult country like South Africa would be equally successful in Europe against a well-trained and well-equipped modern army desirous of giving battle, would be erroneous." Our cavalry in South Africa especially labored under every conceivable disadvantage, and it had, in consequence, very few and very restricted opportunities of showing its true power in battle. From the very first it was more or less paralyzed by the condition of its

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horses, and this from no fault of its own, but on account of the way in which it was put into the field without any of the care and precaution which the most ordinary knowledge on the part of high authority might have dictated. There were two great occasions, at least, on which we had a force of cavalry present, when it might have struck such a blow in time-honored fashion as would have gone far towards finishing the war at one stroke. On one of these occasions, though the horses were fairly fit, the general in supreme command did not launch them at the foe, who would have been at their mercy. On the other, though it was such a one as cavalry officers have ever dreamed of as a glorious opportunity, the horses were so weak and exhausted that few of them could have gone out of a trot. If, on these two occasions, our cavalry had had the meed of fortune which was their due, is it likely that we should now hear so much about the necessity for altering almost everything connected with the methods and equipment of that arm of the service? Are we never, in the future, to see a general in command of our field army who will let loose his cavalry when the favorable time comes; and are we never again to see our squadrons mounted on effective animals in good condition and fit to gallop?

It is now the time—and it is of intense interest to soldiers, whose business it is to fight, and to the British people, who have to pay their expenses—to consider the arms of our cavalry, and to find out, if we may, how far some recent changes have been justified. First, again to quote Colonel James's treatise, "Cavalry must not abandon the *arme blanche*. Our South African experience has shown that in a *mêlée* a rifle is a poor weapon; and collision with the foe, however difficult of attainment, should always be the cavalryman's desire. The moral effect and the actual loss thereby inflicted is far greater than can be obtained in any other fashion, and these opportunities will still occur when the enemy has been driven back demoralized by previous fire-action."

Well, if cavalry must have an *arme blanche,* it remains to weigh the comparative merits of lance and sword, and to see whether the former has really deserved the lately pronounced sentence which has relegated it to practical obscurity. That it bore the highest character as a weapon till a very recent date is proved by the resolution taken within the last fifteen years to arm a large proportion of all dragoons with lances, and by the transforming within the last six or seven years of the 21st Hussars into a Lancer regiment. Presumably this wholesale adoption of lances in our cavalry was not entered upon without due consideration, and the probable use and employment of cavalry

in modern war had been reckoned up by the distinguished soldiers who then swayed the destinies of our army. Has any circumstances or series of circumstances occurred in South Africa (for it is obviously there alone that we can look for enlightenment) which has certainly proved the opinions of five years ago to be mistaken? The comparative value and probable use of the shock-power of cavalry must here claim our attention for a moment, as it is an essential factor in our subject. Colonel James, to quote him yet again, says, "It is impossible to believe that cavalry, as cavalry, can be used in a pitched battle as part of the attacking or defending force, and certainly not in the former." And this is no doubt perfectly true under most conditions; but it may still be believed that there are many quite possible circumstances (*e. g.*, surprise, foggy weather, or flank attack) which would prove this opinion to be somewhat beyond the truth. However, even assuming that his denial of confidence in cavalry shock-power as regards a ranged battle is correct, still it must be expected that an enemy may some day be encountered who possesses a large force of cavalry; and when that day comes the conflict will not be confined to a long-range discharge of firearms, but will be decided in the old fashion by a rush to close quarters. Then again, as has been said above, demoralized infantry will inevitably prove easy victims to a charge of cavalry. What would have happened if the Boers at Magersfontein had had a few squadrons of real cavalry with which at once to follow up the effect of their terrible fire-action? That question has been put to an officer who was there, and his answer was, "Something like a *débacle*." In the cases of pursuit after a victory or the attack made on points in an enemy's line of communications, it is clear that rapidity of movement, which means the use of the *arme blanche* and shock-power, must be the main characteristic of the action.

And it is to be remembered that it is not a very difficult thing to demoralize a man (at least to a sufficient degree to make him somewhat uncertain in his defence), however well armed he may be, by the sudden and rapid attack of a ponderous and powerful assailant. Possibly some readers of this may have been fortunate enough to do some big-game shooting in their time. If so, let them recall the (shall we so call it?) diffidence with which they regarded the charge of a wounded bison, buffalo, or tiger. Even when quite prepared for the emergency, armed with the best rifle in the world, in the best bodily condition, and possibly with another sportsman hard by ready to aid with a cross-fire, does not a man breathe a sigh of relief when the woodland affray is over and the attacker has been disposed of? And

how often has it been the case that even the best and coolest sportsman has failed at close quarters to fire a shot that would paralyze a charging animal, and has suffered accordingly? Would not an angry lancer in full career be a more awe-inspiring object than a wild beast? And will the ordinary soldier usually have more *sangfroid* than a jungle-hunter? A modern infantry soldier, too, cannot absolutely rely on the stopping and paralyzing power of the bullets which he discharges so freely. This has been particularly brought home to us by the late experience in the Somaliland campaign, and what will be the effect of this upon steadiness and confidence?

Now let us see what are the necessary characteristics of a good lancer, specially as a lancer, and putting aside all the other qualifications, mental and physical, that we desire to have in a cavalry soldier. A lancer cannot be improvised, any more than a good marksman with a rifle; and it is not likely that any man can become an expert in handling a lance in less than two years from the day when he first grasps it. He may be to a certain extent formidable in a less time, but he will not have acquired the familiarity with the weapon that will give him complete confidence in it under all circumstances. And, if the lance is to become a trusted friend, it should never be out of a man's hand, whether mounted or dismounted, unless it is replaced by the rifle. It is the unconscious possession of the balancing grip, commencing quite as much from constant companionship as from the routine of drills and practice, that gives the mastery over any weapon. A lancer need not necessarily be an extremely powerful man; but it is certainly desirable that he should have sufficient length of limb to secure a strong seat in the saddle, and as much leverage as possible for the rapid swing which will give due value to point and butt. A lathy man of from 5 feet 7 inches to 5 feet 9 inches has all the physique that is necessary; and even if he is not a Hercules, the dictum of the old diminutive stage coachman applies to him, "Vot the big uns does by strength, ve little uns does by hartifice."

It may here be remarked that the restrictions placed upon the method of using the lance in mounted practice combats—such as may be seen at military tournaments—have a tendency to give to the spectator a somewhat false idea of the weapon's capabilities, and may also in some degree reduce the confidence in its power in the man who uses it. If in these mounted combats the lance-shaft was firmly gripped under the right arm as in the "engage" taught in the lance exercise, or as, to use a more popular expression, when it is couched, a blow from its point, even when muffled, would very likely hurl an opponent from his horse and possibly inflict serious injury. It is

therefore ordered that the lance shall not be so gripped, but is only to be held in the hand, and the thrust is made by the power of the arm alone, unaided by the weight of the man's body and that of the horse. This, of course, is reasonable enough in a mimic encounter, but it at once deprives the lance of more than half its power for offence, as its thrust can be comparatively easily parried because it is not firmly supported, and the formidable nature of the attack is entirely discounted. In serious fight the lancer would naturally use his weapon in the most effective way, and at a gallop would be a very different opponent from the somewhat tame person who appears in the arena of the Agricultural Hall.

Above all things, it is necessary that a lancer should be a good horseman, and should ride a well-broken horse in good condition. If we are in the future to be content to forego the careful riding-school work which has formed a main feature of our cavalry training for many long years, to ask only that our troopers in general shall have that moderate amount of horsemanship which is requisite to enable mounted riflemen to move rapidly from place to place, and to understand that never again are we to see good horses in good condition on a battlefield, then without question the days of the lancer are past, and indeed the swordsman is in little better case.

There is in England no more perfect exponent of the lance's merits than the Commander-in-Chief himself, and it is inexplicable how he, with his mastery of the weapon and the many reminiscences that he has of good service that it has done in his hands, can ever have been persuaded to sign the late orders concerning it. Whether, as a young officer, he ever carried a lance in war cannot be said, but no man ever followed the "old grey boar" more keenly than he, or used a more effective hog-spear. And an impression of an Indian scene twenty years ago comes back very clearly to the mind. There is a great gathering for military sports of officers and men from all parts of India. All the distinguished Europeans in the Presidency are on the ground, and a huge native crowd in many-colored turbans surges up to the barriers. The tent-pegging is going to begin. A single horseman, first on the list of competitors, darts down the course, whirling the long spear round his head with practised hand. His little grey Arab devours space at the speed of the best blood of the desert. Down comes the spear-point, and as it comes up again, the peg is seen transfixed. "Beautifully taken!" shout the Europeans. "Shabash! Shabash!" cry the natives. Who is the brilliant horseman? It is Sir Frederick Roberts, Commander-in-Chief in Madras. He is mounted on Vonolel, who carried his master through the Afghan

campaign, and is allowed by the Queen proudly to wear the war medal on his breastplate.

In modern war it was Poland that first sent regiments of lancers into the field. The great Napoleon, recognizing their value, embodied them in the French armies, and we, learning from his experience, introduced the lance into our cavalry in 1816. But the real home of the lance is in India, and we all recognize the typical Indian warrior of the olden time in Sir Alfred Lyall's "Old Pindarri":—

"When I rode a Dekhani charger, with the saddle-cloth gold-laced,
And a Persian sword and a twelve-foot spear, and a pistol at my waist."

And it is in India especially where we shall find the spirited highly broke horse which lends itself to every wish and movement of the rider. All our magnificent native cavalry are armed with lances, and if the English edict is to have general effect in our Eastern Empire, it will come like a revolution, carrying results that may be almost disastrous. It is in India that our cavalry soldiers have learned that exercise of tent-pegging in which they have made themselves more than the equals in proficiency of their teachers,—an exercise which our rank and file are now to be permitted to retain and practice as a recreation! When the lance is condemned as a weapon there is small probability that it will be cultivated as a plaything, and the concession is but of fictitious value.

But to sum up a lancer's qualifications. He must have long and familiar acquaintance with his weapon, and confidence in it; good but not necessarily excessive physique, and he must be a thorough horseman and well mounted. These are not by any means impossible conditions. They have easily been fulfilled, not only by the lancers of our own but by those of other nations in the past, and there is no apparent reason why they should present any possible difficulty in the future.

And for the peculiar merits of the lance itself? No one can doubt its moral effect, and moral effect is in war almost more important than physical effect. Here may be quoted the words of a "Times" correspondent in South Africa, published on March 7, 1901. They are prophetic of the present situation of our cavalry, and they speak from the writer's personal observation of the moral effect of the lance:

"The cavalry in South Africa have now had their weapons taken away, have been re-armed with the infantry rifle, and can no longer be called cavalry. I have little doubt that, in consequence of this, an outcry will be raised that the days of cavalry are past, and that lances

and swords had better be hung up in the Tower of London with the other obsolete weapons, as relics of a by-gone age. In this connection, however, let me remind your readers of what I witnessed on the 15th February last year, when three squadrons belonging to the 9th and 16th Lancers cleared the way for the cavalry division that relieved Kimberley, and what looked like a desperate resistance on the part of the enemy was overcome in about six minutes by a small force of resolute men, relying on their lances only and the speed of their horses. Had these horses been burdened only with a fair weight, few of the enemy would have been left to tell the tale; but a pursuit of the lightly weighted Boer by our men riding 20 stone is a fruitless operation.

"But, even as it was, the moral effect of the dozen men or so killed by the lances was, I am sure, greater than had 100 been killed by rifle fire—so great is the Boers' detestation of cold steel."

We have been told also, upon the authority of a Boer leader, that, when the English cavalry was deprived of its special weapons, there was joy in the Boer camps, for even the off-chance of an attack with lances had always made the Boers very nervous and ready to quit positions which they would have confidently defended against musketry fire alone. And this is more than confirmed in page after page of that most graphic picture of Boer character, "A Burgher Quixote," recently published. There is only space for one quotation of the Boer hero's words, but it is typical of many that might be made: "I could hardly believe that the name of 'Lancers' would not prove of mighty effect; for not even the news that the Kafirs were making a night attack during the Magato campaign produced such fear as the name of these British soldiers with what the Burghers, in their ignorance, called 'long sticks with knives,' just as they always miscalled swords 'long knives.'"

The deadly efficiency of the lance as a disabling weapon cannot be denied, and is far superior to that of the sword. If a lancer and a swordsman, or a body of lancers and a body of swordsmen, meet in full career, no one who has had any practical experience of the two weapons can doubt on which side will be the advantage. If the lance point does not reach the man, it will certainly not miss the horse, and the ghastly stab will in either case dispose of one enemy as an efficient combatant. If a sword is used for cutting, it is not by any means certain that a true cut with the edge will be made, as the sword is very apt to turn slightly in a man's hand, and so deliver its blow more or less with the flat of the blade. If, however, the cut does fall true, its effect may very likely be modified by the edge coming upon a button,

a belt, or some other piece of accoutrement, which will rob it of more than half its vigor, and the result is, at most, a slight flesh wound. If a sword is used for thrusting, it certainly becomes fifty times more to be feared; but then, again, it is at a disadvantage with the lance on account of the much longer reach of the latter. If a man lies down, or can profit by the smallest obstacle, he is almost perfectly safe from a swordsman, but he cannot so evade a lance point. In raids against lines of communication, which are marked out as services peculiarly to be hoped for from cavalry in the future, convoys will be very desirable objects of attack, and if they cannot be captured and removed, their future progress must be made impossible. Can swordsmen do this? No; for escort and drivers will seek shelter under wagons and behind beasts, where they will be in perfect safety. But God help them in such a case, if they are attacked by lancers! In the Mutiny campaign it was often the practice of individuals among the enemy, when they were being pursued, to lie down and pretend to be dead, rising up and firing, often with effect, at the horsemen after they had passed by. Our lancers, however, soon learned this ruse, and secured themselves by a simple precaution. If one of them saw a prostrate body, he dropped the butt of his lance upon it *en passant*. If the body was really that of a dead man, there was no time lost, and it was shown that no shot from behind was to be feared. If it was that of a shamming enemy, the blow from the butt was generally sufficient to put him off his shooting; but if not, the lance could be reversed, and he received his quietus from the point. So completely, indeed, was the lance to be relied on in every contingency that, during the Mutiny campaign, the officers of our lancer regiments themselves carried lances, or sometimes the lighter and even more deadly boar-spears. How deadly they were is shown by the prowess of an officer of the 9th Lancers, of whom it is recorded that, in one action, he killed eleven of the enemy, and among them a man who was on the point of slaying an English officer.

A lance cannot so easily become blunted as a sword. Even if the extreme keenness of the point is lost, there are very few substances that can resist its penetration when it has the weight of a man and horse behind it. The iron-shod butt also, which is never sharpened, is nearly as formidable as the point, and in the hands of an expert will inflict a terrible and shattering wound.

Finally, it is no small thing to be able to say, in the lance's favor as compared with the sword, that if necessary a well-trained lancer can use a sword, especially if he depends upon the point, with ease and

good effect, while the same certainly cannot be said of a swordsman, if a lance is put into his hand.

Now let the *per contra* be examined. What are the faults of the lance? A great deal has been made of its conspicuousness, and in the spirit of that criticism attributed in the "Times," April 7, 1900, to Col. Albrecht, the German officer who did so much for the Boers: "You did conceal nothing. * * * But your cavalry! We can see. We see a bush with a pole sticking up behind it, and we say, There is the cavalry." Such a remark can very easily be answered. A lancer in the field would either have his lance "slung"—*i. e.*, hanging by the sling from his arm, or else at the "trail"—*i. e.*, laid across his horse's shoulder, and in either case the point would certainly not be higher than his own head. If, therefore, Colonel Albrecht or any one else saw a lance sticking up behind a bush, he must have been very blind not to see also the man who carried it. As a matter of fact, if the most moderate care is taken, lancers are very little, if at all, more conspicuous than any other cavalry. It is to be remembered that in war, and especially in countries which are very open and where the atmosphere is clear, the gaudy fluttering pennions are removed; only the occasional twinkle of a lance can attract attention by any possibility, and this, too, can very easily be guarded against by using a little oil to dull the steel.

By far the most important objection to the lance lies in its awkwardness when men are required for dismounted duty with their carbines, and here the sword the rather commends itself. The sword is always fastened to the saddle, where it hangs snugly and easily; there is no delay when the soldier wishes to leave his horse, and in leading the dismounted horses over rough ground or through woods, there is nothing that can impinge upon any obstacles. The lance is always and essentially part of the man while he is in the saddle; before he dismounts he must fasten it to his saddle, which takes a few moments of time, and lances which are attached to led horses are undoubtedly to be considered in deciding where these led horses are to go. But even granting this objection, it is of very small real importance. A tolerably long and varied personal experience and the known judgment of many veterans of our modern wars, including the South African campaign, have taught the writer that smart, active, and well-trained lancers can quit their saddles, have their horses taken to a place of shelter, and be themselves ready for dismounted service with their rifles as quickly within a moment or two as any other mounted troops; and even that moment or two might be saved by some small improvement in the saddlery. And here it may be re-

marked parenthetically that operations of war are not necessarily conducted, as some theorists seem to think, at the speed of sleight-of-hand tricks, but, more often than not, are sufficiently leisurely and deliberate to allow a considerable margin of time for preparation.

Remains, then, the objection that, if a lance is to be used effectively it must be in the hands of a reasonably tall, well-grown, and well-developed man, and this especially as coupled with the popular belief that, for the sake of reducing the weight on the horse's back, our cavalry soldiers of the future must be short and in every way undersized. The question of the physique that we should seek for in our cavalry recruits was pretty carefully examined in a paper on "The Future of our Cavalry," which appeared in "Maga" in May, 1901, and some of the words then written may be now transcribed, for they seem to answer the objection with some completeness:

"Practical experience teaches us that, if men are powerful and in good condition, there is not above a very few pounds difference between the weight of an individual who is 5 feet 5 inches and one who is 5 feet 7 inches or 5 feet 8 inches, and it may be accepted as a general rule that the better the class from which a man comes the taller he will be. * * * It is a scientific fact that typical Englishmen of the upper classes are, at twenty years old, from 5 feet 8 inches to 5 feet 9 inches in height, and of a lower class about 5 feet 7 inches. Two or three years later, under favorable conditions, both classes of men are about the same height. Men who are shorter than the typical height are generally so because they have been born under unhealthy circumstances, because at some time in early life they have suffered from disease, or because they have had bad or insufficient food. In any case these causes of arrest of growth take away greatly from an individual's physical value when he arrives at maturity. * * * It has often been said that we should enlist for our cavalry men like jockeys, second horsemen, or whippers-in; but there is not a sufficient supply of well-nourished muscular pigmies, and men of the classes we have named, however strong they may be in their bodies, generally have, to an experienced medical eye, some defect about the legs. Now a man who is in any way weak or deficient is, more than ever in present circumstances, undesirable as a cavalry soldier."

Every man who has done any soldiering with mounted troops in the field knows well that a fairly tall, spare, lathy man in the saddle, even though he may weigh a few pounds more, distresses his horse much less than a "dumpy," and, in camp or bivouac, he is certainly better able to tend it and make it comfortable. Let the weight on the horse's back be reduced in every possible way, except by recruiting

men who, whether we make lancers of them or not, are below the mean standard of our national physique.

The lance may now be left and the sword may come up for examination. In the comparison of the two weapons, for the sake of defending the former, some hard truths have been said, which lovers of the "queen of weapons" have generally been very loath to insist upon, as not wishing to depreciate the confidence of their comrades who are armed with swords. But, though it cannot be admitted that the sword is other than inferior to the lance in many respects, it is yet a time-honored weapon which has carved a way to glory on every battlefield since the world began, which has its own peculiar merits, and is well suited to the wants of a large proportion of our mounted soldiers. It should by all means be retained by all the regiments of our cavalry in which it has hitherto had its special home, and for the use of which it is perfectly adapted. But if any of our soldiers are to be called upon to place reliance on their swords, the pattern of the weapon itself, as now supplied to our army, must be altogether and at once remodeled, and it is somewhat curious that, in the present epoch of change, it has not been the first item selected for condemnation. Let any man take an ordinary cavalry sabre in his hand and think how long he could possibly wield it in a *mêlée*. Many people have practised fencing more or less, and know how, after a bout of two or three minutes, using even a light foil, their arms and wrists are fatigued to exhaustion. What would be the result of a life-and-death struggle with a regulation sword? Heavy, ill-balanced, with a massive steel hilt, it is the most impossible weapon that can be conceived—bad to cut with, bad for delivering a thrust, and ill adapted for parrying. The cavalry swords of the Waterloo period were infinitely superior. They at least were much lighter, and were so made that for cutting purposes (though, as will be seen, cutting is to be deprecated as a main feature of cavalry swordsmanship) nothing could be better. It may be told that when a renowned leader of irregular cavalry was organising and equipping for the Mutiny campaign the gallant regiment that followed him so faithfully, he considered himself fortunate in being able to find in some storehouse a sufficient number of old-pattern cavalry swords, which had been cast from the service long years before. When the old blades, that had been mouldering half-forgotten in obscurity, were furbished up, they were everything that could be desired, and in the nervous hands of the warrior Sikhs and their officers they bit deep in many a hard-fought encounter. And to add to their other demerits, our swords are carried in heavy steel scabbards, which most effectually prevent them from preserving a keen

edge or a sharp point, whose clank betrays the presence of cavalry at an indefinite distance, and whose shimmer in the sun's rays it is almost impossible to conceal. For fifty years and more all thinking and practical cavalry soldiers have denounced metal scabbards in the strongest terms, but they have maintained their place in our equipment, triumphant against common-sense. It is understood that now, however, experiments with wooden scabbards are being made, and we may hope that the final condemnation of steel scabbards is within measurable distance.

The question what would be the best form of sword for our cavalry is so intimately bound up with that of the most effective way of using the weapon that the form of sword instruction now given to our cavalry must claim some attention. And this unquestionably seems to be open to serious criticism. In it, as it appears to most people who have practically studied swordsmanship, the emphasis laid on the use of the sword's edge is far too great, and the use of the point is not made of sufficient comparative importance. Both in the sword exercise—*i. e.*, the drill in making cuts, guards, and points as taught on foot and mounted in the barrack yard—and also in the exercises at a gallop, when the soldier is required to use his weapon on various objects presented to him in his career, the cuts have an undue share of regard. The natural tendency of all men (and perhaps more especially of Englishmen) is to cut rather than to thrust, but from every point of view this must be wrong. The man who cuts fatigues himself in a *mêlée* far more than the man who thrusts, and, as a rule, expends his strength to very little purpose. It has been pointed out above, in comparing the lance with the sword, how many chances there are against a cut falling with a true edge and on a quite undefended spot. Then the man who cuts opens his guard and is at a disadvantage with a wary adversary who is ready to profit by the momentary opportunity. The man, on the other hand, who is taught mainly to depend upon his point, remains quietly on guard with his point low, is always ready with his parry, and, when he thrusts, does so with the minimum of exertion, for the weight of his body and his horse is behind his sword, and he is barely called upon to extend his arm. Then in the thrust, even if the point of the sword does come upon any more or less impervious part of accoutrement, it does not necessarily fail altogether, for it will probably only slip on to a more vulnerable spot; and that the wound given by the point of the sword is certainly as a rule more disabling than one given by the edge, and that thrusting is therefore the swordsman's most effective action, has been proved in battle over and over again. It is a long way to go

back to the Roman legionaries, though the *arme blanche* knows no special dates, but it may be remembered that their short swords were ever used for thrusting. De Brack may fairly be cited, however, and he knew something in his day of cavalry hand-to-hand encounters. He says, "Pointez, pointez, le plus que vous pourrez! Vous jetterez par terre tous ceux que vous toucherez; vous démoraliserez l'ennemi échappé à vos coups, et ajouterez à ces avantages celui de ne point vous découvrir et d'être toujours à la parade." Napoleon's cuirassiers, the *gros frères* of French military romance and legend, were armed with long straight swords, and, always using the point, their course over a battlefield was marked by swathes of dead and disabled enemies, and so great was the moral effect produced by the devastation they always caused, that most Continental cavalry were very loath to meet them. The story told somewhere illustrating the moral effect of their prowess may here be repeated, to show how formidable their mode of fighting was estimated. A small body of cuirassiers, cloaked, met a very greatly superior force of Austrian cavalry, which advanced to the attack full of confidence. The cuirassiers drew swords, and, in doing so, their cloaks swung aside, disclosing the cuirasses beneath. The Austrians at once thought better of their purpose, and fell back rather than meet the much-dreaded warriors, conflict with whom was very different in its results from that with ordinary cavalry.

There can be no doubt that one of the most crying present needs of our cavalry is a really good and effective sword, much lighter, or at any rate better balanced, than the present weapon, in which, without doing away altogether with the edge, greater importance shall be given to the point, both in the length, width, and straightness of the blade; and when such a sword has been devised, which should not be difficult with the guidance of the numberless models of all the centuries which we have at our disposal, then our present method of teaching the use of the weapon should be changed for one more in keeping with its best potentialities.

Before passing to the consideration of the carbine, an idea must be noticed which has been several times mooted in the past, and has now, it is understood, been practically carried out by one of the most distinguished leaders of mounted troops in South Africa, who has placed his experimental results in the hands of the military authorities for consideration. He proposes that our cavalry soldiers should be provided with swords of such a description that they can be fitted like bayonets on to the muzzles of the carbines. With a sword-bayonet thus fixed it is believed that a composite weapon will be

formed which can be used like a lance when the soldier is mounted, and will also have a certain value on foot. Writing without any personal knowledge of the sword-bayonet in question, which has yet been seen only by a few outside of an inner circle, it is of course impossible to speak with absolute certainty about it. This, however, may probably be said with perfect truth—(1) That any sword capable of being used as a bayonet must inevitably be too short for useful employment by itself as a sword, either mounted or dismounted. (2) A rifle with a bayonet fixed on it will, in no sense, be of the same value as a lance, because it cannot have a proper balance; it will be of little or no use for parrying the attack of any enemy except in the hands of an extraordinarily powerful man; and it will lack the armed butt which forms a most important part of a lance's power. (3) It will be that which is never really successful, a compromise, which itself can never give to cavalry its proper value at any time or under any circumstances, and may therefore, if our cavalry is so armed place our soldiers in a very false position should they ever be called upon to meet well-trained and equipped horsemen of any European army.

At best it appears that the proposed arrangement is only adapted for the use of a sentry, to whom it is sometimes of advantage to have it in his power to stop a man without being obliged to fire; and possibly it might have some value in a campaign against a half-savage foe, who could bring no parallel weapons against it. If it is contemplated that the sword-bayonet is to accompany the cavalry soldier when he dismounts, and is to be used systematically on foot, it must be taken into consideration that it and its scabbard will be an encumbrance to free movement as compared to the present conception of the cavalry sword, which is left always fastened to the saddle. Of course, however, if cavalry is really to be turned into a kind of mounted infantry, there is no more to be said.

Whatever line our military authorities may eventually take with regard to the arming of our mounted troops, it is sincerely hoped by most soldiers, and certainly by most cavalry soldiers, that they may stick to some definite principle. Let weapons be recognized which can be used on foot, and others which can be used in the saddle, but nothing is to be gained by an attempt to combine the two. The rifle is all that is wanted on foot, and the sword (though we may have our own views about the lance) is a most excellent weapon when mounted; but the hybrid between the rifle and the sword in the hands of a horseman would be a laughing-stock if opposed to either a lancer or a swordsman.

There is little space left in which to say anything about the carbine, but fortunately the knowledge of the rifle's qualities is very widespread, and most people can form an exceedingly sound opinion about it for themselves. With regard to its use by cavalry, however, one most important principle must be reiterated, and this is that we must put aside once for all the old-fashioned belief that the same man cannot fight equally well mounted and dismounted. Some of our foremost soldiers are still unconvinced of this truth, but there can be no doubt about it. It is quite possible for a man to be most formidable with a rifle on foot, and equally formidable, in another sense, when he finds himself in the saddle grasping sword or lance. The *roles* in combat of cavalry and infantry do not necessarily involve two different qualities of the mind; and soldiers, being reasonable men, can see perfectly well when one form of action is suited to an occasion rather than another. Many renowned generals have been equally distinguished both in leading cavalry and infantry, and why should not the rank and file be equally ready to act either on foot or on horseback as the necessity of the case demands? In a small way the truth of this was quite sufficiently proved at Diamond Hill, when the Household Cavalry and the handful of the 12th Lancers each charged with the greatest delight and with perfect confidence, though for long months previously they had never been engaged except on foot with their carbines; and at Omdurman, where the 21st Lancers, after charging, dismounted and fired coolly and effectively with their carbines.

As a matter of fact, we may fairly thus reckon up the probabilities of cavalry action in the future. Nine times out of ten, when they are engaged, they will find that their rifles will be their stand-by. They will be holding outlying positions, they will be harassing an enemy, they will be covering a movement, they may be employed on any one of fifty possible minor operations. On the tenth, however, their real chance will come, and, if they are equal to the occasion, they may strike such a blow as impetuous horsemen as will re-echo in history throughout the ages. They must—and indeed the English cavalry will, if the chance be given to it—be equal to the occasion.

A word must be said of the future firearm of our cavalry. It is understood that it has been decided that cavalry and infantry are both to have the same rifle. It is to be about four inches longer than the present carbine, and will therefore be somewhat shorter than the present infantry musket. It may be that, in giving to cavalry a rifle with the longest possible range, we are going too much on the experiences of South Africa, a land of vast distances and a singularly clear

atmosphere. In almost any other country in the world, a clear range of 1,000 to 1,200 yards, the effective range of the present carbine, is almost an impossibility; and even if it was found, the atmosphere is seldom anywhere so clear that objects at such a distance are sufficiently distinguishable for very effective fire-action, particularly such as would be expected from cavalry, which would almost certainly be acting in comparatively small bodies. It is, however, well to be prepared for any emergency, and though the new rifle can no longer be called a carbine, and will be more of an encumbrance to a man when he is mounted than the older weapon, it must be welcomed for the sake of its possible advantages.

There is an opinion, perhaps rather generally entertained, that cavalry soldiers cling too obstinately to old traditions, and that they are too little ready to recognize new developments in the art of war, but this opinion has certainly no real foundation in fact. Cavalry soldiers have studied the history of the past and the experience of the present quite as closely as any other military theorists. They are supported in their belief that the old cavalry methods are not yet entirely out of date, not only by many thinking men belonging to all arms of the British army, but by the consensus of thought of all the great military nations of the Continent. They are quite ready to accept, and not only to accept but to welcome, all the new duties which modern circumstances may put upon them, but they cannot, as yet, believe that the power of the well-armed, well-trained horseman has, as such, passed away for ever. They implore, therefore, that their armament may be suited to what they most conscientiously believe to be their requirements.

Whatever may be the equipment which is finally given to them by authority, they will make the best of it and thoroughly do their duty. The peace of Europe is none too secure, and if our cavalry are called upon to take part in a really great struggle, they only pray that they may in the future be able to meet any possible enemy so armed, that they may maintain the honor and safety of England as well and honorably as their forefathers have done in the past.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

By Henry Romeyn, Brevet Major, U. S. A.

CHAPTER XII.

The ensuing five years passed quietly in the Holland home. The young wife, the year after her marriage, was called upon to mourn for her mother, lost in one of those accidents so common among those who go down to the sea in ships—she having perished in a sudden storm which swept the Zuider Zee. The elder Dekker succumbed to the effects of old wounds and hard service. The two men had frequently discussed the subject of emigration to New Netherland, and the father had as often declared that, if the son could no longer be content in Holland, he would not oppose the project; but the son, with a filial respect and love which honored him, put aside the thought, declaring that so long as his country did not need him professionally in the New World, he would not abandon his parents to satisfy any roving spirit. Resigning his commission, he devoted himself to business, relieving his father of most of his cares, and was settling down as a staid burgher, interested in his trading ventures at home and in the New World, when to each came a call which could not be put aside. To the older man it came as it had come to his sire, in the silent hour of the night; and without word or sign, he passed on to meet, in the Great Beyond, comrades who had preceded him into the realm of eternal peace. His widow did not tarry long,—scarcely had the funeral feast ended, when, her hold on life weakened, she gave the grief-stricken pair her blessing, and went to join him from whom she had so lately parted.

Director Stuyvesant had assumed charge of affairs in New Netherland, and was bringing order out of the chaos which had disgraced the rule of his predecessors in that office. He had known Kaptein Schoonmacker prior to the Brazilian service of the latter, and he now called for him. Chafing, as did his late subaltern, amid the, to him, dull surroundings of peaceful Holland towns, the officer, though he had passed the time of his fifth decade, resumed his sword, and called upon his former companion in arms to again enter his country's service.

"Thou canst," he wrote from his station at Fort Orange, "do better for thyself and thine than to remain in Holland. Here is room for all. This land has no limit. Trade with the natives now brings large returns, and thou canst manage a goodly portion of it as a stockholder of the West India Company, and for thy service obtain a grant of land on Hudson's River, or elsewhere, which will be a home for thee and thine, and at the same time hold thy place in Holland's forces. I can assure thee of a place in my company. Come, and let us begin life anew in a new and beautiful land. Thy old friend Kaptein Van Van Kampe has come, and is located at the Esopus colony, where he would gladly welcome thee."

This opened anew a discussion in which opposition to the plan of emigration was vigorously maintained:

"Why shouldst thou again seek danger in lands beyond the sea? Thou hast now pledged thyself to others, and care for thy wife and children"—two sturdy sons, as she spoke, climbed upon her knees—"and if soldiers are needed in New Netherland, there must be danger there from savages, as Holland is at peace with all Europe. Why venture thy life among them again? The pitcher which is often carried to the spring is sure to be broken in the end. Thou hast escaped once by a miracle; tempt not fate again."

But as the captive brant answers in springtime the travel note of its free congeners, winging their way to their summer haunts, so the heart of the younger man answered the call of his former companion in arms; and the matter of transfer of all his property interests to the soil of the New World was one of daily, we might say hourly, discussion; till, after months of delay, a reluctant consent to the change was given by the wife, and one beautiful spring morning the pair, from the deck of The Spotted Cow, saw for the last time the spires of Amsterdam, as favoring wind and tide bore them rapidly out to sea.

The voyage was devoid of stirring events, and consumed only a month of time, but to the woman whose home ties were strong, and who could only think of the unknown land as filled with wild creatures, and peopled with wilder men, it seemed all too short, and it was through misty eyes, and with overwhelming nostalgia, that she saw from the lower harbor the quaint village clustered about the small fortification at the lower end of the island of Manhattan, and felt that such was to be her future home.

The landing was soon accomplished, and on presenting himself before the doughty director, Liutnant Dekker learned that his company was located far in the interior, and that his presence was required at once, the natives being dissatisfied and threatening hostilities.

This information was an additional source of anxiety to the wife and mother, and as the small sailing vessel to which they were assigned for passage to their new home progressed but slowly on her course, she had ample time for thought and surmise regarding the future. As she looked upon mile after mile of unbroken forest bordering the magnificent stream, she saw, in imagination, hordes of savages peopling its bosky recesses, and, from the summits of its verdured steeps, looking down with hostile eyes upon the little vessel creeping past their feet. No sail other than theirs seemed spread above its waters; no civilized presence, other than those of their own score of voyagers, seemed ever to have dared to trace its course; till, near the evening of the third day of their passage, they sighted the small settlement of Esopus, and, landing, found a welcome among its settlers inside its stockade defenses. During their short stay, both visitors and hosts had much to tell and many questions to ask, and the homesick immigrant found that, once located on the soil of the New World, and homes founded which they could call their own, her sisters had ceased to pine for the old ones across the sea, and, identified with the growth of the ones they had found, could be, and were, happy in them. She saw, too, the natives, clad in their scanty garments of furs, moving peacefully among the settlers, and even allowed the females to caress her children, although at first with fear and trembling.

When, after a three days' delay, their voyage was resumed, the officer found that the views of his companion had undergone a radical change, and that, instead of looking backward to the mother country, she had caught the spirit of those whom she had met, and had already begun to plan for the future.

As, sheltered from the rays of the sun by the loosely flapping sail, while the rising tide carried them slowly up the stream, they gazed again upon the leafy coverts along the shore, she said:

"How canst thou obtain a grant of land here, and how is the location determined?"

"One makes selection of land not occupied, and ask that it be granted him for settlement. If he has been a sailor or soldier of Holland, he can ask for more than would be granted to one who has never thus served her."

"But what of the rights of the natives? Are they not considered, or paid anything?"

"The director deals with them for the States, and makes the allotments. Some of the settlers also pay the savages, that they may have no cause for complaint."

"It will please me much if thou canst at once obtain such a grant.

If we and ours are to remain in the country, we and they must have a firm interest in it, and those who choose first can be best satisfied in quantity and quality."

"My friend Kaptein Van Kampe is now at Fort Orange, whither we are bound, and when we have seen him and Kaptein Schoonmacker, and talked with them of the matter, we can better decide what to do. But I am glad thou hast come to see matters as thou dost, for it should make us both much happier."

Three days later they stepped ashore at Fort Orange, welcomed by all the inhabitants; but most warmly by the former companions in arms, Kapteins Van Kampe and Schoonmacker, and at the trading houses of the first named they found a resting place while arrangements for a home should made.

CHAPTER XIII.

But, before this could be done, the course of events had undergone a very decided change. Less than a month had passed since their arrival, when, near the close of day, just as the little garrison was forming for its evening parade, three men appeared on the bank of the river opposite the stockade, and signalled for a canoe. One was sent to them, and a few moments later they had crossed and were ushered into the presence of the commander. One proved to be a lieutenant of "The Noble Guard" of the director, with a trumpeter of that body, while the third wore the uniform of a British officer. They were the bearers of astounding tidings. New Amsterdam had surrendered to the English! The surrender included the whole of New Netherland, and was to become immediately effective.

To all, civilians as well as soldiers, a gulf seemed to have opened beneath the feet, and the night was spent in council.

Those in whom we have an interest were especially anxious. Each of them had transplanted all his belongings to the colony, and all his pecuniary interests were there. Kaptein Van Kampe had left the navy, and had large trading ventures in the native towns, which he could not afford to abandon or be forced from. Kaptein Schoonmacker could, of course, be sent out of the country with his troops, as could his subordinates. But, in his mature years, the kaptein had found time to spend in the society of the gentler sex,—had fallen before Cupid's shafts, and was not willing to abandon the ground, nor could

he hope to induce his inamorata to marry in haste and accompany him to Holland. He had intended to quit the service upon his marriage, secure a home in one of the settlements, and devote himself to peaceful pursuits; to do so now would only be to hasten matters, and before the morning dawned his course was decided upon. He would take his company to New Amsterdam, hand his resignation to the director, return to Fort Orange, claim his bride, cast in his lot with the colony, and trust in God and his own hands for the future.

To the newly arrived officer the change came with terrific force. From generation to generation his family had served the cause of Holland; had shed their blood for it on land and sea; had loved it more than aught else save its God; had never thought of being separated from its institutions; had called it and thought of it as "the home land," and now, when planning to become denizens of its dependencies, had still cherished for it a reverence which could not be destroyed in a night, or by the mere stroke of a pen, or at the dictum of any man, be he monarch or commoner. Yet all his pecuniary interests were now in the New World; to abandon it, and them, would be to abandon all.

His wife proved an able counselor.

" It had been better," she said, as they debated the case during the night, "had we remained in Holland. But we are here, and all we have is in this country. Let us accept the situation and trust in God. We need have no fears of persecution, will be allowed to live in peace, if we obey the laws, and we need not love Holland less because we have to live under English laws. And"—with another thought of the future—"it may not always be English land. Holland's ships are still afloat, and Holland's sailors are still skillful and brave, and New Netherland may again be a colony of Holland. There are better openings for trade at Esopus, or the Manhattans, than here. Go thou with Kaptein Schoonmacker and thy company, hand to the director thy commission as an officer of Holland's army, lay aside the sword of thy ancestors, and live as a quiet burgher. If Holland shall regain the land, we will be dwellers in it, and ready to profit by the resuming of possession; if England holds it, we must, for our children's sake, save what we have and try to be happy."

"This must become a great country," said the husband. No white man has seen its boundaries. Some of our men who have been among the natives tell of great seas far in the interior, and of rivers far larger and longer than is this one, and some day, God willing, I mean to see them, if they exist."

"Oh, my Klaas! What will content thee? Thou didst wish to remain in the Brazils; when that could not be done, thou wert not satisfied in

Holland; now thou must needs roam the length and breadth of this country, instead if dwelling in peace at thine own fireside. Wilt thou teach our sons to roam, also?"

"I would that they see more of the world than can be viewed from the nearest hilltop. Holland's sails are spread to the breezes on every sea, and her soldiers carry her flag into strange lands. I have seen three continents; why should not our sons see as many? Their sons will see this a great, rich land, able, mayhap, to give laws, and point to older countries the way to liberty, and I wish for myself, and mine, to know all I can regarding it. But, fear not thou,"—and as he spoke the Hollander drew his hearer into a close embrace, and raising her face towards his own till lips met, gave them a lover's kiss, "thou shalt not be forsaken; in many cases, the wish is the father of the thought, and we build many structures in our minds which never rise in fact. I may never see anything of what I may call the depth of the land. But our sons shall; and come what may, Holland's government or English rule, I mean that I and mine shall have place in and be a part of it. But, first, we must secure a home; have a roof-tree which we can call our own; greater projects can wait."

All the river transportation available at the station was utilized for conveying the soldiers down the river, such being the orders brought by the English officer. The non-military portion of the inhabitants looked with anxious eyes upon the preparations for departure, but Kaptein Van Kampe, calling them together, laid before them the necessity for organization and prompt and courageous action if they wished to be in position for defence against their wild neighbors; and when the old garrison withdrew, as it did in a very short time, its place was at once taken by the newly organized force, every able-bodied man having a place in it.

As the company passed down the stream, it was attended by several persons, who, having been engaged in trading with the natives, as agents of proprietors in Manhattan, had gathered the proceeds of their ventures together, and were hastening their departure from the country. At the nightly camping places, the situation was actively discussed, and the conclusion arrived at by most of the force was to ask for their discharge from Holland's service immediately on reaching Manhattan, seek for grants of land or trading privileges under the new government, and gain homes in the land they had learned to love, and watch the trend of events—most of them hoping and believing that Holland would, in some way, regain the country.

During the short stay at Fort Orange, Mehvrouw Dekker had met the betrothed of Kaptein Schoonmacker, and now, as opportunity of-

fered, turned the conversation to the subject of his betrothal and prospects.

"How did it come about that thou, who hast seen so many women of so many lands, hast waited till this time and place to fall in love and think of marriage?" she asked.

"As a soldier employed on service in different countries, I have, as thou sayest, seen many women, and of many nations. But, at most times, I have been too busy to pay court to any, and in the life of a soldier, here today, yonder on the morrow, there is no place for wife or family. But I have tired of roaming; I like this land and love this grand river, and hope to die here. Soon after I was sent to Fort Orange I met my Elsie, and as I sat in her father's house, or on its stoop, I soon came to notice the daughter, as she went about her duties, and grew to look for her if she was absent, and"—here the story of the Moorish lover was repeated in homely Dutch accents—"she would ask me about things which I had seen in foreign countries; of battles, of women, wild or civilized; till, as we conversed, there came to me feelings I had never had for any other woman, not even such as I had for my mother, and to myself I said, 'She shall be my wife, if I can win her.' She consented, and we were only waiting till she could prepare for her wedding. Now, I am going back to her, and God willing, Mynheer Breestide will give his blessing and we shall have our own home and be happy."

"God grant it. At what point will thou seek for a home?"

"Kaptein Van Kampe has settled his home at Esopus, and wishes to have me go there. Now, if thy husband and thou will go there, we shall be neighbors and be less lonely than if widely separated."

There was some demurring by all the parties interested when the subject of disbandment was mentioned on the arrival at Manhattan. Director Stuyvesant did not at first approve of it, because he did not wish to lose any trained soldiers. The English commander did not want to leave so many veterans in the colony, with their officers. In case of further hostilities they might be troublesome. They did not want to swear allegiance to England, as that would prevent giving assistance to Holland if war continued. But the oath was finally taken by most of them, and those in whose careers we have an interest, found themselves English citizens, and free to come and go at their pleasure.

To be Continued.

BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF.

DEATH OF SENATOR E. D. BAKER.

By a Participant.

PART I.

After the lapse of over a third of a century I again stood on this Virginia bluff, much changed in growth of timber and bush, but the cleared spaces, dry gullies and wooded knolls over which the Blue and the Gray so fiercely contended October 21, 1861, were all there. Also a neat stone wall and green hedge upon the high ground, then covered by the 15th and 20th Massachusetts, wherein were interred, four years after the battle, from scattered graves, the neglected skeletons of those forgotten ones, bearing allegiance to the Blue, who there died that their country might live.

The following tablet upon the locked iron gate to this sacred spot speaks the "unknown" fate of heroes, whose nameless graves call forth the tribute of a passing sigh:

U. S. Cemetery.

Established.... 1865

Interred..... 54

Known..... 1

(James Allen, Mass.)

Unknown..... 53

Mother Earth had here covered all traces of the strife, while time mellowed the enmity of the survivors after the dawn of peace.

This elevated cemetery and its surroundings brought to memory participants who there yielded up their lives. Prominent among them was Senator E. D. Baker, whose ardent patriotism bore him from the

National Senate to do battle for his country in the field, with the commission of colonel, and the appointment of major general of volunteers of September 21, 1861, which appointment he had neither accepted nor declined at the time of his death. General McClellan was then the only other officer in the Army of the Potomac holding the rank of major general, and was about to succeed General Scott as commander-in-chief.

By officers of the Army Colonel Baker's higher appointment was considered injudicious; while brave and dauntless, he had not the military training and experience so necessary to win hearty co-operation, and, had he won his "spurs and stars" on this field in a first victory for the Army of the Potomac, he might have accepted the commission of major general and become the ranking officer of the Army of the Potomac in the field, if General McClellan remained at headquarters of the Army as general-in-chief.

This battle-field on the Potomac River lies about three miles from Leesburg and two miles from Fort Evans, Va., where General Evans' command was concentrated to cover Edwards' and Conrad's Ferries on the Potomac. The river runs between Maryland and Virginia, with the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal skirting the Maryland shore on an elevated bed; the ferries being about four miles apart, between which in the river is Harrison's Island, a low, flat strip of ground about three miles long and quite narrow, except opposite Ball's Bluff, where it is over three hundred yards wide. Opposite Harrison's Island, on the Virginia shore, the ground rises abruptly, and is studded with trees, rocks and undergrowth, making the bluff impassable for artillery or infantry in line. At the summit the ground is undulating, overlooking Harrison's Island at an altitude of about one hundred feet, from which the island could be completely raked at short rifle range; likewise the Maryland shore by artillery for some distance inland.

At Edwards' Ferry these conditions are reversed. There the Maryland hills completely command the Virginia shore and the ground beyond. Such is the topography of the country through which the Potomac flowed, dividing the National and Confederate forces, commanded respectively by Generals Stone and Beauregard, at the time of the Battle of Ball's Bluff. Viewed as crossing places for military operations, troops could be embarked at Edwards' Ferry on the Maryland side, and disembarked on the Virginia shore under cover of artillery, while at Harrison's Island crossing they must disembark on the island, march across it, re-embark for Virginia, and scale the bluff. Thus the latter was judged by military men the worst possible point

for crossing troops into Virginia, between the Great Falls and Frederick.

When Gen. Stone was selected to command the Corps of Observation, Gen. McClellan ordered him, August 12, 1861, "to make such arrangements as will enable you, in the event of an attack in force, to fall back on Gen. McCall, or to enable him to move up to your support at some strong position which we can hold with the force at our disposal. Should you see the opportunity of capturing or dispersing any small party by crossing the river, you are at liberty to do so, though great discretion is recommended in making such a movement. * * * I leave your operations much to your own discretion, in which I have the fullest confidence."

In exercise of this discretion Gen. Stone established his headquarters at Poolsville, Maryland, near Edwards' Ferry, from which point he despatched his chief, October 19, 1861, "I have prepared slight intrenchments on Harrison's Island, capable of covering several hundred men, sufficient to cover an advance of a considerable force to the island, and to hold it for an hour or two in spite of any artillery which might be placed on the commanding ground on the Virginia side." Stone, having just examined a deserter from Col. Barksdale's regiment, who told him the Confederates feared that Gen. Stone was crossing the river, and that they had prepared to fall back, he added, "I believe the fellow's story—the evidences of the alarm he mentions were apparent, and it was probably induced by my strengthening my forces on Harrison's Island and making use of a large flat-boat there."

On receipt of this despatch Gen. McClellan ordered Gen. McCall to Drainesville, supported by Gen. William F. Smith's division, and despatched Stone, October 20, 1861, "Gen. McCall occupied Drainesville yesterday and is still there; will send out heavy reconnaissance today in all directions from that point. The general desires that you will keep a good outlook upon Leesburg to see if this movement has the effect to drive them away. Perhaps a slight demonstration on your part would have the effect to move them." In response to which Gen. Stone despatched his chief same day, "Made a feint of crossing at this place (Edwards' Ferry) this afternoon, and at the same time started a reconnoitering party toward Leesburg from Harrison's Island. Enemy's pickets retired to intrenchments. Report of reconnoitering party not yet received. Have means of crossing one hundred and twenty-five men once in ten minutes at each of two points. River falling slowly."

This was Stone's estimate of his transportation at Edwards' Ferry, where he had two skiffs, one yawl boat, three flat boats and one large

canal boat, while at Harrison's Island he had two skiffs, one yawl boat and three flat boats for the two crossings, the large flat boat having been added by Col. Baker after he was placed in command. When the battle was over Gen. Stone testified, "Gen. McClellan might have supposed those boats were of somewhat larger capacity than they really were. I reported that I had means of crossing two hundred and fifty men in ten minutes at two points." On the 20th Gen. Banks despatched his chief from Darnestown, "The enemy have moved away from Leesburg. All quiet here."

Explained by Gen. Evans, who learned on the 19th that Gen. McCall was advancing. Before daybreak of the 20th he drew his men up in line of battle and addressed them: "Gentlemen, the enemy are approaching by the Drainesville road, 16,000 strong, with twenty pieces of artillery. They want to cut off our retreat. Re-enforcements can't arrive in time if they were sent. We must fight." His command was at once put in motion toward Goose Creek, near Edwards' Ferry, and there watched for the advancing columns from Drainesville. Gen. McCall reached Drainesville on the 19th, as stated, and threw his first and second brigades out beyond Drainesville and reconnoitered within a mile of Goose Creek, where Confederate scouts were met, who fled at their approach. Gen. McClellan rode out to Drainesville about sunset on the 19th and directed McCall to fall back to Drainesville, and make reconnaissances from that point three or four miles all around.

Thus McCall occupied Drainesville until 10 or 11 o'clock of the 21st, making surveys without discovering the enemy in the direction of Leesburg. McCall's reconnaissance carried portions of his command within five miles of Edwards' Ferry, eight miles of Ball's Bluff, as troops would march, and within seven or eight miles of Leesburg.

Gen. McCall reported to his chief at 6 A. M. of the 21st that his engineers would finish their work of measuring roads about Drainesville in two hours, when his chief directed him to return as soon as the work was finished. This reply was received about 10 A. M. He then set his division in motion to march back to camp, and had proceeded but a short distance when he heard brisk artillery firing apparently not far off, and halted his command on the road for two hours in anticipation of new orders, during which time this firing (Stone shelling the ground beyond Edwards' Ferry on the Virginia side) continued, which is said to have been heard down the river as far as Washington.

Stone despatched McClellan 11.10 A. M. of the 21st, "The enemy have been engaged opposite Harrison's Island, our men behaving ad-

mirably"; to which McClellan replied, "I congratulate your command. Keep me constantly informed."

Gen. McCall, not understanding what occasioned this firing, and not receiving additional orders, resumed the march to his camp at Langley, as directed by his chief, arriving there late in the afternoon, where he found orders awaiting him to "remain at Drainesville if he had not left before the orders reached him." Why these orders did not reach Drainesville has not been explained.

He was then ordered to rest his men and hold his division in readiness to return to Drainesville at a moment's notice.

In the meantime McClellan had inquired of Stone, "Is the force of the enemy now engaged with your troops opposite Harrison's Island large? If so, and you require more support than your division affords, call upon Gen. Banks, who has been directed to respond. What force, in your opinion, would it require to carry Leesburg? Answer at once, as I may require you to take it to-day. And if so, I will support you on the other side of the river from Darnestown."

To which Stone replied at 1 P. M., "I think Evans is 4,000 strong, with perhaps four or more pieces of artillery, and say three pieces masked. Prisoners state that he expects re-enforcements. I believe this command can occupy Leesburg to-day. We are a little short of boats."

McClellan replied, "Send your messages to me in cipher. Call upon Banks for whatever aid you need. Shall I push up a division or two on the other side of the river? Take Leesburg." Gen. Stone testified, I thought a minute and concluded that if there was a slight force in front of us, then my force and McCall's would be all sufficient. I therefore replied, "I think I can take Leesburg," still under the impression that McCall was near me, but had I known McCall's division had been ordered back I should then have ordered Col. Devens to return rapidly from Ball's Bluff after fulfilling the orders I had given him.

After Col. Baker fell, Stone, without going upon the field or on the Island, ordered his troops on the Virginia shore withdrawn, which he reported to his chief, who ordered him to hold his ground on the Virginia side of the Potomac at all hazards. Then, at 11.30 P. M. of the 21st, Stone asked McClellan to advance McCall from Drainesville "to strike the right of the enemy," to which McClellan replied, "An advance from Drainesville cannot be made. You must look to Gen. Banks for support," concerning which Gen. McCall testified, "Had I been ordered forward I have not the slightest doubt that I could have defeated Evans and captured his whole command, and that Stone had not the means to cross the river at all; that his despatches relating to

transportation misled his chief, when he reported that he had the means of crossing the river.

PART II.

About 1 A. M. October 20th Gen. Stone directed Col. Devens to have the two new flat boats opposite Harrison's Island transferred to the river, and at 3 P. M. to have the island re-enforced by all his regiment then on picket duty near Conrad's Ferry, embracing Companies A, C, G, H and I, 15th Massachusetts, which was accomplished, and about dusk he was ordered to send Capt. Philbrick with ten or fifteen men across into Virginia, over the opposite bluff where he had crossed before in Gen. Stone's presence, at a point which was not picketed by the enemy, to learn how far the advance to Drainesville had affected the enemy at Leesburg. Capt. Philbrick crossed as directed, and reported a small encampment of the enemy about one mile from the bluff. Then Gen. Stone directed Col. Devens to cross his five companies to surprise and capture the encampment, while Col. Lee occupied Harrison's Island with four companies of his 20th Massachusetts, who was directed to take a four-oared boat across the island to the point of departure of Col. Devens and throw one company across to occupy the heights on the Virginia shore to cover Col. Devens' return, supported by two mountain howitzers, to be placed on the island under command of Lieut. French, First U. S. Artillery.

After Col. Devens had routed the enemy, he was to return to the island, unless he should find a position on the Virginia side near the river which he could undoubtedly hold until re-enforced, in which case he was to hold on there and report.

With dauntless courage and the most wearisome toil, Col. Devens crossed his five companies of 300 men to the bluff by 4 A. M., in two small skiffs and the four-oared boat, at the rate of seventy-five men per hour, without being discovered by the enemy's pickets above or below. And then Col. Lee crossed Companies I and D of his regiment, which he posted on the bluff as directed, making a total force of 400 men.

Col. Devens advanced until Leesburg was in full view without discovering the enemy, which he reported, also that he was well posted in the woods awaiting further orders. And Stone despatched McClellan October 21st, 1861, 9.45 A. M., "This morning at 1 o'clock five companies of the 15th Massachusetts crossed the river at Harrison's Island. At daybreak they had proceeded to within a mile and a half of Leesburg without meeting the enemy. They still hold on, supported

by the remainder of the regiment and a part of the 20th Massachusetts. A gallant reconnaissance was made early this morning from Edwards' Ferry toward Leesburg with thirty cavalry. They came on the pickets of the 13th Mississippi, and after exchanging shots fell back in good order. We have possession of the Virginia side of Edwards' Ferry."

About 8.30 A. M., after Col. Devens' messenger had left to report to Stone, his pickets were attacked by the enemy. Finding his command had been discovered, he fell back upon his support at the bluff, three of his men being killed, and seven or eight wounded. The enemy did not follow him; so he moved out across the open field to look them up, and again posted his men in the woods, where he received a message from Stone to remain where he was, and that he would be re-enforced and some cavalry sent over to scout in his front. Lieut. Col. Ward then crossed the remaining five companies of the 15th Massachusetts and re-enforced Col. Devens in the woods. When Devens advanced the second time, Lee concluded he intended to fight, and so advised Major Revere on the island, who then crossed Companies A, C, E, and G of the 20th Massachusetts, with the two mountain howitzers, under Lieut. French, to the bluff; Major Revere in the interim, as directed by Cols. Lee and Devens, had dragged one of the flat boats around from the Maryland side by the head of the island, some three miles, in which he crossed forty men at a trip, while the three small boats provided by Stone carried a total of twenty-three men.

Thus the island and transportation was left in charge of Capts. Merritt and Rice, commanding Companies A and F, 19th Massachusetts, who had been picketing the island and furnished the details to man the boats at both crossings.

About 12 M. Devens was again attacked, when heavy firing ensued, heard distinctly at Edwards' Ferry on both sides of the river. After this encounter Col. Devens fell back the second time to his support on the bluff, first sending his killed and wounded to the rear.

All this was reported to Gen. Stone, who replied, "Hold on there. Col. Baker will cross and take command, he remaining at Edwards' Ferry, where Gorman was crossing troops covered by artillery on the Maryland hills.

Shortly after daybreak of the 21st the 1st Minnesota had crossed at Edwards' Ferry with a squadron of cavalry, who were followed by the 2nd New York, which had crossed by 9 A. M. and were re-enforced by the 34th New York by noon with two companies of riflemen of the 19th Massachusetts and two twelve pound guns of Rickett's Battery,

which Stone reported to Banks at 11.10 A. M. "We have crossed at Edwards' Ferry and Harrison's Island; some fighting had; our men are behaving admirably," and at 2.10 P. M., "Our right has been engaged twice with the enemy and has advanced. Our left has not in its advance met anything but pickets."

The troops at Edwards' Ferry, two and a half miles from Ball's Bluff, were re-enforced by the 7th Michigan at 3 P. M. with more cavalry, making in all 3,740 men and officers, with two pieces of artillery, watched by one company of the 13th Mississippi regiment, guarding the road to Leesburg, but without anything between them and the battle-field—verified by Stone's despatch to Banks of 2.10 P.M., "Our left has not in its advance met anything but pickets,"—and without orders to engage the enemy, whose forces had been detached and thrown into the fight at Ball's Bluff, Stone despatched Banks, 4 P. M., "My entire force is over the river and sharply engaged. It will be well to send a brigade."

Major Bannister, aide to General Gorman, testified, Gorman was occupied in passing over troops and from great exertion brought on a chill and was unable to cross, and that Gen. Stone was commanding at both crossings on the Maryland side, and therefore he could not cross. How apparent from Stone's despatches of the 21st to his chief that he took for granted Gorman had crossed in person with his brigade at Edwards' Ferry, and was moving towards the enemy on the road to Leesburg; while in fact Gorman had not in person crossed at all nor had his reported movements been made. No doubt he intended to cross, and was merely waiting for Col. Baker to clear the way, having remarked to Capt. Candy, "My boy, we will sleep in Leesburg tonight." But shortly thereafter Stone told him of Baker's death and the repulse on the right. He then ordered Capt. Candy to cross and have Col. Dana put out the lights and recross the troops as quietly as possible without attracting attention. Col. N. J. T. Dana, commanding the 1st Minnesota, one of the best armed and best drilled regiments in the service, the first to cross at Edwards' Ferry, testified that the troops there after crossing remained near the river, and that he was told by different ones crossing that he was to command, but never received an order while on that side of the river, except one on Monday night, the 21st, to return to the Maryland side, and that it was a bad state of affairs, a commanding officer was wanted over there very much, for there was no one there to give orders.

PART III.

About 1 A. M., October 21st, a division order, dated 11 P. M. of the previous night, was delivered by Gen. Stone's assistant adjutant general to Col. Baker, commanding the brigade composed of the 1st California regiment, the 69th, 72nd and 106th P. V., which was supplemented by a verbal message cautioning Col. Baker to have the march conducted as silently as possible with unloaded arms. The order read: "Colonel, you will send the California regiment (less the camp guard) to Conrad's Ferry, to arrive there at sunrise and await orders. The men will take with them blankets and overcoats and forty rounds of ammunition in boxes and will be followed by one day's rations in wagons. The remainder of the brigade will be held in readiness for marching orders (leaving camp guards) at 7 o'clock A. M. to-morrow and will all have breakfasted before that hour." This order was at once transmitted by Col. Baker to Lieut. Col. Wistar, commanding the California regiment, and while the men were falling in for the march, that officer visited Col. Baker at his tent to explain that the 2nd battalion of his regiment was on picket duty under Major Parrish at a considerable distance, therefore the first battalion only was in condition to obey the order within the time limit, and requested that the second battalion be relieved from picket duty and directed to follow the first battalion. Col. Baker at that time seemed to regard the order as a prelude to some important movement of the Army of the nature of which he had received no information. He did not then know of the advance of Gen. McCall to Drainesville, supported by Gen. William F. Smith, nor of Stone's crossing at Edwards' Ferry and at Ball's Bluff.

The first battalion, composed of Companies A, C, D, G, N, H, P and L, 520 men and officers, marched from their encampment at 3 A.M. and arrived at Conrad's Ferry at sunrise, and reported by a mounted officer to Gen. Stone at Edwards' Ferry, and received in reply a verbal order about 9.30 A. M. to await further orders unless heavy firing was heard across the river, in which case to cross to the support of, or to extricate Col. Devens' command.

About an hour before receiving this order there had been a scattering fire of skirmishers over the river, and when the order arrived the wounded were being brought over, but for some time thereafter there was no firing, either heavy or light. Col. Wistar marched his battalion under the canal and along the embankment dividing the

river and the canal to the point of crossing where Col. Devens had gone over, to promptly support him if needed. Col. Baker arrived at Conrad's Ferry about 10.30 A. M., in advance of his other regiments, under arms, and asked Col. Wistar if he had received any orders from Stone. Wistar repeated his order. Col. Baker said, "I don't understand this matter. Don't you think I had better ride down and see Stone." Wistar replied that he knew nothing of Stone's intention, but his own command was ready for any service, and extremely anxious to cross the river first if the advance should be general.

The idea of a general advance seemed to appeal to Baker, who galloped off down the tow-path to Stone's headquarters, four miles distant, with whom he had a full interview about 11 A. M., in which he was given command at Ball's Bluff and instructed, as testified by Stone, not to yield the ground we had taken possession of over there without resistance, and was told that McCall was coming up on the other side of the river. At the same time he saw the troops crossing in force at Edwards' Ferry, which Stone said would attack the Confederates from that point.

Before Baker left Stone, Col. Lee's messenger made his report that Devens had been attacked and advanced the second time, and if Gen. Stone wishes to open the campaign into Virginia now is the time, but Col. Devens needed re-enforcements to hold his position and cover the transportation, which was shown to Baker and reported by Stone to McClellan at 11.10 A. M., "The enemy have been engaged opposite Harrison's Island. Our men behaving admirably." Baker then rode rapidly back to Wistar, his horse in a foam, and said, "Cross your whole command as fast as possible. Send out and get all the boats you can and hurry the men over. I will go over at once to see how matters stand there. And if the crossing be slow you can detail an officer to hurry it along and cross yourself to the island to expedite the movement."

This seems to have been Baker's understanding of the directions given him by Stone at the interview just had, which Baker requested in writing, and Stone gave him this order, "Colonel, in case of heavy firing in front of Harrison's Island you will advance the California regiment of your brigade or retire the regiments under Cols. Lee and Devens upon the Virginia side of the river at your discretion assuming command on arrival."

Col. Baker then ordered the other regiments of his brigade to the point of crossing. The men detailed by Wistar to look for boats brought a large scow down the canal which they lifted by force of muscle, about 1 P. M., over the embankment and launched it into the

river, requiring considerable time and well-spent labor, for it became the main dependence of transportation, carrying four times as many men as each of the two flat boats then crossing to the island.

Col. Baker crossed to the island about 12.30 P. M., and shortly thereafter learned that Devens had been attacked the second time and had fallen back to the bluff on his support, which attack Gen. Evans reported to have been made at 12.20 P. M. by the Independent Companies of Riflemen and dismounted cavalry, under Col. Jenifer, reenforced by the 8th Virginia regiment, which closely followed Devens and took possession of the woods on the opposite side of the open field. and thus under cover picked off our officers and men on the bluff as they came into line of battle until Baker ordered the men to lie down and fire from the ground. This sharpshooting was soon counteracted by our men, who, under Baker's direction, taught the enemy that the most dangerous place from which to attack is in tree tops, but not until Wistar, who, with Baker, were conspicuous objects in front of our men on the firing line, was twice wounded.

When Col. Baker arrived on the island he tried most earnestly to improve the transportation from the island to the Virginia shore, which he saw was very inadequate for an advance or for the withdrawal of the Massachusetts men from the bluff, surrounded by a vigilant enemy, and therefore wisely concluded that his only alternative was to advance re-enforcements as rapidly as his facilities would permit to the bluff, which he was instructed not to yield without resistance. Baker heroically crossed and ordered the balance of his command to follow as rapidly as possible.

When Col. Wistar had crossed about one-half of his battalion to the Virginia shore, Lieut. French opened with his mountain howitzers on the right. At the sound of these guns Col. Wistar proposed three cheers for the first gun, which were given heartily. He then stepped into a skiff and joined his command on the bluff, having detailed Capt. Ritman to hasten the crossing to and from the island. On reaching the bluff he found the companies of his command which had crossed already formed in line by Col. Baker and Capt. Harvey, his assistant adjutant general, an experienced English officer, along the outer edge of the woods, at the top of the bluff facing from the river, to cover the transportation and troops crossing, the left resting on a ravine extending down to the river, the right prolonged by the 15th Massachusetts, under Col. Devens, with the 20th Massachusetts, under Col. Lee, forming the center. This line of battle faced an open field of an irregular form of about fifteen acres entirely surrounded with dense woods, with a small space on the left front where the open field extended

into the woods. On the opposite side of the open field the Confederates formed their line of battle under cover of the woods. Col. Wistar was placed in command on the left, and immediately posted a part of his command along the covering ravine to protect the left flank of the general position, intending to throw across the head of the ravine a small entrenchment to serve as a protective traverse for the defenders of the ravine, but time and the enemy did not permit this construction, so the traverse was never made. About 1 P. M. Col. Baker received on the bluff Stone's despatch of 11.50 A. M., "Colonel, I am informed that the force of the enemy is about 4,000, all told. If you can push them, you may do so, as far as to have a strong position near Leesburg. If you can keep them before you, avoiding their batteries, if they pass Leesburg and take the Gum Spring road, you will not follow far, but seize the first good position to cover that road. * * * Report frequently, so that when they are pushed Gorman can come in on their flank." To which Baker replied at 1.30 P. M., "General, I acknowledge your order of 11.50 announcing their force at 4,000. I have lifted a large boat out of the canal into the river. I am getting a rope rigged across the river. I shall, as soon as I feel strong enough, advance steadily, guarding my flanks carefully. I will communicate with you often. I shall cross some guns, Rhode Island and New York, directly; *as you know,* I have ordered down my brigade, and Cogswell, *who will cross as rapidly as possible;* I shall feel cautiously for them. I hope that *your movement below* will give advantage. Please communicate with me often." Col. Baker then directed Col. Wistar to send out a company deployed as skirmishers with one company in support to uncover the enemy's position in the woods and ascertain their strength on our left front. This service was gallantly performed by Company A, commanded by Captain John Markoe, supported by Company D, led by Col. Wistar, who moved out across the projection of the open field on our left into the opposite woods, where they struck the 8th Virginia holding the enemy's extreme right, and a stubborn fight ensued at close quarters. Notwithstanding the disparity of the forces engaged, the skirmishers held their ground for a time, but were soon closed in upon and forced back by a charge of the entire 8th Virginia regiment, supported by the 18th Mississippi, ordered down from Fort Evans. This skirmish located the enemy's right with promptness and dispatch, both sides losing heavily, our small force suffering proportionately greater. Markoe was knocked down and wounded before he was rescued, and those not killed or seriously wounded fought their way back to our line, bringing with them First Lieut. J. Owen Barry and several men of the 8th Virginia prisoners of war. The Con-

federate main line, hearing this sharp firing on their right, opened a general fire along their whole line, which was promptly responded to by our men, and both forces became definitely engaged. Reported by Stone to his chief at 2 P. M., "There has been sharp firing on the right of our line and our troops appear to be advancing there under Baker. The left under Gorman has advanced its skirmishers nearly one mile, and if the movement continues successful will turn the enemy's right."

This engagement brought Confederate reinforcements held at Fort Evans, one-half mile from the battle, in double-quick time. First the 18th and shortly thereafter the 17th Mississippi and later Colonel Barksdale and his 13th Mississippi from Edwards' Ferry, who reported to General Evans, "I was ordered by you to hasten to the support of the 8th Virginia, 17th and 18th Mississippi regiments engaged with the enemy two miles from Edwards' Ferry. I at once and in double-quick time started to their relief, leaving Captain Worthington's company to observe the enemy at Edwards' Ferry. I am satisfied my command at Edwards' Ferry prevented the advance of a large column intended to reinforce General Baker's command when engaged in battle."

The enemy's reinforcements coming in on our left extended their right toward the river, completely outflanking our left and thus prolonged their left which outflanked the right of our general position held by the 15th Massachusetts, keeping our whole line under a heavy and destructive fire in which Lieutenant French was wounded and his regulars swept from their pieces. Immediately before this heavy firing commenced, Lieutenant Bramhall, of Bunting's 6th N. Y. Battery in command of one six-pound rifle gun of Vaughn's Rhode Island Battery B, drawn by six horses, passed up through the 20th Massachusetts and posted his piece on the ridge in front of the right of Company H, California Regiment, as directed by Colonel Cogswell, who had been given command of the artillery, retiring his horses a few paces to the rear under the trees. His gun soon became a target for the enemy, who swept his men and horses from the field under a murderous fire, he himself wounded, stuck bravely to his gun and assisted by Colonel Lee, Captain Harvey and other officers and men at hand from the California Battalion, kept the gun in action until his ammunition was exhausted, and he thrice wounded. But the ravine on our left held by the California Battalion became the scene of the hardest fighting at close range and the heaviest losses caused by the enemy's repeated efforts to enfilade and crush our left, which was somewhat relieved by the fire from our main line hotly engaging the enemy from right to left. The inadequacy of our transportation now became more

than ever apparent while our men were slowly toiling across both branches of the swollen river and up the bluff in squads of forty per half-hour, the Confederates brought into action whole regiments. Baker, knowing nothing of the ground over which he had been given permission to push the enemy and being completely surrounded by a much superior force supported by artillery, the most that could have been justly expected of him was to maintain his position and engage the enemy with his inferior force of about 1,400 men, while Stone or Gorman with four full regiments and the artillery at Edwards' Ferry should brush from his front one company of Barksdale's 13th Mississippi and crush the Confederate right and rear. Moreover, the whole of Baker's force was never on the field at one time; detachments of the 15th and 20th Massachusetts had been engaged more or less from 3 P. M. the previous day and had lost heavily before and at the opening of the battle. The arrival of the California Battalion and three companies of the Tammany Regiment in squads of forty or less retarded by the wounded returning in the flat boat and the enemy's fire from the bluff on our right, were insufficient to replace his killed and wounded. Our men continued the engagement after their 40 rounds had been exhausted by using cartridges from the boxes of their killed and wounded comrades, in territory unknown to them, while the Confederates occupied ground they had long been engaged in studying and preparing to defend with their resources of men and ammunition instantly accessible, which gave them immeasurable advantage.

The disparity of Baker's force kept him strictly on the defensive on the ground chosen by Colonels Lee and Devens, prolonged by the arriving companies, which was the only position available to cover their communication across the river. When Devens fell back the second time the enemy surrounded this position on three sides, under cover of the dense woods on the opposite edges of the open field where Baker found them when he crossed. The Confederates exposing themselves only when charging upon our lines, as did Colonel Burt of the 18th Mississippi, who fell in the open field with a large number of his men under a heavy fire from the right of the California Battalion and left of the 20th Massachusetts.

Notwithstanding our forces had no shelter but the crest of the bluff along the edge of the open field, from which they fired lying flat on the ground, the fight was long and stubborn, as shown by its protracted duration, from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M., and by the excessive losses on both sides. While the contending forces were here in deadly conflict Stone despatched McClellan, 4 P. M., "Nearly all my force is

across the river. Baker on the right, Gorman on the left. Right sharply engaged."

It was late in the afternoon when Wistar received his third wound, while repulsing a heavy charge of the enemy, and was carried from the field in a critical condition and lay at death's door for weeks, maimed for life. Very shortly thereafter Baker, sword in hand, was instantly killed in front of his men under a heavy fire in a renewed attack on our extreme left, while examining the enemy's lines for another movement or for evidence of the long delayed support or diversion from Edwards' Ferry. For a single instant his body was overrun by the charging column of the enemy until Captain Harvey, of Baker's staff, who was himself subsequently killed in this action, assisted by Captain Bieral and others, made a gallant counter charge which repulsed the enemy and recovered Baker's body; referred to by Stone, who received word about 6 P. M. that Colonel Baker's body was borne from the field and his troops "enraged at the loss of their leader were fighting even better than before." Then Stone rode up to Conrad's Ferry and found some of the men swimming the river in retreat, their boats having been swamped. He then ordered Colonel Hincks, 19th Massachusetts, to hold the island at all hazards and galloped down to Edwards' Ferry and ordered his troops there at 7 P. M. to retreat as rapidly as possible. About dark the enemy's almost continuous attacks on our hard-pressed and decimated left proved at last successful, our men giving way over the edge of the bluff, took position in squads under cover of the woods under the staunchest of their officers, and for hours maintained a defence in the delusive hope of relief from Edwards' Ferry or means to recross the river, and thus kept the enemy at bay, which proved of small practical use, for there was no possible way of retreat except by swimming the swollen river, and no visible signs of relief from Edwards' Ferry. Therefore Colonel Cogswell, who had succeeded to the command, Colonel Lee and others, seeing that nothing could be gained by longer resistance under existing conditions, marched up the bluff and surrendered. Thereafter all who could not swim were gathered up prisoners of war and taken to Libby. Reported by Stone to McClellan 9.30 P. M., "We have lost some of our best commanders. Baker is dead; Cogswell a prisoner or secreted. * * * Gorman's wing is being cautiously withdrawn. Any advance from Drainesville must be made cautiously. All was reported going well up to Baker's death, but in the confusion the right wing (Stone's) was outflanked," to which McClellan replied, "I repeat to you under no circumstances abandon the Virginia side, but intrench yourself and hold your own." Then Stone turned back his

troops and crossed to the Virginia shore at Edwards' Ferry and was the last man to leave it.

Had Leesburg been taken it would not have been held longer than to permit an aide to traverse the distance and sound the recall without a general advance of the Army. Therefore we may safely designate the movement a reconnaissance in force in which four army divisions participated separated by a wide-swollen river, two on one side, two on the other, without facilities to cross or orders to support each other.

If this action served no other good purpose, it gave an important object lesson in the fighting qualities of our troops thereafter being placed beyond controversy. No one longer doubted their courage to engage the enemy, thus dissipating the mortifying and disastrous spectacle of the rout in an earlier battle on a much larger scale under less arduous conditions, which caused our people to hold their breath in dread anticipation of the next encounter. But here there was no disorder, no panic, no flight—a small body gallantly led—had been pinned fast in an untenable position through want of transportation and surrounded by a superior force, if not ambushed, and while fearfully decimated long defended itself with perfect order and unflinching courage, inflicting damage little inferior to its own loss, amounting to one-half their number engaged, losing nearly all their officers.

Moreover, this action taught the American soldier once for all that there was something more important than numbers, enthusiasm or even personal courage, namely, the capacity of orderly movements under fire on the field of battle, and that such capacity is only attained by constant instruction and practice. Thus from this small but not unimportant combat, survivors on both sides became efficient in tactics and gallantly met their fate as officers contending for victory on other fields, having derived new impressions and convictions of the absolute necessity of drill and discipline to move men in masses, and from that disastrous day a better and more thorough knowledge of the art of war was evinced in both armies.

Many of the above important orders and despatches of the 20th and 21st of October passing between McClellan, McCall, Stone, Banks or Baker having been withheld from the public until very recently, the higher military authorities naturally regarded this small but disastrous affair as merely incident to the first employment of raw troops in battle under an inexperienced officer, whose patriotic ardor caused him to exceed his instructions as reported by General Stone to his Chief, and therefore as far as possible observed toward it a discreet silence, but the public heart was deeply stirred by what seemed to be a

wanton sacrifice, and the newspaper press demanded more explicit information and from the meagre but tangled web of contradictory statements received, poured forth volumes of criticism obviously and necessarily incorrect; at times rather political and personal than military.

That McClellan ordered Stone to "take Leesburg" with his division supported by Banks, and that Stone kept his Chief fully advised of this movement across the river, is fully confirmed beyond controversion by official records and despatches quoted; and while Stone most unaccountably had not one word of censure for Gorman's shortcomings, he passed many censures upon the heroic, ever faithful Baker, but not until he and his Chief met at Edwards' Ferry at night on the 22d and his Chief had telegraphed the President, "I have investigated this matter, and General Stone is without blame: had his orders been followed, there would or could have been no disaster," which was supplemented by McClellan's report of October 24, 1861: "The affair in front of Leesburg on Monday last resulted in serious loss to us, but was a most gallant fight on the part of our men, who displayed the utmost coolness and courage. It has given me the utmost confidence in them. The disaster was caused by errors committed by the immediate commander, not General Stone. I have withdrawn the troops from the other side since they went without my orders." The above telegram and report were modified eighteen months later by McClellan in his testimony before the Committee on Conduct of War, namely, "I think no formal investigation was ever made, I have no recollection of any specific formal inquiry into the affair."

"I have no means of knowing who was responsible except from the report of General Stone which makes Colonel Baker directly responsible for the result."

"No order that I gave looked to a crossing of the river in force by General Stone."

"I think General Stone was responsible for the means of transportation across the river."

"My belief is that there was no serious obstacle to a communication between Edwards' Ferry and Ball's Bluff, I do not think that the enemy had any large force or any strong works between those two points near the river, that would have interfered with that communication."

"I think they (the troops at Edwards' Ferry) should either have been thrown upon Leesburg or sent to assist Colonel Baker."

This coming from the Commander-in-Chief, then the highest military authority, in modification or contradiction of his reports referred

to, makes it possible, in view of the instructions given Baker, to reach an intelligent conclusion that will definitely fix the responsibility, and with the despatches given, relieve Baker, the ever faithful soldier, from all blame.

Looking back as we are now able with the aid of subsequent observation upon similar events, it may be conceded that the General-in-Chief who orders or permits a combined movement of troops at distant points should have been alert to place the different columns in communication to support or relieve each other, and that due care should be exercised before placing in official despatches the responsibility of any disaster. It may also be admitted that a General of Division charged with an offensive movement should, beyond shadow of doubt, see that every preparation had been made to rapidly bring his whole command into action at the critical moment, under his personal direction where most needed.

The want of transportation, for which Stone alone was responsible, and manifest absence of alert generalship in this action, not only lost the Division Commander an opportunity to gain renown as a military leader, but brought in its train to him personally results most disastrous. He, having taken the offensive, failed to keep the offensive, and did nothing, which is always the very worst thing a hostile column can do. Thus the heroic Baker and his brave officers and men, the pride and flower of the States from which they came, were sacrificed without commensurate benefit or advantage.

After the lapse of more than four decades, when all the chief actors have passed over to the majority, we may safely conclude that all were loyal and true to their colors and did their best according to their knowledge and experience (save in inexplicable errors in some official reports relating hereto) and that at a later period with the advantages of increased observation and experience, they might have achieved better results which did not come to them at first, in assuming such grave responsibilities with comparatively little previous experience, and therefore should be no disparagement of their honest efforts. Moreover, increasing years are constantly teaching us to cultivate as charitable views as possible of all persons placed in difficult positions, whenever the aim and intention was to be true to their colors, as we all believe was the case with the chief actors in that sad disaster.

In addressing the survivors of his old regiment on Ball's Bluff, General Wistar paid a glowing tribute to his old associate in law and in arms in these well chosen words:

"None ever doubted Baker's signal coolness and gallantry on the field of battle. His courage kindled as he saw the end draw near, and

knew it must be disastrous, one of his remarks was, 'The officer who dies with his men will never be harshly judged,' and I believe that you who are the survivors of thát, and many other bloody fields, will agree, that if Baker had lived till the last man, such was the affection and confidence he had inspired, he would have continued to hold your line firmly, while there remained a soldier to mark it, with a cartridge to fire." Thus fell Baker, sword in hand, in front of his men, pierced by several balls.

Colonel Baker's appointment of Major General of Volunteers, illustrated the unbounded confidence reposed by President Lincoln in the eloquent Senator, whose graceful, dignified bearing, fluent, impassioned oratory and patriotic fire, contrasting so agreeably with his silver hair; and above all his undoubted devotion to the Union, had won for him extreme popularity with all classes, causing his memory to be cherished with affection, and his fall to be deeply mourned. Moreover, his great capacity for national usefulness was fully appreciated in the Senate, where he gave full credit to the sincerity of Southern statesmen in their predictions of war, and with his positive, ardent nature, scorned the talk of peaceful adjustment.

From his intimate knowledge of Southern sentiment and character, he was positive war was inevitable, and that the North should be fully armed and equipped for defence without delay, for at least a period of three years. Leaders of this stamp were invaluable, especially in contrast with those in military and civil life, whose convictions had not been fully and firmly staid by the test of actual contact, leaving room for distrust always engendered by intestine strife.

It was at this trying juncture that Colonel Baker's fall deepened the despair in civil life, and darkened the misgivings surrounding his death, which caused the lines to be drawn between his many admirers and those who seemed indifferent to his fate. Indeed Colonel Baker himself must have had grave doubts of the consequences of this appointment when he said he did not expect to survive the first battle.

One of Senator Baker's fugitive poems so freely breathes his aspirations, and forecasts his sad ending that it is here inserted:

TO A WAVE.

"Dost thou seek a star with thy swelling crest,
O wave, that leavest thy mother's breast?
Dost thou leap from the prisoned depths below
In scorn of their calm and constant flow?
Or art thou seeking some distant land,
To die in murmurs upon the strand?

"Hast thou tales to tell of the pearl-lit deep,
Where the wave-whelmed mariner rocks in sleep?
Canst thou speak of navies that sunk in pride?
Ere the roll of their thunder in echo died?
What trophies, what banners are floating free
In the shadowy depths of that silent sea?

"It were vain to ask, as thou rollest afar,
Of banner or mariner, ship or star;
It were vain to seek in thy stormy face
Some tale of the sorrowful past to trace;
Thou art swelling high, thou art flashing free,
How vain are the questions we ask of thee.

"I too am a wave on the stormy sea;
I too am a wanderer, driven like thee;
I too am seeking a distant land,
To be lost and gone ere I reach the strand—
For the land I seek is a waveless shore,
And those who once reach it shall wander no more."

When Colonel Baker's poetic predictions were in a measure verified, amid surroundings calculated to injure his short but gallant military reputation of two wars, the Government at Washington was in the hands of his friends, personal and political, who were determined to rescue his military reputation from the odium cast upon it by General Stone, under whom he was serving. At the same time the reins of military power centered in General McClellan, who sympathized with General Stone, and for obvious reasons shielded him at first, from the attacks of Colonel Baker's powerful friends. Nor was this military power to be despised. General McClellan had won golden opinions, his moral strength was amazing, while his short campaign in Western Virginia inspired the soldiers and people alike with unbounded faith in his future success.

Between the Secretary of War and the Commander-in-Chief matters relating to General Stone, without apparent safeguard for justice, were hurried on to a result damaging to those most interested, as is too often the case where the urgency of martial law displaces the civil authority. While General Stone paid a heavy penalty for shifting upon Colonel Baker the responsibility of National defeat at Ball's Bluff, in the reaction which soon followed, Colonel Baker's reputation suffered eclipse for the harsh treatment visited upon General Stone, whose loyalty was publicly questioned, without an opportunity given

him to face his accusers, he being arrested by the Commander-in-Chief, who, with the Secretary of War, seemed to have been morally and officially responsible for the arrest. Indeed, General Stone himself, after his release, said, "General McClellan first exonerated, and thereafter arrested me, and should have furnished me the charges and granted me a trial."

JOHN D. BALTZ,

Late Lieutenant Commanding Co. F.

First Union League or 45th Regiment, P. V. M., formerly Private Co. H, 1st California Regiment, later 71st Penna. Vol.

AMBITION.

By the late Rear Admiral THOS. H. STEVENS, U. S. N.

Ambition comes in many a form,
  The sons of men alluring,
The soul to thrill, the heart to warm,
  And vainest hopes assuring.

At times it takes a woman's face,
  A woman's face of beauty—
And oft with thoughtful look and pace
  Assumes the garb of Duty.

And then, as changeful as the skies,
  When summer winds are ended,
It holds to view a glittering prize
  Of Wealth and Fashion blended.

But be thou wise, and do not wait;
  Trust not its goodly seeming;
For many there be who find too late
  Their lives have passed in dreaming.

THE CAVALRY ARM OF THE SERVICE.*

In all the voluminous records of human history we are furnished with no knowledge or information of a time when man and horse did not occupy towards each other the relation of master and servant, and very often the more intimate relationship of friend, ally and companion.

From time immemorial, or so far back in the misty ages of the past that, as Blackstone says, "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary thereunto," the cavalry branch of the service has constituted an important part of every efficient and well-organized army. Whether we read in the pages of ancient history or the more full and complete annals of modern times, the "man on horseback" forms an interesting feature of every war, and no changes of armor, or of weapons offensive and defensive, have eliminated the horse from the conflicts of nations, any more than they have removed those qualities of courage, skill and ability which have always and everywhere been found so essential or indispensable in the man "behind the gun." Whether we consider the captivating romance, or the dreadful reality of war, we find its most picturesque features in the display of bravery and sacrifice, celerity and gallantry so often displayed by the cavalry forces of every age, and the annals of war would be dull indeed if these displays, or these spectacles of splendid achievement, were stricken out of their pages.

From the days of the fabled centaur, half man and half horse, this splendid specimen of the animal creation has been man's servant, helper and companion in the constant and mighty struggle in which he has been engaged, not only for spoil and conquest, but for his very existence. The pages of the Iliad would never have been so intensely interesting were it not for the numerous contests they relate between the Greek heroes and the illustrious sons of Priam and other soldier citizens of Troy, in their chariots and with their horses during the long siege of that city. Few incidents in history are more dramatic or more captivating, because so true to life, than the parting of Hector and Andromache as he leaves his home, wife and child, to mount his chariot and engage in mortal combat with the enemy outside the gates

*A paper read before the Commandery of the Loyal Legion of the State of Washington, at Tacoma, May 23, 1903, by Companion William F. Prosser.

of his native and beloved Troy. There have been many such partings of men under similar circumstances, but they have never been more faithfully described or represented.

The proud refrain of Miriam's triumphal song after the Egyptian hosts had been destroyed in the Red Sea was: "The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." The description of the war horse as given in the book of Job, one of the oldest in the world, is still accepted as the best that was ever written. "He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha, and smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting," is only one of the many expressive phrases used to characterize the noble animal that has so long assisted man in his many undertakings. In all the wide range of human experiences, from the cradle to the grave, there is no feeling of exhilaration, or excitement, or enthusiasm, that is quite equal to that which is experienced upon the field of battle. The light that then gleams from the eye is not like any other that ever shone on sea or land. The sense of danger disappears, the intensity of passion overcomes any feeling of physical limitations, and every element of mind and heart is concentrated in the one great and absorbing desire to win a victory. In this feeling horse and man alike participate. They are animated by the same great purpose, and their joint efforts are directed to the accomplishment of the same grand result. In this they have a common bond of sympathy, and their highest exertions, mental and physical, often to the point of utter exhaustion, are put forth to achieve their ends. It is not strange, under the circumstances, that there should be developed between them a feeling of comradeship almost human in its characteristics, and that each should be almost indispensable to the other, if the best results are to be obtained. Upon occasion they fly together, as upon the wings of the wind, and time and space seem to be annihilated in the swiftness of their movements and the crushing force of their sudden and, at times, overpowering assaults.

If we read the accounts that have come down to us of the battle of Arbela, fought by Alexander the Great in the year 331 B. C., we might almost imagine that our own Sheridan had been in command of the cavalry of his army, so brilliant was the record it made on that eventful day, and so thorough and complete was the rout of the enemy on that occasion. The efficiency of that cavalry, its organization and its management under the personal supervision of Alexander himself, were almost identical with modern methods, and time and experience have fully justified the claim that is often made, that he was one of the greatest cavalry commanders that the world has ever known. In this battle the Macedonian horse, led by Alexander in per-

son, occupied the extreme right of his line of battle, and the Thessalonian horse his left. The Persians made an effort to outflank him, but at the right moment Alexander brought up fresh men from the rear to overlap them in turn. Unfortunately for them, they, at the same time, left a gap between their left and center. Seeing this opportunity, Alexander at once dashed into it, separated their left from the remainder of their army, rolled it up completely, and pursued it for a considerable distance. His own left being then threatened, he quickly rallied his horse, and passing behind the enemy's center, fell upon the rear of his right. The battle was won and one of the most glorious victories was gained by the skillful use of his cavalry. To crown the work or make it complete, which so many commanders fail to do at the critical moment, his cavalry pursued the flying enemy so vigorously that its advanced guard stood the next day seventy-five miles in advance of the battle-field. Practically the same tactics were used by Hannibal at the battle of Cannae, 216 B. C., and the result was the most complete and terrible defeat ever suffered by the Roman army. In this engagement the Romans lost 70,000 men. Of their cavalry, which numbered 6,000 men, only seventy escaped. The Carthagenians lost not quite 6,600 men.

Of Hasdrubal's 6,000 regular horse, not more than 200 were killed or wounded. The Roman force engaged in this bloody battle consisted of 80,000 infantry and 6,000 cavalry. The Carthagenians had 40,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry.

During the middle ages, the cavalry formed the chief reliance and the larger part of all armies. In western Europe the heavy regular cavalry formed by the Knighthood, was the force, during this period, which decided every battle. This pre-eminence was largely due to the fact that the cavalry branch of military service was preferred by the nobility, the gentry and by all who could afford to mount and equip themselves. In fact, in all ages of the world, this arm of the service, for many reasons, has been the choice of the nobility, and of the best physical and intellectual material of all nations, for service as soldiers, and this in part accounts for the large and successful part it has taken, in most of the wars of which we have any knowledge. The success of any cavalry force, however, depends largely, not only on the high character and perfect training of the men composing it, but also upon the fitness, drill, care and intelligence of the horses in the service. In their capacity for efficient service, horses vary as much as men, and there are many entirely unfitted by nature and constitution for cavalry service. Volumes might be written with reference to the work accomplished by the cavalry in the wars of ancient and mod-

ern times. For the present it may be sufficient to say that were it not for the achievements of the cavalry, many wars would not now be remembered. Even the Crimean war, which was fought almost in our own day and generation, would now be almost entirely forgotten, if the charge of the Light-Brigade had not been celebrated in heroic verse and made immortal by Tennyson.

"Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred."

We cannot refrain from a feeling of profound admiration for the French cavalry ruthlessly slaughtered by Cossacks, or destroyed by the rigor of a Russian winter, so that when Marshall Ney was asked by Napoleon: "Where is the rear guard," he could only reply: "I am the rear guard." There is something pathetic as well as heroic in the conduct of the Old Guard of the French army. That splendid body of cavalry, which said, when hurled in a solid column, instead of a line two or three men in depth, by mistaken judgment and poor management, upon the solid ranks of the British army at Waterloo: "The old guard dies but it never surrenders." It perished in the sunken road of Ohain and by the well directed fire of the British troops, who were scarcely disturbed in the strong position they occupied; but the bravery and gallantry of the French cavalry cannot be questioned, and under more skillful management, much more effectual work might have been accomplished. With the loss of his Old Guard, the last hope for the maintenance of the mighty fabric reared by the genius of Napoleon disappeared as if by magic, and henceforth there remained nothing for him but wrath, mortification and disappointment, hurrying him to his grave on the dreary and rock-bound shores of St. Helena.

Of the many distinguished English cavalry commanders whose deeds occupy a prominent place in history, including the sturdy Oliver Cromwell, who won the battles of Marston Moor and Naseby by his cavalry alone, it is not possible now to speak. Some note, however, should be taken of Frederick the Great, who was one of the most successful and prominent of the cavalry commanders of the world, and whose efforts in creating an efficient cavalry force, brought that arm of the service to a high degree of perfection. Many of his greatest victories were won by the skillful use of cavalry and his chief officers in that line were among the best that Europe has ever produced.

The maxims laid down by Frederick the Great are still the controlling principles which govern all successful cavalry commanders.

Whilst Napoleon achieved very great and often surprising results with his cavalry, yet his dispositions of that part of his army were often faulty and were at times unworthy of his great reputation as a soldier.

Coming down to our own times and particularly to our late Civil War, it may be noted that whilst, in the early part of that war, satisfactory results were not always secured, and its work was disappointing, yet those facts were not the result of any lack of bravery or other special qualities needed by good cavalry soldiers, but was rather the effect of the dispersion of our cavalry force amongst the infantry and artillery, in troops, companies and squads for use as guards, or for individual service as orderlies, or for guards for wagon trains and other purposes, for which mounted men were found serviceable and convenient.

There was little of fame or glory to be achieved in this desultory and irregular warfare, yet it was of great importance to the general movements of our armies, and the service thus rendered, though without brilliancy, and of minor character, was nevertheless of inestimable value to the cause in which we were all engaged. If those who sneeringly and thoughtlessly asked, Who ever saw a dead cavalryman? had been nearer the enemy's lines of battle, or his outposts or pickets, or had served as guards for our supply trains, our forage wagons, our telegraph lines and signal stations in the enemy's country, they would not have asked a question so unjust, or reflecting so severely upon a body of men, as conspicuously brave, gallant and devoted to duty as any that ever drew a sword or fired a gun in the cause of liberty, or in defense of those rights which are dearest and most precious to the human heart. To be detached from the main body of troops and from sources of supply, whether of provisions, clothing, ordnance or hospital stores, for days and even weeks at a time, to be glad to find ears of corn in a field, which they could roast and eat, or as a last resort, to find rails or brush, or logs of wood of any kind, upon which they could rest their weary limbs and find the little sleep allowed them, without lying on ground saturated with water, or in swamps that were never dry, was too often the rule and not the exception. There are countless bloodstained spots of ground throughout the southern country, and on the great plains, and in the mountains of the West, where a single shot from an unseen foe has done to death many a brave comrade, and the official report made thereof was only that a man had been killed on the picket line last night or this morning, and no further notice was taken of the fact that the life of a gallant cavalry soldier had been snuffed out, not in battle or in a bold and face to face en-

counter with the enemy, but slain in a cowardly and brutal manner, at the post of danger, where he had been placed by his superior officers, and where no vigilance or care on his part could ward off the unsuspected danger. But their effective force was thus frittered away, and it was only after the persistent and determined efforts of Gen. Philip H. Sheridan to organize an independent cavalry corps, when placed in command of the cavalry of the army of the Potomac by General Grant, that the efficiency and value of this arm of our service was fully demonstrated. The results subsequently achieved by Sheridan and other cavalry commanders in that army, as well as in the South and West, convinced the people of our own country, and of the world, that our cavalry was equal to that of any other nation when properly trained and handled. The victory of Cedar Creek or Winchester, wrung from the very jaws of defeat and disaster by General Sheridan, was one of the most remarkable in military annals. Indeed, General Sheridan then and in subsequent engagements too numerous to be referred to in this connection, not only demonstrated his capacity as a cavalry leader, but placed himself in the very front rank of those leaders in the world's history.

From the time when General Sheridan was assigned to the command of the cavalry troops of that army, to the close of the war, the country witnessed a succession of victories secured by that arm of the service alone, some of them of extraordinary brilliancy and all of them claiming and receiving not only the admiration of our own people, but the unqualified commendation of the highest cavalry authorities in the world. If a single blast from the bugle-horn of Roderick Dhu were worth a thousand men, what shall be the estimated worth of General Sheridan to the army of the Potomac, or to the country at large, when we consider the value of such victories as those of Opequan, Cedar Creek, Five Forks, and the work done before Petersburg, at Appomattox Court House and elsewhere, by the cavalry alone, under the superb management of that gifted commander? It is believed that the services of the cavalry in the campaign of 1864-5 brought the War of the Rebellion to a close, at least one year sooner than it would have been otherwise, had that part of our army continued its desultory and ineffective service, as it was conducted in 1862-3 and throughout the early part of that war. To gather up the remnants of a routed, defeated and scattered army, which had been pursued in its retreat for 22 miles by an enemy, who was flushed with his extraordinary success, which had lost its guns, baggage and equipment, left 1,400 prisoners in the hands of the enemy, to hurl these shattered forces back upon their foes, and in turn drive them back over all and more

than all of its lost ground, recovering all its guns, and 16 more belonging to the enemy, as was done by Sheridan at Winchester or Cedar Creek, was the work of a genius, and there are few examples, in ancient or modern times, where so crushing a defeat was turned into a magnificent and overwhelming victory. Without a cavalry force that was simply superb this would have been impossible. In like manner at the battle of Nashville, Tennessee, in December, 1864, Gen. J. H. Wilson, in command of the Federal cavalry, repeatedly charged the left wing of the Confederate army, until it was completely shattered and demoralized, so that General Hood, commanding that army, sent word to General Chalmers, saying: "For God's sake, drive the Yankee cavalry from our left and rear, or all is lost," but Chalmers was not able to resist that Yankee cavalry, and the defeat of the Confederate army became first a retreat, then a rout and then a stampede. In the following month of March, General Wilson, under orders from General Grant, organized a cavalry force, which for brilliant and successful operations has rarely been surpassed. Leaving his camp near Muscle Shoals, on the Tennessee river, on the 22d day of March, 1865, with 15,000 men, he marched 525 miles in 28 days, captured during that time 6,820 prisoners of war and 280 guns, 9,900 stands of small arms, 235,000 bales of cotton, a large amount of rolling stock, and several military establishments, destroyed two gunboats, and captured Selma, Alabama, though that place was strongly fortified and was defended by 8,000 men, one-half of whom were regular troops and the remainder State militia. This was but one of the numerous cavalry demonstrations that did so much to bring the war to an end in 1864-5. It is not possible in this place to do justice to the large number of cavalry troopers so long employed in Indian warfare on the great plains of the West, and yet a brief reference to their services may be permitted. This warfare lasted for more than 300 years, and the service was such that hardship, toil and danger, usually severe and often incredibly so, were the daily experiences, from beginning to end, of those engaged in that long conflict. Their Indian foes were amongst the best light horsemen the world has ever known. They were as implacable in their hatred of the white race as they were artful, cunning and deceitful, in all their cruel and bloodthirsty operations. Many a gallant trooper now fills a lonely grave, who was the victim of their unrelenting hostility, which never rested day or night, so long as an opportunity was afforded to steal a march, to surprise a camp, or to slaughter, in cold blood, an unsuspecting sentinel, during the still hours of a starry night, or in the gray dawn of a cold and chilly morning. The number of these lonely graves is only known to

the All-wise Disposer of Human Events, who takes note of every sparrow's fall, and much more of every life that has been sacrificed in the cause of human progress and development. The massacre of Custer and every man of his command, on the 25th day of June, 1876, was only one of the many incidents in that long continued and bloody conflict. The naval forces of the United States have justly earned imperishable renown on the ocean, in our various wars, and the names of many of our heroes on the water, from the days of John Paul Jones down to our own Admiral Dewey, are familiar as household words, not only in our country, but in foreign lands. Our armies on the land are not less distinguished for courage and skill on the battlefield and for the successful conduct of warlike operations of every description. In all of this long roll of honor, made up of eminent soldiers and sailors, whether on the land or on the sea, our cavalry leaders and troopers occupied a place in the first class, and the Rough Riders of San Juan Hill are the worthy successors of the troopers who followed Sheridan, Wilson, Merritt, Custer and other cavalry leaders in the Civil War, and are entitled to corresponding respect and recognition. Many lessons in the art of war were learned in the recent Boer uprising in South Africa, but there was no indication in those campaigns that cavalry would be dispensed with in the future, any more than it has been in the past. At no time in the history of the world has more attention been given to the men and horses required for the cavalry arm of the service than at the present day, by all the leading and progressive nations of the world. Other nations learned much from our cavalry operations during the Civil War, and we need have no fear whatever that in the future as in the past our cavalry officers and soldiers will not maintain the brilliant reputation they have already established.

WILLIAM F. PROSSER.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

AN analysis of the contents of the principal military periodicals, systematically classified under a few general heads for the convenience of the reader and student, comprising extracts and comments, in which special attention is given to the most important and valuable articles.

ORGANIZATION, ADMINISTRATION AND MOBILIZATION.

The more important articles on these subjects relate to the General Staff desired and needed by our own navy, the question of Imperial Defence in Great Britain, the defence of the French coast, and the recent changes in the organization of the world's armies. The following are specially noteworthy:

1. The Proposed Naval General Staff.—*Army and Navy Journal,* June 6.
2. The Navy First.—*United Service Magazine* (*London*), May.
3. Imperial Defence and Colonial Responsibilities.—*Same.*
4. Australia and Naval Defence.—*Same,* May, June.
5. The Royal Naval Reserve.—*Same,* June.
6. The Royal Corps of Naval Constructors.—*Same,* May.
7. Army Reform.—*Same.*
8. Military Colonization.—*Same.*
9. Notes on Mounted Troops in South Africa.—*Same,* May, June.
10. An Organization of the Nation for Defence.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* May.
11. The Honorable Artillery Company.—*Military Mail,* June 5.
12. The Defensive Organization of the French Coast.—*Jour. U. S. Artillery,* May, June.
13. The Military Situation in Turkey.—*Int. Rev., Beih.* 40
14. The Austro-Hungarian Army.—*Revue du Cercle Mil.,* May 16.
15. The French Naval Estimates for 1903.—*Marine Rundschau,* May.
16. On Choosing a Commander-in-Chief.—*Int. Rev. Suppl.,* 50.

17. Changes in the World's Armies and Navies.—*Int. Rev.*, May; *Jour. R. Unit. Serv. Inst.*, May; *Marine Rundschau*, May, June.

The first of these is a clear statement of the needs of our navy in the way of a General Staff; its purposes and duties. There should be no question as to the necessity of such a body of officers, but any innovation in organization is apt to meet with resistance, so we ought not to be surprised in this case. The Navy appears to know definitely what it wants, and the proposed organization is probably (like all such matters) the growth of several years of thought and discussion, as well as experience:

"With certain modifications we think the plan an excellent one and meriting at least the serious consideration of the highest authorities.

"A start in the direction of a general staff has been made by the organization of the General Board in close connection with the Bureau of Navigation, the War College, the Office of Naval Intelligence, and the Board of Inspection. But a further and more systematic development of co-operative action is needed, and this can probably best be obtained by the constitution of a general staff, and by the appointment of a chief of such a staff, who would possess the higher directive and administrative duties of the present chief of the Bureau of Navigation, but who, being relieved from the countless routine duties of that position, would have the opportunity of devoting himself to the more important duty of promoting general efficiency in the fleet and thorough readiness for international complications.

"The plans of the general board for the formation of a general staff require no changes in the existing organization of the Navy Department, as they merely propose a rearrangement of detail duties concerning the personnel. Little new legislation for the complete establishment of the board would be required, and pending that legislation the Department itself could decide upon and carry out the requisite measures for such a new partition of duties that all matters affecting the personnel of the service and its general efficiency and readiness for war would be brought under the control of some one officer, who would be immediately responsible to the Secretary of the Navy, and who, as chief of the general staff, would direct the military affairs of the fleet and be answerable to the Secretary for its condition and readiness for any service.

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"What are the duties to be performed by a naval general staff, is the question asked by every officer in the Navy. The following define the duties of a general staff as set forth in the proposed bill for its organization:

"To devise plans that will employ our naval force to the best advantage; to organize, during peace, a proper naval defence of our coast, to utilize fully the naval reserves and merchant marine for the service of the General Government; to secure, by frequent consultations with the Army chiefs, a full and cordial co-operation of the two services in case of war; to be prepared at all time to advise the Secretary of the Navy, when required, as to the disposition of the fleet and all forces subject to his order, under the various conditions that may arise; to prepare plans of campaign for such theatres of war at home,

in our dependencies and abroad as may in any case become the scene of hostilities; these plans to include the selection of naval bases and their preparation; to have charge of the organization, training and discipline of the personnel; to advise and recommend as to the numbers and types of vessels needed in the future; to supervise the preparation and issue of such professional publications as may, in its opinion, be desirable for the information of the Navy Department, and for the education of the personnel of the Navy.

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"By the formation of such a general staff, it is claimed, a corps of officers would be developed who would be well versed in the art and study of the higher questions of war, who would be intimately acquainted with all our plans and would be available for selection for the staffs of commanders-in-chief in time of war. Officers would be selected for duty with the general staff because of their peculiar fitness for the work, and, being ordered to such duty but for a limited time, they would not lose touch with the service and its needs."

The second article is an excellent summary of the present policy of the British Admiralty on some very important points of Defence of the Empire. A few extracts will indicate the author's train of thought:

"Striking evidence has been afforded of late of the desire of the Government to place their policy of imperial defence on a permanent, business-like, carefully considered basis, and to con-ordinate the two services, so as to ensure due importance to the needs of the sea and land forces. The Earl of Selborne, speaking not as First Lord of the Admiralty, but as Lord Lansdowne explained, on behalf of all his colleagues in the Cabinet, announced recently that in the provision for imperial defence the Government stood by these principles: 'The Navy first; the Army sufficient for its imperial needs, and organized in all details.' Whether the army corps scheme is opposed to this declaration or not is beyond the scope of this article. Lord Selborne's statement is important because in the past the Navy has not been first. In the ten years ending March 31st, 1895, in spite of the great outlay on the design and construction of ships, and repairs, the upkeep of the dockyards, the consumption of coal—a heavy item—and the cost of a continuous service system—training seamen from their boyhood upwards—the Navy received £32,275,000 less than the Army—an annual average of nearly three and a quarter millions sterling. Since 1895 the naval expenditure of the United Kingdom has exceeded the military expenditure by about two millions annually. This has not been due to a change of British policy, but to a revolution in European policy to which Sir Charles Dilke lately directed attention. The nations have practically ceased to increase their military expenditure, while several of them have doubled the outlay on their fleets. Alone among the great Powers, not excluding the United States, Great Britain has been spending each year a vastly larger sum on her Army; since 1895 the Army estimates (apart from the war) have risen from under £18,000,000 to £27,588,000 in 1903-4. Inclusive of India and the colonies, the expenditure on the land forces of the empire is £51,000,000 annually, while the cost of the empire's naval forces, which protect India in the same degree as

they protect Sheringham and Ventnor, for example, was less than £32,000,000 last year."

So numerous have been the announcements on defence matters that it may be well to set them out in summary, and then indicate the relation they bear to one another:

"1. The Committee of Defence of the cabinet has been reorganized, and has become a permanent body, with a record of its proceedings for the information of its successors. It will comprise the Lord President, the Prime Minister, the Secretary of State for War, and the First Lord of the Admiralty; with the following experts of the two defence departments: the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and the heads of the two Intelligence Departments—naval and military. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Secretary of State for India, and the Foreign Secretary will take part in the deliberations when their departments are concerned.

"2. The naval forces in what may be termed the home seas have been reorganized. In comparison with the state of affairs a year ago, the effect is that an additional seagoing squadron is created, and placed under the command of a senior admiral, with a junior admiral under him, the former being senior to the admirals commanding the Channel and Cruiser Squadrons.

"3. A new naval base is to be constructed at St. Margaret's Hope in the Firth of Forth.

"4. A South Atlantic Squadron with Gibraltar and Sierra Leone as its bases has been created, more especially to police the West African and South-East American coasts.

"5. A bill has been introduced into the House of Commons to provide for a more adequate reserve for the Navy, including the resuscitation of the naval volunteers under new conditions, and the introduction of a short service system into the Navy side by side with the present continuous twelve years' service.

"6. Radical reforms in the entry of officers and the training of officers and men for the fleet are about to be made.

"7. In face of the verdict of forty admirals and others that the Navy cannot assure the supply of the necessaries of the forty-one million inhabitants of these islands in time of war, the Prime Minister has agreed to grant a royal commission to inquire into the subject.

"There is an intimate relation between these announcements; and the appointment of a royal commission on food supply is placed last in the list, and the formation of the Cabinet Committee of Defence first, because this represents their relative importance. * * * *

"No explanation has been given of the reasons which have led to the creation of the new South Atlantic Squadron, but the causes are not far to seek. In view of the development of Madagascar as a *point de pui* for the French fleet, thus lying across our alternative route to India, it is important that the admiral commanding the Cape Squadron should not be burdened with the defence of the long stretch from Cape Blanco southward past Sierra Leone. He will now have no duty practically save the defence of the waters off South Africa, and the new squadron will have that portion of the longer route to India off the West African coast, thus including, it may be noted, the kingdom of Morocco, and, in fact, the South Atlantic. By this step the cape and

Mediterranean commands are consolidated. No doubt this decision has been arrived at, like so many others, on the advice of Admiral Sir John Fisher, who returned from the Mediterranean with many schemes of reform in his mind.

"These dispositions indicate definite policy. The decision to create a new base in home waters has not been formed haphazard. As in the case of the reorganization of the home fleet, the situation of the new naval port was fixed before the present agitation against Germany occurred. The inquiry into the cause of this activity on the part of the Admiralty need not be pressed too far. In the immediate past British fleet dispositions were made solely with an eye to France and Russia. The chief bases of the fleet are on or near the English Channel. Since 1900 Germany has loomed large as a naval power. It is inevitable that the plans of the lords of the Admiralty should undergo revision as a new rival appears. A disposition of ships which was made when the North Sea was devoid of the possibility of menace naturally needs to be changed when men-of-war appear in those waters, maneuvering and exercising and practising all the arts of war. The reorganization of the Home Fleet is, however, no more a menace to Germany than the continued maintenance of British naval forces in the Channel and Mediterranean is to France or Russia, or the presence of warships off the American continent is to the United States. All these decisions rest on the well-understood practice of nations—treat your enemy as though he may become your friend, and your friend as though he may become your enemy. None other than Bismarck crystallized this international usage into a single sentence.

"Besides co-ordinating the two services and considering from time to time their requirements, the Committee cannot fail to insist that as, under certain circumstances, the Army must directly assist the Navy, the two arms should practice in time of peace joint operations which might have to be undertaken in time of war. At present the Navy maneuvers as though its duty were to protect one Empire with one set of determining conditions, and the Army maneuvers as though its duty were to protect quite another Empire with quite different conditions. In the rare instances in which there has been slight co-operation, muddle and comic situations have resulted, gunners ashore firing on friendly men-of-war, and so on. In France and Russia, in the United States and even in Japan, there are annual joint maneuvers for the instruction of the officers who would command in case of hostilities, and by these means the two arms of each nation's defence forces are reminded that they are not separate and distinct, but may under certain conditions be inter-dependent if a decisive blow is to be struck or an attack effectually repulsed."

The third article, by Major Silburn, Permanent Staff, Natal, discusses the responsibilities of the Colonies in Imperial Defence.

The fourth, by Lieutenant Hordern, R. N., relates to the question of a separate navy for Australia. The character of the article is indicated in the opening and the closing paragraphs:

"A paper under the above heading has been read recently at the Royal Colonial Institute by Senator Matheson. The paper is useful and instructive—useful as showing the views of an Australian statesman, who doubtless represents those of a large section in Australia; and instructive as showing how

slender are the arguments which can be brought forward in support of the case for separate colonial navies.

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"To join not only in the burden but in the responsibilities of a world-wide empire, in which within another generation or two she must have a leading voice, is Australia's birthright, and of this no one but her sons can deprive her."

The fifth article discusses the relations of the Royal Corps of Naval Construction to the Ordnance and Engineering Department. We select two extracts:

"At present, there is no one who can be blamed for failure of guns, boilers, armor, distribution of guns, or seaworthiness, except the 'First Lord;' and he possesses no more knowledge of naval affairs than a civilian can acquire in the course of an uncertain period of office. If only the doctrine of responsibility could be enforced in high places, with a rigor equal to that applied in low places, it is pretty certain that the First Lord would be better advised, and that there would be fewer failures.

"That a 'General Staff' for the Navy is urgently required is evident. Whether the general staff should be merged with the N. I. D.* or vice versa is a matter of no great moment. One thing is evident, and this is that it is absolutely necessary to separate the ordinary routine peace duties of naval administration from those of preparation for war. Under existing conditions, preparation for war can hardly be said to exist."

The seventh article is a somewhat radical and perhaps prejudiced view on Army Reform, but it contains some statements worthy of consideration, even if they are a little exaggerated:

"The cry for army reform was raised in 1854, during the first of the Crimean war, and has been continued at intervals ever since. The only step in this direction that was then taken was the establishment of a war minister; and this measure, so far as it has already gone, does not appear to have answered the expectations of its promoters.

"Until the inevitable change takes place—which will either give us a trusted military expert as war minister; or a capable civilian, independent of party trammels, advised and guided by a sound military board—the country will be in constant danger of being surprised and bluffed by more enterprising and far-seeing nations, who are habitually on the look-out to do us harm. And as long as we are content to leave things as they are, to ignore the advice of earnest men and experienced soldiers, and to be ruled in military matters by a party composed of the blind followers of a politician who openly declares his allegiance to the Cardwellian system, so long must we be liable to experience similar troubles to those recently brought home to us by the Boer farmers of South Africa, who had accurately gauged our military unreadiness.

"The principal diseases from which the Army is suffering, and the most suitable remedies for them may now be shortly summed up as follows:

"(*a*) Want of real men.

*Naval Intelligence Department.

"The remedies are: freedom of contract, with a pension at the end of a fixed number of years' service; the saving of 5,000 eligible lads yearly; and the enforcement of very strict discipline, so as to keep out bad characters and to maintain the high standard of the fighting ranks.

"(*b*) Deterioration of officers.

"The remedy for this appears to be the establishment of one large military school, where the sons of gentlemen can be brought up from an early age, under strict discipline and in a pure military atmosphere; neither of which is to be found in any known public or private school in the kingdom. The admission to be by nomination, subject to passing a simple qualifying examination, as in the naval school. By the time such boys pass on into Woolwich or Sandhurst, they will be half-formed officers, and they will be able to proceed naturally to complete the technical part of their education, without having to go through the unpleasant and undignified performance of unlearning a lot of rubbish that must be crammed into them at school under existing regulations.

"(*c*) The weakness of the army staff.

"The present administrative staff may be said to consist almost entirely of an over-grown adjutant-general's department, which is really a peace department in all armies as well as in our own; and we have no sort of War Department, such as exists in the German Army, under a specially qualified quarter-master-general for war purposes only. The distinguished officer who may be called by that title in the British Army has never had such war duties to perform, and no one else has ever performed them for him—hence the inevitable muddling and bungling that has always detracted so much from the brilliancy and exactitude of our operations in every campaign. We have a man at the head of the Army now who knows exactly how to make an efficient War Department, if he is only given a free hand to do so; and if this opportunity is lost, the country will regret it ever after."

The eighth article, on military colonization, traces the history of the world's work in that field in graphic outline and with bold strokes, the purpose of the article being indicated in the following:

"The history of military colonization is the record of the rise and fall of world powers, which have been permanent only when conquest was accompanied or followed by colonization.

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"Though also familiar with the Australasian colonies and India, I have dwelt more particularly on the necessity for the military colonization of Canada, because it has a long frontier, co-terminus with the United States, who are already effecting a peaceful conquest by emigration.

"It would be at least advisable to have a counter-balance of British sentiment and loyalty.

"The Military Colonisation of South Africa and Canada is a pressing necessity, if we mean to retain our Empire. Australasia, where there is no visible enemy, may wait, though in face of the sufferings of our unemployed population, in which our reservists share, delay seems a cruel folly.

"But there can be no relief from emigration so long as the scum of Europe is allowed to flood our great cities. That our working class submit to it, while

they have electoral power, only makes one fear they merit the title of beer-sodden Anglo-Saxons, true descendants of those who allowed a handful of Norman free-booters to become feudal lords of their soil, and to oppress them for 300 years, though so few in number that their very language has died out among us.

"How we fell upon so great possessions is mainly due to the fact that coal and iron, being dug from the same hole in England, made us manufacturers for the world. We changed the pirate galleys of our forefathers for trading ships. Since then coal and iron, petroleum and gas, have been found to underlie vast tracts in other lands—notably Pennsylvania, which the far-seeing Quaker knew, when he bought, mostly with beeds, the birthright of his red brother.

"We have also ceased to be a maritime people, with the abolition of the navigation laws."

The ninth article discusses the deficient training of British Cavalry officers in dismounted work before the Boer War, and the defects in arms, equipment and saddlery.

The tenth, by Major-General Webber, R. E., is an elaborate article against compulsory service as in Germany, but still advocating a kind of compulsory service. After setting forth the weak points in the German system, the author explains his proposed schemes as follows:

"TWENTIETH CENTURY CONDITIONS.

"All this has now changed, and, to help in the defence of one's country, a man need not have been in the Royal Navy or have fired a rifle or have served a gun or have passed the riding school. Indeed, as I propose to try and show, the large majority of the manhood of a nation are not wanted in the fighting line; and also I will try and show that those who are, should be there, not only *voluntarily but also, only after having been subject to a training of a much higher order than could be guaranteed in the force Mr. Shee proposes to create.*

"It will now, perhaps, be fully realized by my hearers, that, while I advocate compulsion for one object, namely, for service to the State in war, and preparation for the same, *I stick to voluntary engagement by those destined to use weapons of offence and to fill the ranks of the line of battle* on sea and land; and such engagement should include, for the (so-called) Auxiliary forces, the necessary training to make *a man into a sailor or soldier as skilled as the time allotted to his training and his intelligence will permit.*

"This system has one fundamental advantage for us. It alters as little as possible the existing national organizations, and leaves the would-be sailor or soldier to select between the Royal Navy, the Regulars, the Militia, the Volunteers, and the Yeomanry."

The eleventh article gives a very interesting account of the history and deeds of the Honorable Artillery Company of London, which is to visit its namesake in Boston next September.

The twelfth outlines the defensive organization of the French

coast, and shows how both War and Navy Departments are concerned in this duty.

The thirteenth is a complete account of military geographical and the strategic conditions in Turkey, an essay of particular interest at the present time.

The next article is a brief reference to the new body of officers for the Service of Supply in the Austrian Army, a corps composed of the non-commissioned officers of longest service. A military school for this corps is also to be established this year in Vienna.

The article on the French naval estimates is extracted from the report of the Budget Commission.

The article on the choice of a Commander-in-Chief discusses the qualities required in such a commander.

MILITARY EDUCATION AND TRAINING.

Several of the articles on this subject are of special interest. The following are the most important:

1. The School of Military Administration.—*Revue du Cercle Militaire,* May 9.

2. Royal Military College of Canada.—*Army and Navy Journal,* June 13.

3. How Can We Preserve the Warlike Spirit.—*Int. Revue, Suppi.,* 50.

4. Essay on the Theory of Marching.—*Revue du Cercle Mil.,* May 9-30.

5. The Hygienic Marching of Infantry.—*Army and Navy Gazette,* May 2-23.

6. The Training of Infantry for Attack.—*Unit. Serv. Mag.* (*London*), June.

7. Muskety.—*Same.*

8. Cavalry Training.—*India Volunteer Record,* April 15.

9. Gunnery.—*Journal U. S. Arty.,* May-June.

10. Artillery Practice at Fort Monroe, Va.—*Same.*

11. Manual for 6-in. R. F. Gun.—*Same.*

12. A Set-Back and Prediction Scale for Fire Direction.—*Same.*

13. Japanese Grand Maneuvers, 1902.—*Revue du Cercle Mil.,* June 6.

14. British Blockade Practice in 1902.—*Marine Rundschau,* May.

The first relates to the recent reorganization of the French School of Military Administration. The purpose of the school is to train, by a special course of instruction, non-commissioned officers for admission into the corps of officers of the supply departments (Commissary, etc.).

The second is a very good account of Canada's military academy.

The third is an essay on a very important question, but one which is difficult to solve. The study was inspired by the great German soldier, Clausewitz, still an authority on strategy, but more especially on the psychological element in matters military.

The fourth is a scientific essay on the theory of marching, especially the mechanism of marching, with reference to the position of the center of gravity of the body, the mode of action of the legs in the various attitudes, tensions and flexions, and the rôle of the legs under various conditions. The series of articles is illustrated by numerous diagrams, and in conclusion the author states the essential characteristics of a rational mode of marching, points out the most common defects in the methods of teaching soldiers how to march, and indicates the best methods of instruction.

The fifth is on hygienic marching, and refers particularly to the proper clothing, equipment and necessaries of a soldier in the field.

The sixth article is by Lieut.-Colonel Henderson, Professor of Military History at the Staff College, and is worthy of most careful study by all soldiers of to-day.

The seventh article is a good practical dissertation on some points in target practice, which it would be well for us all to take to heart in instructing our men.

The eighth article is so recent, of such importance, and by so great a soldier, that we are tempted to quote it entire:

"The following are extracts from a memorandum which has been issued by Lord Roberts, in which he considers the fighting duties of cavalry against cavalry, against infantry and artillery, and in pursuit, the memorandum being issued for general information. Having expressed the opinions that the fire power of cavalry should be developed to the utmost, to make it an independent arm, capable of both attack and defence, and that for shock tactics the sword should be the armament, Lord Roberts says: 'What we must then aim at is to make our cavalry expert rifle shots and swordsmen. To neither of these essentials has sufficient attention been paid hitherto. With regard to the rifle it is unnecessary to repeat what has been already published in a recent Army Order. Careful attention to that order will, I am confident, result in a very considerable improvement in the musketry efficiency of our soldiers. We must now endeavor to obtain an equal improvement in the use of the sword, in which our men are far from being proficient. There have been in the past several reasons to account for this—(1) Insufficient training of the individual; (2) an unpractical "Sword Exercise," adapted to parade purposes only; (3) indifferent instructors; (4) steel scabbards; (5) an ill-balanced weapon. Swordsmanship, like marksmanship, is only to be acquired by continual practice, by careful instruction of the individual, and by making him take an interest in his personal proficiency.' Lord Roberts concludes: 'It is just as important that every cavalry officer should be a skilled swordsman as that every infantry officer should be a marks-

man. It is only the man who can teach. At the same time I do not think it necessary, or even wise, that the lance should be entirely discarded. It is well that the cavalry soldier should have a knowledge of all weapons which may be effectively used by the mounted man; and occasions may arise, particularly in campaigns against savages who are ill-armed or have an innate fear of horsemen, when the lance may be the surest and speediest means of demoralizing the enemy. Nor should it be overlooked that lance practice, especially tent-pegging, is, like the bayonet practice of the infantry, a most useful exercise, improving the seat on horseback, giving the man confidence, and strengthening his muscles. All military sports, tent-pegging and lance *v.* bayonet should be encouraged in every way possible. They are for the men what polo is for the officers, the best and most wholesome method of employing their hours of recreation; the only proviso I would make being that on no account should they be allowed to encroach on the time given to field exercises, the study of ground, and serious work. . . . It will be apparent that the cavalry under these new conditions become more than ever the arm which demands the highest training in both officers and men. It has many other duties to fulfil besides the charge. It has always been the arm upon which a commander in the field is dependent for the success of his operations; and to-day, armed with the rifle, its importance is far greater than heretofore. It is not only to a great extent the source of the information on which the commander bases his plans, but it prevents the enemy from gaining information; it makes surprise impossible, and it completes the victory. It is not too much to say that the fate of an engagement may rest on the good judgment and reports of a cavalry subaltern; and the issue of a campaign on the recognition and seizure of some strategic position by a cavalry brigadier. The duties, therefore, of the cavalry officer are even more varied and not less difficult than those of the scientific corps. They require quite as much intelligence and practical knowledge for their fulfilment; and I do not hesitate to say that unless our cavalry is officered by the very best men we can find, physically and intellectually, we cannot hope to obtain useful results. Without first-rate cavalry leaders and thoroughly well-trained men, good strategy is most difficult, and decisive tactics almost impossible.'"

The remainder of the articles under this heading are of technical rather than general interest.

MILITARY HISTORY, STRATEGY AND TACTICS.

1. The Events in Somaliland.—*Revue du Cercle Mil.*, May 2, 16.
2. The Events in the South Oranais.—*Same*, May 23.
3. Letters from Somaliland.—*United Serv. Mag.*, (*London*), May.
4. The German Navy in China, 1900-1.—*Marine Rundschau*. May.
5. The Battle of Navarin.—*Same*.
6. Chili and Argentina.—*Same*.
7. Campaigns against India from the West and through Afghanistan.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, May.

8. On making use of neutral harbors and of neutral coast regions in war.—*Marine Rundschau*, June.

9. Strategy and Tactics in Mountain Ranges.—*Unit. Serv. Mag.* (*London*), May, June.

10. High-angle Fire.—*Journal Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, May.

11. Fire Control in Warships.—*Army and Navy Gazette*, June 6.

12. Service of Supply of Troops in China, 1900-1.—*Rev. du Cercle Mil.*, May 2.

13. Skirmishing.—*Unit. Serv. Mag.* (*London*), May.

14. The *Lava* of the Cossacks, and its Value as a Formation for Cavalry Combat.—*Int. Rev. Suppl.*, 50.

The scope and character of the first nine articles is sufficiently explained by their titles.

The tenth article is a plea for mortar or howitzer fire aboard ship, and presents a question that has been before the navy for some little time and appears to be gaining in importance and finding continually more and more advocates, although the highest authorities still hold aloof.

The author discusses the entire field of high-angle fire but lays particular stress on its use on board warships. We have room for a few extracts only, but they will suffice to show the course of reasoning:

"Of all the wonderful improvements in gunnery I know but this—that they merely tend to increase accuracy, range, and destructive power. But whilst technical skill is ever advancing, and requires an expert to understand, strategy remains always the same. The aim of the gunner is to hit his target in the most vulnerable spot, as hard as he can, and with the least possible risk to himself and his gun. The object of my paper is to endeavor to prove that, under certain conditions, high-angle fire is the most effective for the desired purpose.

* * * * * * * *

"I will now turn to the question of vertical fire from the sea. That there are not many positions conceivable where a ship could advantageously make use of it against another ship at sea, I admit, but its main use would be from ships against forts and harbors, arsenals, etc. The first consideration is that our fleet must not be risked against batteries. I have, in my father's life, given his views on this question, and showed what hard work he had in preventing our Baltic Fleet from being so risked, as the Russians desired; but it would be far more suicidal to risk iron ships thus, as they could not be repaired quickly, even if but slightly damaged.

"The suggestion has been made that our obsolete ships might be used against forts, so saving our modern ones. Much might be said in favor of this plan, and our muzzle-loaders might be employed with less comparative disadvantage than in a naval conflict. Howitzers, or ship's guns with sufficient elevation, would fulfil my idea. But as the bombarding mortar boats at Sweaborg owed their safety to the smallness of the target they presented, I question

whether a specially prepared howitzer gun-boat would not have an advantage compensating even for the steadier platform of the ship. Again, the mortar boats could get into shoaler water and behind islands and headlands for shelter, and would afford less mark for torpedoes.

"I would propose that gun-boats carrying howitzers or any gun mounted for high-angle fire be kept ready either for harbor defence or for despatch to the distant scene of operations, if the reduction of fortifications or the bombardment of an arsenal or of a blockaded fleet was contemplated. For these purposes I consider high-angle fire essential. It will not do, as in the Baltic war, to have to postpone operations a year so as to construct mortar boats; these must be ready for war at any time.

"In a naval war we could not hope to maintain a blockade for such a length of time as formerly. The enemy's fleet must be got at as soon as it is shut up, or the ships may escape in the first fog. I am sure that vertical fire is the best way of reaching the ships inside. There are some harbors where this could be done by high-angle fire over intervening points of land. The gun-boats could be first used against any outlying fortifications.

"The idea of using vertical fire against a harbor is, I believe, a novel one. I am told that the French have been making experiments, as yet unsuccessful, in this very direction; but here great accuracy is not, perhaps, so necessary. The areas of the anchorages are not great, and the chances are in favor of some shots telling on a ship's most vulnerable part—her deck. Direction might be given from a balloon held captive by a small ship. Calm weather must be chosen for bombardment, and so a balloon could be used for observation.

"If you look at any fort you will see the small target offered to direct fire, merely the muzzle of a gun. But to vertical fire, the target is enlarged. I do not say ships must be armed with howitzers, only that they should be able to fire their guns at a greater elevation. In distant waters it might be necessary for a ship to risk attacking a fort, and, therefore, she should be able to use high-angle fire.

"Let us take, for example, such a place as St. Malo. The main defence against a blockading squadron is, I gathered from personal observation, the fortified rock. This contains, I was informed, both howitzers and disappearing guns. What could our ordinary ships' guns do against it? But it might be reduced by vertical fire, and then the rock itself, as well as other points of land, would afford shelter for a bombardment of the inside anchorage at low water, when the area of inside anchorage would be limited.

"The only risk would be from field guns, or fortress guns which I saw commanding the inside anchorage, being moved outside and brought to bear on our small vessels. (This illustrates the advantage of being able to move your fortress guns to any point of vantage.) Our fleet would to some extent cover the mortar boats against such land guns, unless these were hidden behind the brow of the hill.

"Looking also at the chart of Brest, the island could in like manner be attacked, as well as other outlying defences, and then the harbor bombarded. This, I think, is the only feasible plan of attack against any modern fortress from the sea, except in some cases where mortars could be placed without any fortress guns being able to hit them. I think it would be a good thing if the Admiralty, or your Committee, would invite plans of attack against our har-

bors. In this way they would possibly find out some weak spots in our home defences.

"Such mortar boats would be exposed to the attacks of submarines and torpedo-boats, another reason for not using larger vessels. The latter would incur greater risks of running on rocks and shoals.

"SHIPS PASSING FORTS.

"Another use of vertical fire would be in the protection of ships passing forts. This is illustrated by Mackinnon's rocket battery in the Parana, and the Federal Fleet passing Fort Jackson.

"In 1895, there was some possibility of our fleet having to run the risk of passing the Dardanelles. At this time H. M. S. 'Forte' was going out to join the fleet in the Levant, and I wrote to Captain Foote suggesting that if cruisers could throw shells from quick-firing guns at a high angle, they might cover our iron-clads by throwing shell vertically into the forts and so demoralising the gunners that our ships might pass unharmed. Light shell would be efficacious for such a purpose."

The eleventh article is another one of great importance, and indicates that fire control on board ship is not yet a solved problem:

"At a time when naval gunnery is being much discussed it is refreshing to turn from crude if well-meaning attacks upon the marksmanship of our gunners to the scientific articles by 'Rapidan' which have lately been collected in book form. His chapter on the 'Elements of Efficiency within the Ship' contains some very valuable observations on fire control and the methods by which such control can best be obtained. From the tactical point of view, efficiency in gunnery is defined as the 'resultant of the fire control possessed by the units of the fleet.' The skill of the gunners is but one element of efficiency, and, although it is a very important one, the other elements are quite ignored by nearly all our self-appointed critics. In modern naval warfare the skill of the individual gunner has to be subordinated absolutely to that concentration of fire upon which the result of an action really depends. Twenty years ago captains were not required to assume the individual control and direction of the fire. To-day this has become absolutely necessary, whilst the admiral, in his turn, is likely to direct, by a simple system of flag signals, the concentration of the fire of the several units upon a certain portion of the enemy's fleet. 'Unless,' says 'Rapidan,' 'the artillery of the ship can be used as a concerted whole—that is, the fire of the individual guns controlled—the ship's value as a fighting unit is very small and unreliable.' And since this control must be centered in the captain, one perceives at once the importance of establishing a perfect system of communication between the conning-tower and the gun positions. It is further evident that the communications must be both rapid and reliable. 'Rapidan' devotes a large section of his chapter to demonstrating that the system of communication designed by Captain H. Grenfell, R. N., embodies all the essential features. Messengers, buglers, voice tubes, and telephones are all condemned as unreliable in action; the system must be the automatic indicator, and there are reasons why the open dial and pointer system cannot be trusted. Hence the evolution of the Grenfell drum. The pointer system is condemned because the captain should be able to transmit six separate

orders relative to the target, its bearing, the portion of the ship to be aimed at, the range, the nature of the projectile, and the nature of the firing. 'Rapidan' is no doubt right in considering that open dials and pointers must cause confusion in the transmission of these orders to several groups of guns, some of which may be near together. Of the six orders to be passed simultaneously and continuously to the guns there are three—the target, its bearing, and its range—which are common to the whole armament. Yet, as regards the fitting of the wires and necessary switches, it is found simpler to have separate communications for the main and secondary armaments. The transmitting instruments fitted in the conning-towers can be made small enough to afford room for all the groups needed. An operator would be required for every two such groups, says 'Rapidan.' Rupture of the communications may occur either in the conning tower itself or at any gun position. Probably a heavy fire will be directed at the foremost conning tower, and hence the necessity of a double system by means of which the after-tower may be switched on. Whether it would be possible to use telephones when any section of the communications broke down we incline to doubt.

"It seems certain, in any case, that independent firing by the several groups of guns would never be resorted to unless the captain were cut off by one or more successful shots. It is sometimes argued, says 'Rapidan,' that automatic indicators are liable to dislocation from the shocks of battle, as, indeed, they are; but he is right in urging that such liability furnishes no reason for neglecting to provide as perfect a system of communications as possible. The fleet which can concentrate its fire—say, upon one portion of the enemy's line—will obtain enormous results within a few minutes, perhaps, of the opening discharge. 'In fact,' says 'Rapidan,' 'once a real superiority of fire is obtained, return fire will, under modern conditions, be very rapidly broken down.' The need for frequent practice in the use of the means of communication, whatever that means may be, need not be insisted upon here. The old idea that when once an action has begun individual firing into 'the brown' will do the business is in these days utterly discredited. The fleet which displays the best fire control will win, and we are entirely at one with 'Rapidan' in considering that the further development of fire control is absolutely essential."

The twelfth article is the completion of a short series of papers on the subject, and discusses the uses made of the roads and railroads in the China Campaign of 1900-1.

The thirteenth article, by Captain Barnes of the British Chinese Regiment, discusses modern skirmishing methods.

The fourteenth treats in detail of the mode of attack of the Cossacks called the *lava,* and considers the proper mode of meeting it.

ARTILLERY AND FORTIFICATION.

The articles on these subjects are usually rather technical, but a few have considerable general interest:

1. The Krupp Works at Essen.—*Scien. Amer. Suppl.,* May 16.

2. Rear Sight and Telescopic Sight for Field Guns and Howitzers.—*Jour. U. S. Arty.,* May, June.

3. The Ghenea Sight for Field Guns and Howitzers.—*Kriegstech. Zeit.*, 5.

4. The Development of the Field Artillery Fuse in Germany.—*Same.*

5. Armor Protection for Field Artillery.—Same

6. The Proper Equipment of a Mountain Battery.—*Jour. U. S. Arty.*, May, June.

7. Special Report of Firing with Vickers-Maxim Q. F. Mountain Gun.—*Same.*

8. Ship Armor and its Attack.—*Same.*

9. Use of Snow for Temporary Fortification.—*Kriegstech Zeit.*, 5.

10. The Fortifications of the Upper Rhine.—*Same.*

11. Re-arming the Thames Forts.—*Military Mail*, May 22.

12. Earth or Armor Protection for Sea Coast Fortifications.—*Jour. U. S. Arty.*, May-June.

The first is an illustrated article on the great gun and armor works at Essen; the second is an excellent article on the new Krupp sights for field guns; the third is a full description of a sight for field guns invented by Major Ghenea, of the Roumanian army, by means of which 20 shots (with reports on every shot) were fired in 65 seconds at a range of about 4,300 yards, the horizontal 50 per cent. zone being 30 yards in range by 1.6 yards laterally; and the fourth discusses the development of the Krupp fuse to its present form.

The fifth brings up once more the question of shields for field artillery, while the sixth gives the results of actual experiences in the Philippines with the Vickers-Maxim mountain battery, and contains some very valuable notes on mountain batteries in general; the seventh gives some target practice results with the mountain gun.

The eighth article is a reprint of an article previously analysed in these columns, but it is of such importance that we desire to call particular attention to it again.

The ninth article is one that we will not be likely to have any professional interest in for some time, but it presents some very interesting points to the military student. It was found, for example, that 3.3 yards of loose snow, or 2.7 yards of well tamped snow would protect against infantry fire, and 8 yards of the latter against field artillery. The rate of march in various kinds of snow was also determined, and some valuable data were obtained. Fighting in the snow also requires many modifications of existing drill regulations. Finally, bivouacks in the snow are readily constructed, and the article contains some important data on this point.

The tenth article relates to the new German fortifications along

the Rhine between Strassburg and Basle, which will enable Germany to stand on the defensive there if need be, while pushing the offensive either against Russia on the east, or against France (north of Strassburg) in the west.

The eleventh article describes the new batteries which are being erected to fortify the Thames:

"The much-needed re-armament of the Thames Forts is proceeding apace, and before long the defence of the most important waterway in the world will no longer be left to obsolete guns and antiquated forts. New Tavern Fort, just below Gravesend, for years past contained artillery utterly beneath contempt, as regards the requirements of modern warfare, but now it is undergoing a complete transformation, and the old fort looks as if it has been subjected to a severe bombardment. The concrete embrasures are smashed up and tumbled about in all directions on top of the fort, and the useless old pop-guns are to be replaced by a couple of six-inch, Mark VII., B. L. guns, of the latest and most improved type, and it seems likely that some light quick-firing guns will also be mounted. Thus equipped, New Tavern Fort should be able to give a good account of itself, as it commands a portion of the river that requires very careful navigation.

"Almost directly opposite, on the other side of the river, Tilbury Fort has for some time past had two ten-inch B. L. guns, on hydro-pneumatic mountings. These guns are most efficient weapons, throwing a projectile weighing over 400 pounds, but the hydro-pneumatic mountings are not everything that a practical artillerist desires. Their great advantage lies in the admirable, in fact, well-nigh invulnerable, protection they provide for the gun and its detachment. But, on the other hand, they are exceedingly liable to get out of order, and guns mounted on them are by no means easy to lay properly. At any rate, the hydro-pneumatic, or 'disappearing' mounting, is now officially admitted to be obsolete, and no more are to be manufactured, so there is a chance that before long these guns will be placed on a different mounting. In addition to these heavy guns, there are a number of twelve-pr. quick-firing guns in Tilbury Fort, and pedestals have been erected for some six-inch B. L. guns, so that when completed Tilbury Fort will be fairly efficient.

"Lower down the river, on the Kent side, Shornmead Fort is now undergoing demolition. Only last week the work of destruction commenced, and before long the eleven 11-inch R. M. L. guns, after having lulled the public into a false sense of security for more years than enough, will be consigned to the melting pot, a fate they have avoided for too long. It appears probable that Shornmead Fort will be permanently dismantled and abandoned altogether, as there are at present no War Office orders respecting new guns for it. Such a drastic step is upon the whole to be commended, as Shornmead Fort, like those funny, little, discarded forts in the Medway, ought never to have been built, and it will be no great loss if it is decided to do away with it.

"Still further down the same side of the Thames, Cliffe and Coalhouse Forts are now more up-to-date. No. 19 Co. R. G. A., from Shoeburyness, is at present mobilised at Coalhouse Fort, and from all account they find that the armament in most respects fulfills service conditions. The quick-firers and B. L. guns are excellent, but unfortunately the authorities have not alto-

gether eliminated the R. M. L. element. There are still a number of 12.5 R. M. L. guns—clumsy, great weapons of thirty-eight tons, dating from the early eighties—still in these forts, and they are evidently intended to remain there, as during the recent re-armament they were shifted to make room for some 6-inch B. L.'s, and then replaced in a fresh position, with some light, quick-firing guns mounted over them. The advisability of this patchwork arrangement is open to serious criticism, as the 12.5 R. M. L. gun is a ponderous weapon that has no place in a modern fortress. R. M. L. guns of any calibre have seen their day, either afloat or ashore, and at the Needles the War Office ordered some heavy R. M. L. guns to be pitched into the sea because they were not worth taking away, and the retention of similar guns as part of the Thames defences is a very questionable policy indeed."

The twelfth article, by a high authority, is worthy of careful study and consideration by all officers of the Engineers and the Coast Artillery. It should be remarked, in passing, that the translation (by Captain Blakely, Artillery Corps) is most excellent, not only in being true to the original but also in its *English*. A few extracts are given:

"Both from a tactical and technical point of view, steam, armor, and electricity have revolutionized naval warfare. These changes have brought with them an enlargement of naval problems both in war and in peace, yet the fundamental character of naval warfare remains essentially the same, for there is still the dependence on wind and weather, on the uncertain element of the sea, on a seaworthy crew, and a capable captain.

"So it is with seacoast fortifications. The principles that govern their design and employment have changed in form only, and on the whole less than is the case with interior land works. The same general rules for the location, arrangement and use of seacoast fortifications hold to-day that were true at a time when armored steamships, rifled guns, armor-piercing shell, and torpedo boats were unknown. The chief purpose of these works is still to develop quickly a superior force in a combat with a fleet. Their strength has still to be proportioned to resist a powerful sea and land attack, although the means now at hand of bringing a heavy concentrated fire against their decisive points have made masonry an inadequate protection, and require armor for guns especially important or especially threatened. Coast fortifications just as interior land works are to be looked upon as the firm definite element in war, in contradistinction to the changing moving fleet, ever depending upon accident, and whose results are far less capable of prediction. To be sure the best defence of a coast lies in the possession of a superior attacking fleet, and hence this remains the most important factor. But an ever successful fleet is as little to be counted on as an ever successful army. Reliable coast fortifications are therefore an important element in coast defence, though not the most important, and this is especially true for states that are weak at sea, or exposed to a strong coalition. But this weighty factor, without which a coast is never completely defended, cannot be neglected even by a power so strong in its fleet as England, as is sufficiently shown by the feverish work now in progress on the south and east of the Atlantic's greatest island. It may be said with truth that the increased dependence of fleets upon coast

fortifications as points of support has greatly enhanced the importance of such works.

"These considerations sufficiently justify a closer study of the most suitable design for coast fortifications, and in this paper especial attention will be given to the important question as to whether armor or earth is the best protection.

"Summing up our remarks on cover, the conclusion cannot be but that while armor is the ideal protection, yet earth cover in suitable positions and properly defiladed is in the majority of cases the most satisfactory, and is the more to be recommended because it favors the action of the gun and is less expensive.

"As in field warfare, everything must be subordinated to the defense of the terrain. By utilizing the formation of the coast line, sites for batteries are to be withdrawn from sight and direct fire as far as possible, and sometimes even from curved fire. This object can be attained in part by making the target small and by natural and artificial defilading. The line of fire should not be higher than is absolutely necessary for a good field of view and a good field of fire Cover afforded by the ground is not to be removed unless it interferes with the view of fire. Protection is to be sought from enfilade fire and as far as possible from oblique fire by properly laying out the trace of the works. In order to preserve a good outline and mask the works, traverses should not be carried up higher than the armored shields. Their chief use is to keep out fragments of shell, shrapnel bullets, and machine gun projectiles. With higher batteries they may be omitted or at least made light and open to the rear, but on low sites they must be made strong and closed to the rear. Parados and uncovered masonry are inadmissable, though a cover of 1 on 9 (7°) protects the latter from direct fire. Against indirect fire, cover is necessary for all the apparatus. Disappearing carriages absolutely require high sites and large gun intervals.

"Complete armor protection is only necessary for specially important guns, exposed in position, or subject to capture, or where it is impossible to avoid a rocky background for the battery. The question then must always be decided whether it is necessary to have unconditional security against the most powerful projectiles, or whether light armor will suffice. Where armor is the most suitable protection its use should not be avoided."

BALLISTICS.

1. Deviating Effect of Wind.—*Jour. U. S. Arty.*, May-June.

2. Some Notes on the Practical Effect of Wind on Rifled Projectiles.—*Same.*

3. Effect of Accelerating and Retarding Winds Upon Projectiles.—*Same.*

4. Vickers Armor Plate Trials.—*Same.*

These articles are all necessarily technical; the first is by Professor Greenhill, Ordnance College, Woolwich, England; the second by Captain Hardcastle, Royal Garrison Artillery; and the third by Major Whistler, Artillery Corps. All three are excellent articles by experts,

and worthy of all consideration. The second, in particular, presents some interesting points for the artillerists.

WARSHIPS.

The only article on this subject in our exchanges for the past month is the following:

1. Some New Types in the German Navy.—*Jour. U. S. Arty.*, May-June.

SMALL ARMS AND EQUIPMENTS.

1. Test of the New Army Magazine Rifle.—*Army and Navy Register*, May 23; *Army and Navy Journal*, May 23.

2. Cavalry Armament.—*Jour Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, May.

The second article is a *memorandum* issued by the British Commander-in-chief, Lord Roberts, and is a masterpiece, as was to be expected:

"The question as to the manner in which our cavalry should be armed is of such vital importance to the efficiency of that branch of the service, that I have thought it desirable to analyze the part taken by cavalry in the wars of the past century, in order to satisfy myself whether the sword, or lance, or the firearm has proved the most effective weapon.

"The action of cavalry in the field falls under three headings:—

"1. Cavalry *v.* cavalry.
"2. Cavalry *v.* infantry and artillery.
"3. Cavalry in pursuit.

"CAVALRY *v.* CAVALRY.

"In this phase of combat shock tactics have been constantly employed since Waterloo, viz., in the Sikh and Punjab compaigns, during the Indian Mutiny, in the American War of Secession, in the wars between Prussia and Austria, in 1866, and between France and Prussia, in 1870, and although they cannot be said to have ever been decisive, or to have inflicted demoralizing losses, they have been successful enough to show that if two cavalries, both employing *l'arme blanche*, are opposed to one another, the stronger body, if well handled, will soon gain the upper hand.

"But it is in accordance with common sense, and it is also made clear by history, that the weaker cavalry, as soon as it realizes its enemy's superiority, will seek to readjust the balance by having recourse to fire.

"Now fire has had a most marked influence on cavalry tactics. Every improvement in the firearm and the gun has been made the application of Napoleonic tactics, viz., the charge of great masses with *l'arme blanche*, more difficult. During the war in Austria in 1866, and the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, the cavalry masses were held back at such a distance from the front of the battle that they were unable to take advantage of opportunities, and their advance under the long-ranging fire of the breech-loaders and rifle guns was practically impossible. Moreover, while the battles were in progress (waged

cver a much wider front than in the days of Napoleon), the cavalry gradually broke up in order to guard the flanks and cover the communications, and could not again be assembled in their original strength.

"The action of the cavalry, then, when opposed only by cavalry, or by cavalry and artillery, was confined to charges made by squadrons, regiments, and in rare cases by brigades.

"Nevertheless, the cavalry on both sides still clung to the tradition of *l'arme blanche*, and made very little use of fire, with the consequence that the result was but slight. The German cavalry, indeed, did good work in reconnoitering during the first phase of the 1870 campaign; but the French cavalry never attempted to stop them, and in the latter phase, when the French francstireurs formed a screen for the infantry columns in rear, the German cavalry found themselves so powerless that they were compelled to arm themselves with captured rifles.

"In America, on the other hand, the cavalry leaders very early recognized the increase of power to be gained by arming their men with a rifle in addition to the sabre. Their tactics against both cavalry and infantry were a combination of fire and shock, and their achievements were far more brilliant than those of the Germans in 1870. The cavalry was not only employed to capture and hold strategical positions, to cover flank marches, to delay wide turning movements, and to cut the communications in far-reaching ranks, but as rear-guards and advance-guards.

"Compared with the Germans, who made very little use of fire, the Americans were far more independent, more dangerous in attack, and strategically, owing to their capacity for defence, distinctly more effective.

"Cavalry *v.* Infantry and Artillery.

"Cavalry have never been able to beat staunch infantry except by surprise, and now it is almost impossible for cavalry to approach near enough to the enemy's firing line to effect a surprise, except under unusually advantageous conditions of the ground.

"Moreover, it is seldom that infantry will be unsupported by artillery and machine-guns even in retreat, and we must also take into account that the infantry soldier has much greater confidence in his magazine rifle than he had in the musket or even the muzzle-loading rifle.

"It may be argued from certain occurrences in the war in South Africa, that a mass of cavalry, if boldly managed, might break through infantry holding a position. But, as a general rule, infantry will have behind it several échelons in the shape of supports and reserves, and will possibly be protected by hasty entrenchments. It will not consist, as in South Africa, of a thin line of skirmishers disposed at wide intervals, and the cavalry which attempts to break through properly posted infantry will probably meet with a worse fate than did the French cavalry in 1870 at Woerth, Vionville and Sedan.

"At Woerth a French brigade charged a line of infantry among vineyards and was literally destroyed.

"Nevertheless, as I have already suggested, opportunities may still arise in which small bodies, such as squadrons and regiments, may effect surprises with *l'arme blanche*, and a bold charge may sometimes prove the best means of gaining time. But such opportunities will not often occur, and the cavalry

as an almost universal rule will have to make use of its fire powers in order to render full support, both strategical and tactical, to the other arms. In the days of Napoleon cavalry was held back until it had a chance of charging. Now it can do so much towards the attainment of the superiority of fire that it will never be allowed to stand idle while the fight develops.

"Pursuit by Cavalry.

"There has been no instance since the time of Napoleon of cavalry in masses riding down a demoralized army and causing enormous losses. * * * * * *

"Pursuit, when effective, has been carried out mainly by fire, and the cavalry has endeavored to get ahead of the retreating infantry and guns to retard their progress and block their path with a strong line of rifles. It was by adopting these tactics that Sheridan's cavalry brought about the dispersal of Early's Army on the Shenandoah in 1864 and the surrender of Lee's Army at Appomattox in 1865. In the former series of operations the cavalry fought in two pitched battles and drove the enemy back 130 miles in nine days (19th to 27th September), capturing over thirty guns, 1,500 to 1,700 prisoners, and turning every position which the Confederates attempted to hold. * * * * * The fighting was not all dismounted. During the battle of 19th September one division alone made six distinct charges, three against cavalry and three against infantry and artillery; but, as a rule, the firearm and the horse artillery gun were the defensive weapons.

"Such tactics, which the powerful armament and defensive strength of the American cavalry made possible, are infinitely more effective than charges in mass with *l'arme blanche*. Their scope is far larger, their aim being the surrender of the enemy's whole force, and not merely the slaughter of a few hundred fugitives or the capture of a few batteries.

"I will now refer to two objections which have been urged against the system of tactics I propose to introduce.

"1. It is said that cavalry cannot be trained to fight indiscriminately on foot and in the saddle; that on foot they will be very indifferent infantry, and in the saddle very timid cavalry.

"2. The South African War is brought forward as a proof that cavalry can very rarely effect a surprise.

"As regards 1. The American cavalry were not only admirable when employed as dismounted skirmishers, but could always be trusted to charge home when mounted. Again, we teach our infantry two methods of fighting—attack and defence—and there is no difficulty in training them to be equally good in either situation. The fact that infantry are constantly practiced in attacking positions does not in the slightest degree affect their powers of resistance when holding them.

"The truth is that it is a matter of training and discipline. Intelligent men like our own are perfectly aware that sometimes dismounted tactics are best, and sometimes shock tactics; and while it is true that a timid leader, if dismounted tactics are constantly practiced, will be more inclined to trust to fire than to a bold advance, it is certain that a timid leader will always lose opportunities, whether his command be mounted or on foot.

"As regards 2. The chief peculiarity of the South African terrain was that

it was essentially a mounted infantry and not a cavalry country. The great weakness of mounted infantry are its led horses and its impotence (owing to the want of *l'arme blanche*) when in movement.

"Cavalry, on the other hand, rely upon surprise, and on its power of maneuver to enable it to make full use of *l'arme blanche;* and although the bare plains of South Africa were peculiarly ill-adapted to these tactics, there were occasions, utilized oftener by the Boers than by ourselves, when startling surprises were effected. If opportunities offered in a country so open, how frequently would they be in a more undulating and wooded country, such as pertains to the greater part of Europe?

"The conclusion, then, to be drawn from the above appears to me to be that cavalry will generally act dismounted, but that small bodies, such as brigades, regiments and squadrons, may effect surprises against all arms by making use of shock tactics.

"ARMAMENT AND EQUIPMENT.

"It follows, therefore, that our cavalry should be armed with the most effective firearm, viz., the rifle; that their equipment should be adapted to skirmishing on foot over rough and wooded country; and that they should be supported by quick-firing horse artillery guns and by mounted infantry sufficiently well trained to be able to make long and rapid marches without loss of efficiency.

"The fire power of our cavalry should be developed to the utmost. It will then become an independent arm, capable of both attack and defense, and its tactical and strategical value will be immeasurably increased.

"A more difficult question is the character of *l'arme blanche.* Is it to be lance or sword? The truth appears to be that whereas the lancer has a slight advantage at the first onset, the swordsman is his superior in the *melee.*

"In the pursuit, as I have seen myself more than once, the lance is certainly superior to the sword; so superior that, if there were no firearms, I should find it very difficult to decide between the lance and the sword. But, as I have endeavored to show, the rifle will henceforth be the cavalry soldier's principal weapon, and, to admit of a pursuit being undertaken, except by dismounted fire, troops must be demoralized to an extent that has never been seen upon a recent battlefield.

"Is it then worth while to arm our cavalry with the cumbersome lance, and to detract from their efficiency as scouts and skirmishers, their primary and most important duties, in order that they may be able to take full advantage of opportunities which are of the rarest occurrence?

"The question answers itself. For shock tactics, the armament of our cavalry should be the sword.

"What we must then aim at is to make our cavalry expert rifle shots and swordsmen."

MILITARY GEOGRAPHY.

1. Russia.—*Unit. Serv. Mag.* (London), June.
2. Port Arthur, Dalnij and Vladivostok.—*Marine Rundschau,* June.

MILITARY HYGIENE.

1. Ambulances and Transport Vehicles.—*Jour. Military Surgeons*, May.

2. The Vaccination of Porto Rico.—*Same.*

3. Remarks Suggested by Three Years' Service in Cuba.—*Same.*

4. Study of the Fractures Produced by Small-arm Projectiles.—*Same.*

These are all extremely interesting, but we have space for but one quotation (from the second article,) which speaks for itself:

"*Summary.*—In October, 1898, smallpox was endemic in Porto Rico; in December it was epidemic; in January, 1899, it had 'honey-combed' the island; by February, there were over 3,000 recent cases and the disease was spreading 'at a gallop.'

"In February, systematic compulsory vaccination, carefully and scientifically conducted and recorded, was begun simultaneously, and with pretty equal efficiency, in all parts of the island. It was vigorously prosecuted *for four months only*, till July 1st, when 860,000 vaccinations had been made, in a population of about 960,000. Of these 87½ per cent. were successful. The work then ceased—because completed; the disease had practically disappeared; the fuel for it to feed upon had been consumed by the 'head-fire' of vaccination. In the two and a half years that have since passed, instead of the former annual average death rate of 621, the mortality from smallpox has been but two per annum in a population of nearly a million. Can any *honest*, intelligent person doubt, in face of these indisputable and easily verified facts, *what* it was, that *in four short months*, drove smallpox from its wide and long-time reign in the island and has since kept it out? *Vaccination alone did it, and will do it effectively, wherever compulsory legislation, properly enforced, secures its benefits to all!*"

SERVICE SALAD.

Readers of the "United Service," are cordially invited to contribute to this department items of either fact or fancy, grave or gay, instructive or only entertaining; in short, any literary flotsam and jetsam likely to interest our subscribers.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

H. D. Smith,

U. S. Revenue Cutter Service.

The Bank of England has a world-wide reputation, with a history extending over two hundred years, and it is remarkable how little is known as to its internal workings. The acts of Parliament passed upon the subject of its affairs occupy more than two hundred and fifty pages of the indexes to the statutes at large; while its history, as recorded by an English authority, Mr. Francis, fills two octavo volumes. To attempt anything like a complete description within the scope of a short article would be idle; but there are many curious points connected with the institution that will interest the general reader.

The bank owes its origin to a Scotchman, William Patterson, who organized and led the ill-fated Darius expedition. In the origin of the bank it was designed to aid William III. in his operations against France. It commenced business in 1694, its charter, which was in the first instance granted for eleven years, bearing date the 27th of July, that year. This charter has been from time to time renewed, the last renewal having taken place in 1844.

The original capital of the bank was 1,200,000 pounds, and it carried on its business in a single room in Mercer's Hall, with a staff of fifty-four clerks. The establishment now covers nearly four acres, and employs in town and country, 1,160 officials on its pay rolls, which amounts to about $2,500,000 a year, and one thousand clerks. If a clerk is late three minutes he receives a warning; the fourth time he is discharged at once.

William Patterson figured as a director for a short time, but he could not agree with his colleagues and withdrew from the management. He was a poor and obscure Scotch adventurer, the son of a tenant farmer of Dumfriesshire, with a natural talent for finance; and in his busy brain emanated many vast schemes that were more or less successful. He died in poverty and neglect in 1710, leaving behind him the bank of England as a monument to his energy and ability.

Sir John Houblon, a prominent merchant, afterward Lord Mayor of London, was the first governor of the bank, and Michael Godfrey the first deputy governor. It is curious that although founded by a Scotchman, Scotchmen are tabooed by the bank. It is commonly known in London that three distinct races are excluded, in practice, from employment at the bank, Jews, Quakers and Scotchmen.

No great institution was ever happier in the character of those who presided over its birth and directed its earlier years. The original directors were among the leading merchants and most influential citizens of London. No fewer than seven of the twenty-four were chosen, between the years 1696 and 1719, to fill the office of Lord Mayor. Michael Godfrey was noted for the princi-

ples on which the bank was based. He died in the trenches of Namur on the 17th of July, 1695. Along with two of his colleagues, he had been sent to the king's headquarters in Flanders, in order to make arrangements to pay the troops. On the day of his death he had dined with the king in his tent, and had accompanied him out of curiosity into the trenches, where he was struck down by a cannon ball. His death was regarded as a grave national loss, and brought about a fall of 2 per cent. in the price of bank stocks.

In 1743, the bank removed to Threadneedle street. The present building stands in four parishes, and is reared on the site of Sir John Houblon's house and many other buildings, including the church of St. Christopher Stocks, the burial ground of which now forms the garden of the bank. One hundred and fifty banks and hundreds of business enterprises of world-wide fame are crowded together in the center of the city of London, all located as near the bank as possible. The visible wealth in securities and other assets here collected in a space not more than half a mile square easily exceeds $8,000,000,000, the greatest aggregate of money in a small center that the world has even seen.

Under the general name of the Bank of England have been grouped ever since its start, three separate institutions, each of which has been complete in itself. They are first, "The National Debt Department," second, the "Issue Department," and third, the "Government and General Banking Department." These departments, with the spacious offices, occupy the whole street floor. Below this is a basement, equal in area to the floor above, and containing three acres of vaults and storerooms, in which all the gold and enormous aggregation of records which have accumulated in the bank's history are stored.

The doors of the bank of England are so deftly balanced that the attendant in charge by pressing a knob under his desk can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again, except by special process. This is done to prevent the danger of the thieves of the great metropolis robbing the institution. The bullion department of this and other great English banking establishments are nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of delicate machinery. In some of the London banks the bullion departments are connected with the manager's sleeping rooms, and an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm. If a dishonest officer during the day or night should take even so much as one from a pile of 1,000 sovereigns the whole pile would sink and a pool of water take its place, besides letting every person in the establishment know of the theft.

The bank notes are printed in a long and narrow printing room, in which a dozen machines of similar construction are in full action. Their denominations vary from five pounds to one thousand pounds, the largest note printed. They cost from ten to twelve cents each. The bundles are cut in two by an ordinary cutter, and it thus happens that every bank of England note has three rough edges and one clean one. The paper from which the notes are made is manufactured entirely from new white linen cuttings, and the toughness of it may be roughly estimated from the fact that a single bank note will, when unsized, support a weight of thirty-six pounds. The paper has a peculiar shade of whiteness, and is

printed in indelible ink of a special manufacture. The paper is made by a secret process at a special mill, which time out of mind has been the property of the Portal family, Protestant refugees. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery, and the sheets are carefully counted and booked to each person through whose hands they pass. The paper is produced in pieces large enough for two notes, each of which exactly measures five inches by eight inches, and weighs eighteen grains before it is sized.

It is a curious fact that a Bank of England note is not of the same thickness through; the paper being thicker in the left hand corner, to enable it to retain a firmer impression of the dark shadows of the vignette there, and it is also considerably thicker in the dark shadows of the center letters and beneath the figures at the ends. There is an elaborate arrangement for securing that no note shall be exactly like any other in existence. Consequently, there never was a duplicate of a Bank of England note, except by a forgery.

In the printing room a man sits at a little table, and every three seconds a machine hands him two complete five-pound notes. If he sits there six hours he receives over seventy thousand pounds, and in three hundred days over twenty millions in paper money! It is a strange duty for a man to have to perform—to sit at a table to receive from a machine twenty millions a year!

The vaults where the gold is stored are still more curious. In the antechamber to the gold king's throne room are a few men attired in almost medieval costume, commanded by a very modern personage, who wears a frock coat and a silk hat. The latter, with the assistance of another, who is also dressed in modern attire, unlocks the iron gates of the vault. Around the whitewashed cellar are ranged trolleys, upon each of which rests bars of pure gold to the amount of eighty thousand pounds, the particular vault to which visitors are admitted containing two millions' worth of bullion.

No note is ever issued a second time. When once it finds its way back to the bank to be exchanged for coin, it is immediately cancelled; and it is a surprising fact that the average life of a bank-note, or the time during which it is in actual circulation, is not more than five or six days. Upon being turned into the bank the note is defaced by having the mark of value punched out and the signature torn off. It is then packed away for possible reference during a period of five years, the weight averaging over one hundred tons, and the space necessary to accommodate such a mass in the bank vaults stretches far away into dim distance, having the appearance of some gigantic wine-cellar or huge warehouse.

The stock of paid notes for five years is about seventy-seven million seven hundred and forty-five thousand in number. They fill thirteen thousand four hundred boxes, about eighteen inches long, ten wide, and nine deep. If the notes could be placed in a pile one upon another, they would reach to a height of five and two-thirds miles. Joined end to end they would form a ribbon twelve thousand four hundred and fifty miles long, or half way round the globe.

On account of the great accumulation of cancelled notes it is necessary to dispose of them, and this is done by fire, about four hundred

thousand notes being burnt at one time in a furnace specially constructed for that purpose. Formerly, from some peculiarity in the ink, with which the notes were printed, the notes were fused into a solid blue clinker; but the composition of the ink has been altered, and the paper now burns to a fine gray ash. The burning used to be done in the daytime, but made such a smell that the neighboring stock brokers petitioned the bank authorities to do it in the evening. A cage was at one time used, the result of which was that once a week the city was darkened with burned fragments of notes. In order to further mitigate the nuisance, the flames are made to ascend through a shower of falling water, the chimney shaft being fitted with a special shower-bath arrangement for the purpose. In destroying the bundles of notes fine shavings and small bundles of kindling are used in feeding the furnace.

Amongst the curiosities of the bank is a million-pound banknote, and was issued for convenience in closng an undertaking of great importance with the government. There is also carefully preserved the oldest surviving banknote, dated 1699, the amount being written with ink. The longest time during which a note remained outside the bank is 111 years. It was for twenty-five pounds, and it is computed that the compound interest during that long period amounted to six thousand pounds.

Some years ago the directors of the bank were startled to receive an invitation to meet an unknown man in the strong room of the bank at midnight. "You think you is all safe hand your bank is safe, but I knows better. I bin inside the bank the last 2 nite hand you nose noffin about it. But I am not a theaf so hif yer will mett me in the great squar room, with all the moneiys, at twelf 2 nite, ile explain orl to you, let only thar 2 cum down, and say nuffin to anybody." The strong room was guarded the next night in spite of a disposition to regard the letter as a hoax by police and nothing happened.

The next phase of the mystery was more astonishing than ever. A heavy chest of papers and securities taken from the strong room arrived at the bank, with a letter complaining that the directors had set the police upon the writer, and that he had therefore not appeared as he promised, but to prove that he was neither a thief nor a fool he sent a chest of papers he had taken from the bank. Let a few gentlemen be alone in the room and he would join them at midnight, said the writer, and to cut short a long and strange chapter of bank history, a man with a dark lantern burst into the strong room at midnight after calling from behind the stone walls for the directors to put out the lights. He was one of a strange class of men who gained a living by searching the sewers at night, and through an opening from a sewer he had found his way into the richest room in the world.

The Bank of England picket, which every evening proceeds to that remarkable institution, embraces many phases that may well stamp it as extraordinary in its character as an armed guard.

Having arrived at the bank, each member of the squad receives his remuneration. Each sergeant pockets a half crown, the corporals eighteen pence and the privates and drummer a shilling each. It is said that these coins are always bright and fresh from the royal mint. The officer has dinner provided for him with the privilege to invite a friend, and a

bottle of wine is also placed upon the table by the liberality of the bank hosts. In addition to the substantial meal, the officer is furnished with a certain amount of coin by the bank officials.

The money having been disposed of, a warm blanket is issued to each soldier, for his use when not on duty, and wooden settees are provided in the guard-room where the main force congregate. A number of great overcoats are also issued by the bank management, ornamented with large buttons, each of which bears stamped upon it the words "Bank of England." They are of an antique cut, presenting a singular appearance upon the tall, trim guardsmen, showing conclusively from stains and wrinkles, with patches and threadbare surfaces, that they have been in service for an indefinite period.

The guard-room is situated in the lower portion of the building, which is reached by several flights of well worn stone steps. A sentry paces to and fro in front of the door, ready to summon his comrades, should occasion demand, at a moment's notice. The room, though not very cheerful, is well lighted by a number of gas jets, which reveal in the darker corners beetles and roaches of noble proportions, prowling about for the scattered crumbs left from the soldiers' rations. In winter a cheerful, blazing fire is allowed, and a generous supply of readable books and papers; and there is also a well selected library for the officer in command, who has rooms adjacent to the quarters of the guard. They are handsomely furnished, containing every convenience that a gentleman could wish for. Neither the officer nor any member of the guard can, under any pretext, leave the bank during the hours of prescribed duty. This is an exception governing many of the guard mounts at buildings, though at certain times the entire party have to be present when called upon to perform certain time-honored functions.

A singular adjunct for the accommodation and comfort of the men on guard is permitted by the bank officials, consisting of a canteen, kept by a Jew, supplied with a variety of eatables, together with ale and porter. The stock in trade is attractively displayed on a long table, occupying a recess in the wall at the end of a dark passage. A sergeant reads the regulations for the guidance of the picket, before any trading is permitted, embodying instructions to sentries, how they are to act in emergencies, such as fire, the presence of thieves, and the approach of strangers. The allowance of ale and porter is limited to two pints per man, and the removal of belts or ammunition is forbidden while within the bank. Card playing and gambling is sternly prohibited. At midnight the canteen is closed, the proprietor is escorted from the building, and he generally carries with him the greater portion of the shillings paid by the band to the soldiers.

The sentry duty at the bank is extremely light and attended with little or no exposure to the weather. The soldier on watch at the guard-room looks after the time, and notifies the sergeant, who details the reliefs for the several posts. The bank parlor, the rotunda, the furnace room, where the redeemed notes are burned, and one or two of the entrances to the building comprise the points that are under guard.

The officer goes his rounds at eleven o'clock, when each sentinel is reached and interrogated, and, after

satisfying himself that peace and security reigns within the walls of the celebrated edifice, he is at liberty to retire to his quarters. He does not make his appearance until morning, when the guard forms up in line previous to departure, which in summer is about six o'clock.

In addition to the armed guard, there are a number of bank officials on duty through the night. Large, comfortable chairs are provided for their accommodation, where they doze away the weary hours of the watch. But one attack by an armed force has ever been sustained by the bank. It was during the Gordon riots of 1870. Flushed with its excesses at Newgate, the mob attacked the building, when the governor, who was a man of energy, roused the soldiers from the quarters, pressed into service the force of clerks, arming them with such weapons as were available, and casting the numerous inkstands of the institution into bullets, expended the supply upon the surging crowd, who were easily dispersed.

The drummer summons the guard when the hour for withdrawal from the bank arrives. An official is on hand to receive the blankets and overcoats, also the books, and the sergeant in charge certifies in his official report that the articles enumerated "have been received and turned in in good order." The officer appends his signature, and the drummer takes it in charge to be left at the Horse-guards as the party passes by on its homeward march. The officer heads the squad, the word to march is given, and the military leave the building for the day.

The Bank of Ireland in Dublin has also its military guard taken from one of the regiments on duty in that city. In point of officers and men it is about the counterpart of the mount detailed for the Bank of England. The guardroom is on the ground floor of what was once the old Irish House of Parliament; and directly above the officer in command had his quarters, reached by a flight of stone steps at the bottom of which was a door leading into the street. This door contains a barred aperture, closed by a sliding panel, used by the sentinel in communicating with persons without. Through this aperture the countersign is given by the officer in command when he arrives at midnight to inspect the guard and sentries. To the left of the door is a large iron-studded gate, leading into a small courtyard, occupied by the guard during the day. At sunset both door and gate is locked and the keys retained by the senior officer.

With the mounting of the guard, the officer is met by an official of the bank bearing a large ledger in which is inscribed the officer's name, rank, and regiment. With the completion of this duty, a half-sovereign is left in the palm of the commander bearing the responsibility of looking after the safety and welfare of the institution.

In regard to meals, accommodations, and remuneration for the non-commissioned officers and privates, the Bank of Dublin differs widely from the liberal policy followed by the London institution. Both officers and men are obliged to have their meals sent from the barracks, while blankets and overcoats are unknown at the Irish establishment. No library or canteen is furnished, and the guard are thrown entirely upon their resources for supplies and amusement during their term of duty, covering twenty-four hours.

The guardroom is bare and cheerless, the furniture consisting of a few rickety settees and rough forms of wood, upon which the men stretch themselves when not on duty. In

the quarters of the officer, a threadbare carpet, a lounge and half a dozen chairs with a table comprise the outfit. Fuel for the stoves or open fireplaces is furnished by the bank, and one candle to each room has to suffice for the convenience of the guard to arrange their toilets and adjust the numerous accoutrements of their outfit. Over the mantelpiece in the officer's apartment has been faithfully portrayed the breastplates of every regiment that has in years past furnished guard mounts for the bank. They have long since ceased to be a portion of the British uniform; but no doubt recall to the older officers on duty there many pleasant reminders of more youthful days and associations.

EAST AUBURN, CAL.,
June 11, 1903.

Editor of United Service.

SIR: I have been receiving THE UNITED SERVICE since last September and I find the magazine very interesting from the fact that I learn from it of several of my old naval officers of sixty years ago. I found the name of Midshipman Ganesvoort, of the old Erie in 1843, mentioned as Commander Ganesvoort of the Decatur, in 1855-6 at Seattle. I recall that at Honolulu he "winged" Midshipman Decatur in a duel on that cruise, and I have been pleased to find that a Decatur has been appointed a cadet at Annapolis, the fifth of the name, so that I suppose he must be a descendant of our Decatur You also inform me that Captain Hollins, of the old Cyane, who succeeded Stribling in command of that ship after the death of Commodore Dallas, was the Confederate admiral on the Mississippi River. I had known that of the officers of the Erie, Meade and LeRoy remained loyal to the flag, while Rutledge and R——m followed their States in rebellion. Meade was a just disciplinarian and therefore commanded the respect and willing obedience of the men, while LeRoy they loved. Rutledge was a passionate man, but never reported, "having it out" with the men at once, sometimes battering his speaking trumpet over the heads of incompetents and shirkers. An incident well remembered illustrates the way our ancient men-o'-wars-men "got even" with their officers. Rutledge had the forenoon watch and had ordered port (larboard) studding sails set. In the use of his trumpet upon some slow men, he, perhaps through mistake, hit one of the best seamen in the ship. This the men resented at once and the sail forward did not go up to suit him, and was ordered in and re-set. It went up worse yet. Again it had to come in and be re-set. "Break the boom!" was whispered to each other by the men. The final rush upon the outhaul beyond the pipe of belay snapped the boom. Rutledge was furious and the trumpet got flattened. A new boom was sent up and all was ready to "break that," when eight bells struck. Every officer was on deck by that time, and Commodore Dallas ordered the deck relieved. That gave LeRoy the flattened trumpet, and to his pleasant, natural tones of "haul out!" the word was whispered "LeRoy has the deck," and at the word of command, tramp, tramp, tramp, in measured cadence, responded to his order, with sudden stop at "belay!"—so pleasant to officer and man. The men would bear much from Rutledge, for he was a manly tyrant, given to hazing only the skulkers usually; but R——m was generally disliked for his snarling ways and frequent "reports" of men, and their being called "to the mast" for punishment or reproof.

One report, however, didn't seem to please him quite as much as it did the men. During reefing in his watch at night, the lee mizzen topsail brace was let go and the bowline hauled taut instead. A topgallant-yard-man (a little boy) on laying down to help reef after securing his own sail, was ordered by the captain-o'-the-top to lay down and haul taut the brace and let go the bowline—which he proceeded to do. Ransom ordered him to "let go that rope and haul taut the brace." "This is the brace, that's the bowline. Don't you see I have steadied the yard?" He belayed the brace and rushed aloft to help his fellow topmen. The next morning the boy was ordered "to the mast" on R——m's report for insolence and disobedience. Commodore Dallas (past 70) was always on hand when a boy was concerned, and when the little fellow, boy-like, made his defense (perhaps with some heat,) saying: "The yard was swaying so the men could hardly hold on, and he was ordered by the captain-o'-the-top to lay down and do as he did, and the lives of the men depended upon the yard being steadied, and those on deck didn't seem to know the brace from the bowline, and he was in such a hurry because the other tops were getting ahead of them that he forgot to say 'Sir!' 'Sir!'"

The Commodore then broke in with, "My lad, I am sorry a boy that has been in this ship as long as you have (Ransom had been in it just as long) cannot recognize every rope by the feel of it in the darkest night. Mr. Ransom, you will take this boy around the ship and have him name every rope in it until you are satisfied he knows every one—then report to me." The men all knew what that meant as well as Ransom, and though they acted with all decorum, kept up a lot of grinning inside, while the sly winks of the officers aft must have been galling to Mr. R. Old men approaching the 80s love to go over old remembrances as new incidents recall them, hence this rambling epistle.

Very Respectfully,

JOSEPH A. STUART.

A POPULAR INSURANCE MAN.

Mr. Alvah W. McNeil, who has general supervision of the Army and Navy department of the Prudential Insurance Company of America, with offices in Newark, N. J., is the subject of an interesting article published in the Utica, N. Y., Saturday Globe of May 30. That paper publishes a very good reproduction of Mr. McNeil's photograph, and it is said: "In all probability no man in the country has a wider acquaintance with the officers who go to make up Uncle Sam's Army and Navy than A. W. McNeil. No better illustration of this can be presented than the fact that 'Mack' has personally issued policies to officers of the Army who are now in Alaska, China, Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, as well as all parts of the United States. It can be truthfully said that at no time does the sun set on the policy holders with whom Mr. McNeil has come in contact. Cruising about on all the high seas are officers in the Navy who hold insurance policies issued under the hand of Mr. McNeil. These officers of the Army and Navy are firm friends of the genial manager and have been of much assistance to him in securing additional business. Their friendship toward him is as strong as the 'Rock of Gibraltar,' the emblem representing the strength of the company."—*Army and Navy Register.*

BENJAMIN F. STEVENS.

BENJAMIN F. STEVENS, now in his eigthieth year, is the oldest life insurance official in America, and on Thursday of this week closed his fifty-sixth year of continuous service with the New England Mutual Life, the oldest chartered mutual life insurance company in the country. Mr. Stevens was born in Boston, March 6, 1824. At the age of fourteen he entered the employ of a commission house, serving an apprenticeship until 1843, when he took the position of captain's clerk on the United States frigate "Constitution" more familiarly known as "Old Ironsides." After a highly interesting cruise of three years he returned to Boston, and in April, 1847, entered the service of the New England Mutual Life as secretary. He was subsequently elected vice-president and then president, which office he has continuously held to the general satisfaction of the company, its policyholders and its agents.

Although Mr. Stevens has entered upon his eightieth year he is still active and vigorous and is to be found each day at his office from 9 to 2, supervising the affairs of the company. It would not be strange if fifty-six consecutive years of service should have resulted in an impaired constitution, but on the contrary Mr. Stevens does not look over seventy years of age. He comes of old Pilgrim stock direct from Richard Warren of the Mayflower, whose granddaughter married Anthony Sprague of Hingham, the famous Indian fighter of his day, from whom was descended Samuel Sprague who was with Washington at Trenton, and was also one of the famous Boston tea party. Samuel Sprague, the grandfather of Mr. Stevens, and his wife Joanna, were residents of Boston for over ninety years, having brought up a family of fourteen children, a large majority of whom lived to be over eighty.

Mr. Stevens' leisure has been occupied in writing, principally upon Colonial subjects, in connection with New England history and other similar subjects. He has visited Europe several times and traveled extensively through this country and the West Indies. The loving esteem in which he is held by the other officers of his own company and the officials of competing companies shows the nature of the man. To him the interests of the New England and its many policyholders have ever been first, and in the furtherance of those interests he has given the best years of his life. The spirit of loyalty permeating the office of the New England has made Mr. Stevens' task a pleasant one.

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THE UNITED SERVICE

A MONTHLY REVIEW OF MILITARY AND NAVAL AFFAIRS

FOUNDED 1879

THIRD SERIES.

VOL. IV.—AUGUST, 1903.—NO. 2.

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THE

UNITED SERVICE

EDITED BY L. R. HAMERSLY.

AUGUST, 1903.

THE TRIALS OF STAFF OFFICERS.

A LAPSE TO THE LINE.

By General Charles King.

SOMEWHERE back in the early days of THE UNITED SERVICE, nearly a quarter of a century ago, "The Duties of Staff Officers," a paper by a soldier who knew whereof he wrote, appeared in its pages. Something like a year later "The Trials of Staff Officers"—a series of papers by one who thought he knew whereof he wrote—began to appear, and as the author had served as adjutant, as quartermaster and commissary, as aide-de-camp, engineer, ordnance and signal officer, as inspector, judge advocate, professor of military science, instructor of tactics, U. S. M. A.—even as adjutant general of a command in the field, and later as instructor, inspector and adjutant general in the National Guard, it had to be conceded that his possibilities of observation were large as his powers of perception and portrayal might be limited. Many of these papers were subsequently reproduced in book form. They had the merit of being details of actual personal experience, which gave to them a certain *vraisemblance* that prompted a soldier of distinction, afterwards President, to write to the writer that they were the best things he ever wrote. As he had never written anything particularly good, this might be said without unduly inflating the author of the essays or reacting on him of the statement.

A great metropolitan paper, moreover, was moved to speak of them in terms of unlooked for commendation, but to say of them,

"Of course they can't be true," or words to that effect. Now, there was one thing to be said in their favor—good or not, they were at least true. Nor did the material end with the temporary disappearance of the publishing periodical. During the spell of suspended animation which overtook THE UNITED SERVICE at one time in its career, the experiences went on. "Mr. X" stumbled along into further official tangles, while most of his contemporaries were placidly mooning through life in the line, and, as some of these experiences were amusing and others exasperating, and the telling of them has moved some few to merriment, it has pleased the periodical wherein the originals appeared to call for the sequels, and on its editorial head be the blame.

There came a time in the annals of his state when, after having served it seven years as inspector and instructor in the National Guard, Mr. X found himself confronted by a new condition, not a theory. For many a year the Republican party had elected its candidates at will. Exceeding peace had made its leaders bold. A very large number of our German and Scandinavian voters had stood with it sturdily and had been counted on to continue so to do, but in an unguarded moment a bill slipped into a session of the legislature providing in effect that, through at least twelve weeks of each year, instruction in the public schools should be conveyed solely in the English language. When originally introduced a few years previous by a Democratic member, the project met no whisper of adverse comment. But when re-vamped under Republican auspices, shrewd editors of the opposite persuasion saw a grand opportunity, and struck home. They declared it a blow at the parochial schools of the Roman Catholic Church as well as the Lutheran. They denounced it as an affront to our sturdy fellow citizens of foreign birth and parentage. They aroused without the slightest difficulty the priesthood and their parishioners—German, Polish, Scandanavian—and lo, the lion lay down with the lamb; sons of Luther and of Loyola—German Protestant and Polish Catholic—joined hands in holy crusade against the unholy measure. All too late the managers saw their mismanagement. The bill itself was innocuous—innocent of wrong intent—but the papers worked the people into frenzy, and the result was a cataclysm. Out went the Republican candle. In came rejoiceful Democracy, and, with the retiring commander-in-chief went, of course, his staff, "Mr." Assistant Inspector-General "X" among them. A new lot of generals and colonels stepped in with the new governor, an old and valued friend, as was many a man of the new staff—many of them old fellow-workers in a field where politics

was the last thing thought of. The commander of the one city regiment was made quartermaster-general, and "Mr. X" was invited by its officers and urged by some of the new dispensation to accept the command. So, for the first time in his life that officer found himself wearing the infantry facings, and once more "boning" battalion drill.

A queer combination was this new command. "Mr. X" had had his militia experiences in the heroic old ante-bellum days when almost every city had its Light Guard, whose pride it was at stated intervals to parade the streets in towering bearskins, in swagger tail coats, in broad white cross-belts, and in pomp and ceremony indescribable. He had later, on a memorable occasion, shouldered a musket in the solid ranks of Gotham's famous Seventh and knew much of the metropolitan regiments and their commodious armories. But here was a metropolitan regiment that, when first it fell under Mr. X's notice, was merely an aggregation of companies without either armory or uniform in common. The uniform later had been gradually acquired, but it was the simple, serviceable field dress of the regular army. It was a "come down" in the eyes of many officers and most enlisted men to shed the stately gorgeousness of that swallow tail costume in favor of the dun-hued campaign hat and leggins, the severely plain blue blouse and stripeless continuations. Then the cross belts and patent leather boxes had to give way to woven web cartridge belts, and the glistening musket to the dull brown rifle, and all that was fuss and feathers went the way of all flesh; all that was practical sought earnestly to cut in, and the time came when the so-called Fourth Infantry began to look a little like a business battalion of the regular service.

Then, too, the scattered companies were made to assume a certain similarity in organization as the year 1890 was ushered in. But in appearance, at least, the resemblance was not even skin deep. It went no further than the blouse-built coat. Each company had its marked individuality. Company "A," started by the Irish and named (as pronounced) "the Shurd'n Guards," was still Irish to the core. Company "B" was entirely composed of sons of Poland whose muster roll was the stumbling block of many an inspector, and whose patron saint was Kosciusko. Company "C" was thoroughly German, taking the name of a genial brewer and calling themselves his Guards. Company "D" was also Teutonic in tone, and each of these four had its armory and drill room in its own section of the city. Companies "E" and "F" sprang from boy organizations—cadets that had had a fairly flourishing existence of a year or two and were hopefully mustered into the state service; seeing which the political friends of a rival,

"junior grade" organization called "Cadets of the Holy Name," fostered under the wing of the Mother Church, secured the acceptance of these young warriors of the cross, and in this wise was the Fourth Infantry builded from the ground up. Its possibilities for harmony were rivaled only by those of the regimental band which, in the words of a local satirist, "had its birth in a boiler-shop."

In old days as adjutant at "the Point," in the South, in forts, seaboard and frontier, Mr. X had had various experiences with various bands—academic, post and regimental, but never had he seen or heard the mate of this. Good bands there were in the community,—very good,—but they cost money, and that was one thing the Fourth didn't have. The first bandsmen enlisted for the regiment were largely mechanics who had found a music leader somewhere among the great works on the "South Side," and, not because they furnished music but in hopes that they might some day do so, the officers had decided to give them a show. The state allowed nothing for bands except when ordered into camp. The officers and men of the Fourth were none of them of the leisure class. The wealthiest of their number had no more than a very moderate salary. The best they could do for the band was to help buy certain instruments and music. The best the band could do for them was to try to play, but that, said the band, after its first camp, was too much like work. There was discord between the promoters of harmony and their martial patrons before the arrangement was a year old, and this was the situation when Mr. X, still holding the belief that he ought not to lose touch with the possible future defenders of the flag, accepted the command of the city regiment, and set to work to see what could be done with it.

The officers he knew to a man. Some of them were soldierly and capable; some were of no earthly use. All of them, except the staff, were duly elected of their men, and to a degree dependent upon the good will of their commands. Most of them, therefore, were of the nationality most numerous in their ranks. We had officers American, German, Irish and Polish, but they promised fealty to the new commander, and started fair. So far as that officer was concerned the regiment had no favors to ask, no fault to find that any one could find out, "No kick comin'," said the spokesman. It was the band that had enough for all, and, fresh from a very harmonious meeting with his commisioned officers, Mr. X was confronted by a committee of the musicians. "We have come," said their spokesman, "to lay down our ultimatum. If things aint different, we're going to demand our discharge."

For a moment there was silence. Then, "That saves me much trouble," said the colonel, unexpectedly. "I was going to do it myself."

"Do what?" presently queried the spokesman, after another moment of silence.

"Recommend your discharge. You can neither march, nor play for marching. We need a band that can do both."

Here the listening adjutant inopportunely sniggered, and the committee "caught on," as the snare drummer afterwards stated.

"We can march as well as any band in town," began the spokesman, but gets no further. The colonel is uncompromising.

"That makes it worse. You say you can, and yet you don't. You shall have your discharge, and the quartermaster will call for your uniforms this week."

Now, this, as it happens, is the last thing the band desires. It has no uniform of its own, and is in the fix of the young physician —"little practice and less pay." Its hopes of existence depend on its being known as the band of the Fourth. Its threat of disbandment is a bare-faced bluff, and now, it seems, the committee desires to present a majority report. The other two musicians are not in tune with their spokesman. They ask for time, and the colonel tells them that it can only be quick time. By the end of the week the band reports that it is ready for business, and the tune is "Wait Till The Clouds Roll By."

We had lately buried a brigadier general. He had been in his day a stalwart commander of our famous Light Guard—the very first militia company from the far West to parade the streets of New York. (Ellsworth's Chicago Zouaves were a close second, visiting Gotham the following year). At the outbreak of the great war the captain had been placed at the head of a great regiment, and won the star in command of a noble brigade in the Army of the Cumberland. His funeral escort, as army regulations provided, was composed of troops of the three arms of the service, and the parade through the streets of the city was very imposing. But the way to the cemetery was long and it had been decided that only the mounted officers and a detachment of infantry—a firing party—should go all the way to the grave. The pall-bearers, active, were in the prime of life. The pall-bearers, honorary, and a special escort were composed of veterans, most of them wearing the button of the G. A. R., two or three of whose posts were represented in the procession. A long column of carriages contained the family and friends. Mr. X, who was in command of the array, had ordered four-horse carry-alls

—vehicles capable of carrying twenty men—to meet the procession at the point where the escort was to be dismissed. These were to convey the band and firing party the rest of the long, dusty way. Somebody had told the survivors of the general's old regiment that there would be "busses" for them, too. As the head of the mile-long column reached the designated corner Mr. X saw that his two traps were there, for he knew their drivers. There were also a pair of yellow omnibuses, with a possible squeezing capacity of twelve. The escort halted; formed line along the broad avenue, and stood with presented arms as the mournful *cortège* marched by—the crape-laden flags of the old regiment and the G. A. R. posts, the horse, full caparisoned, with boots reversed in the stirrups, the blue uuniformed "posts" flanking the black-plumed hearse, the clergy and family and intimate friends, the carriage loads of state and city officials. For all these the soldier escort remained at salute, and then, when they had passed by, the escort was dismissed, band and squad were bidden to board their carryalls, and lo, those vehicles had vanished.

"What became of 'em?" asked Mr. X.

"Loaded up with G. A. R. fellers and skipped," said an aide. And so they had, and were ten blocks away. There was no time to talk about it. A staff officer was sent at a gallop to a south side stable, and in ten minutes came clattering back with a "bus" big enough to hold the squad but not the band. Bidding the latter march home with the battalion, the commander and staff put spurs to their steeds and urged on those of the "bus," barely saving their distance and reputation. Except the dirge music planned, the ceremonies at the grave, as well as the volleys, went off without another hitch. So did the promiscuous array of veterans in the vehicles illegally requisitioned, and so far as they were concerned the incident was as good as closed.

But then came the bills. Twelve dollars apiece for the four-horse teams and ten for the two. Mr. X paid the latter, but sent the former to a prominent veteran, with a civil note to the effect that, as these had not been used by himself or any of his command, and he had been compelled to hire other transportation, it seemed to him that the bill should be settled by those who had used the busses.

The veteran's reply did not come at once, but the liveryman did. "Colonel Blank says he don't know nothin' about it—told me to take it to the Flank and Rile Post, and they said none of *their* fellers were in 'em. So here's the bill, sir, and—you ordered 'em."

"Fact, but you didn't obey orders. I told you they were to carry the band and firing party——."

"That's what we *did!* The boys that got in Jim's rig swore they

was the band, and they did have their drums along. Why, they had a bull drum there as big as a balloon! and the others told Frank they were the firing party he was looking for. What could the drivers do?"

What, indeed. Colonel Blank, the veteran referred to, obligingly called in person. He regretted the misunderstanding, he said, but "The boys just natcherally thought the busses were for them, provided by the family or somebody. They were too old to march way out there." The colonel furthermore said he didn't know what boys had taken them, but anyhow "they weren't authorized, and the post is poor and the constitution and by-laws don't provide for any such appropriation."

"No," suggested the victim, "it was the boys that did the appropriating."

"How?" asked the veteran, mystified a moment, and then, rejoicefully, "Gosh, yes, so they did! That's a good one on the stable!"

"And a better one on me, as I have to meet it," said Mr. X, which proved prophetic.

Presently there came another funeral. Another escort was asked, and the Fourth was ordered to parade forthwith. The governor of the Soldiers' Home had suddenly died. He was a veteran officer of the Army of the Potomac and stanch friend of the Guard. It was fitting that he should have his honors, and soldiers both old and young stood ready to render them. This time a special train for the Home was ordered and, band, trumpeters and battalion, the Fourth was shunted out in good season, with one company unaccountably missing, six members only appearing at the armory and being civilly excused by the adjutant as being too few in number to represent anything. This time, too, profiting by previous experience, Mr. X sent a guard to the station early in the day, with orders to hold that train for the exclusive use of the regiment. The precaution was wise. The papers had announced that the Fourth was to go out by special train, and enterprising citizens of all ages swarmed to the spot in hopes of a free ride. The sentries swept them from the cars, but couldn't drive them off the tracks—a switch engine did that, and in the breakaway two boys were knocked down and trampled on, and one of them was picked up with a badly mangled cheek and ear. We had no Emergency Hospital then. They carried the lad to a neighboring drug store. Sympathetic citizens swore stoutly it was the soldiers that did it. The doctor who patched him up came around to see Mr. X a few days afterwards with a bill for professional services, and that wasn't all. Will Mr. X ever forget the irate lady who called with a lawyer, and another claim for damages done to her only "bye"—lady, lawyer

and libel equally Irish. "We'll have the law on ye, carrnol, av ye don't pay ut," said the claimant, and the chances are that that luckless official would have mulcted accordingly, but for the fact that an envious neighbor of the lady in the case came to the rescue with the declaration that the beloved "bye," over whose calamity Mrs. Flanigan had wept so publicly as to attract the whole ward to the scene, had not been home for over a year, having spent much of the maternal savings in the saloons and most of his time at the reform school.

But that wasn't all that ensued from that second funeral parade. The Fourth did its part at the ceremony and then found itself three miles from home. The march has been short, the "boys," as they called themselves, were fresh; the day was cool and beautiful, the broad streets of the suburbs were dry and clear, and so was the main avenue leading to the heart of the city, for it was a Sunday. No train was ordered for the return trip and none was necessary. New York regiments make longer marches in heavy full dress every time they turn out, and Mr. X, going afoot for example, led his warriors back to town. There was no band at the head of column, no music, no disturbance of the several churches that they passed, but it was just at sermon time and certain pastors who heard nothing of the passing regiment at the moment, saw by symptoms about the vestibule that there was distraction of some kind, learned later the cause and flayed the military for profaning the Lord's day. That ecclesiastical scoring was a Godsend to one company—the missing one. Its captain lived in the country some miles out, and said he had delegated to certain sergeants the duty of warning the men. In some way this was neglected. In soldier eyes the company had fallen from grace. In church circles, however,—circles to which its membership was hitherto a stranger,— it had risen to both grace and glory. More than half its muster roll howled itself hoarse at a baseball game that afternoon, but won the pious praise of gentle souls along the avenue for its Christian refusal to parade on a Sunday. The maddest man over this episode was the most observant churchman in the regiment —the sergeant-major.

Now, while those occasional freaks of fortune were bothering the constituted authorities, the command was coming up in drill and learning something of discipline—not *too* much, for this was a thing frowned upon by the local press to whose reporters the undisciplined disciplined were sure to pour veracious tales of woe and get them before the public. The new adjutant general was earnest in backing the new colonel, and they, at least, were working in entire harmony. But it was contrary to the policy of certain journals to find anything

to praise in the work of the new administration, and a number of queer and annoying little stories began to appear in the columns of one paper, especially, that up to the accession of an opposing party, had been well disposed toward the Guard. What made it trying to Mr. X and his officers was that these harmful tales were generally given "on the authority of prominent members" of the local regiment, and the implication was that the officers of the Fourth were at odds with their superiors at the capitol. Then one day a really funny thing happened.

An enthusiastic young Irishman, recently made company quartermaster sergeant, desiring to know when certain supplies would be issued by the government, thought it the thing to address the fountain head direct. The quartermaster general of the army got a few hundred letters each day and probably never saw this ingenuous epistle. At all events, no reply came, and the sergeant tried again. Finally he wrote a third time somewhat to this effect:

"Dear Sir:—I've been trying for a month to get you to answer a civil letter. I want to know and my company wants to know whether them tents are to be here in time for camp. If they aint we mean to know the reason. *What kind of a quartermaster general are you anyhow if you don't 'tend to business?*" and signed it, like a little man, as Quartermaster Sergeant.....Guard, Co.....Fourth Infantry, ...N. G.

Once in the dim past the writer of this chronicle was sent by a brigade quartermaster to the City of Washington with instructions to ascertain at old Major Rucker's office whether a certain requisition had reached him and whether it could be honored at once. Big with importance as he was small in stature, the boy orderly marched into the presence of that terror of old timers in the regular service, and, as tersely as he knew how, fired the message straight at the major. Rucker dropped his quill and stared. A dozen officers, clerks and messengers dropped everything they had in hand and stared. There was a moment of awful silence and suspense—then a vocal explosion the like of which the youngster never heard till long years after when a wagon train stalled in a Wyoming quicksand. He fled from that presence with ears a tingle and galloped back to Chain Bridge without drawing rein. And now, long years later, he could feel sympathy for this boy sergeant when, without a word of comment, his letter came back "Respectfully referred by the Quartermaster General U. S. Army to the Adjutant General of————————." What the former thought and said was never locally known. What the latter wrote was explicit, to say the least. That quartermaster sergeant should be taught

the error of his ways forthwith. The letter came down to Colonel X and with it instructions to give the sergeant a lesson if it took a court-martial.

Now, there was something so comical in the whole business that Mr. X, recalling his own experiences in '61, nearly split when he read that letter. To court-martial the man would make fun for the press and the public, perhaps, and fun of the Guard. X wrote at once to the adjutant general, asking permission to settle the matter "out of court" and in his own way, giving briefly his reasons, and in two days back came a missive saying that while the lad really deserved court-martial, it might after all be best to handle the case as the colonel proposed, and so it was done, and that was all there was about it.

But only for a time. Some young reprobates were guilty of misdemeanor that demanded trial, and a court was duly and speedily ordered. Then came the reporters, among them a man who had taken umbrage at some action of the adjutant general and, to use his own language, "had it in for" that officer. It was a regimental court. The cases were trivial except from a military point of view, but the event was so uncommon as to seem big with importance to the press and to the rank and file. The reporters, finding that the court could not talk, strove for light from the men who couldn't do anything else. Over the evening beer prodigious were the theories and tales adventured by Corporal Murphy, Private Sullivan and Bugler Higgins. The court was to sit on Saturday evening to try the first case, and at seven P. M. a letter was handed the colonel by an officer just in from the capital, which letter he opened and read in the presence of several persons, two or three being eager representatives of the press; one of these was the gentleman who "had it in" for the A. G. There was nothing of immediate importance in the letter, but when an hour later the colonel postponed the session of the court, the defense asking for further time, the story started somehow that the adjutant general had ordered him, not to postpone, but to dissolve it, and denied his right to convene even a regimental court, and with that on the street and over the beer table "the boys" and the reporters stirred up a sensation.

Somewhere about midnight the adjutant's family were aroused by persistent ringing at the doorbell. *Paterfamilias* poked his head out of an upper window and found there a reporter, the same reporter, demanding to know what reason the adjutant general gave for ordering the colonel to dissolve the court. The adjutant being summoned said that the adjutant general had done nothing of the kind,

but the reporter persisted. He had talked with so-and-so who had it from Captain So-and-So who had seen the letter and knew it was so and so. The adjutant said he didn't give a rap what So-and-So said. The letter was on entirely different matters. He didn't thank the reporter for routing him out at that hour on such a matter, neither did the household.

An hour later the colonel came home from a Loyal Legion banquet and found *placens uxor* anything but placid. "Those people at the Watchman office have nearly driven me crazy. Here's Boy with a high fever and the children coughing in the next room, and that telephone——."

That telephone began to ring. X took up the receiver. "What's wanted?" he asked.

"Oh, that you, Colonel X?" comes back the answer. It is the same voice, the same reporter. "Say, what's this about your being ordered to stop that court?"

"Nothing."

"Didn't General ——— write and order you to stop it?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Well, say, didn't you get a letter from him this evening?"

"Yes, get one every day or two."

"And there wasn't anything about the court in it?"

"Nothing about stopping it."

"Well, they're all saying down town that he did—an' that letter——."

"You can see the letter in the morning if you like. Meantime don't believe what you hear down town. Good night."

A dissatisfied sniff comes from the other end of the line and in the morning out comes the Watchman, with an item somewhat to this effect: "Serious breach between General ——— and Colonel X." "The latter denies the story." "Adjutant general orders court dissolved." The colonel and his officers are a unit in denying all this, but well-informed members of the regiment as confidently assert that it is true, and in proof of their assertion announce that a while ago General ——— ordered Colonel X to court-martial a quartermaster and it took the combined efforts of the officers to appease the general's wrath, and he has been looking for a chance to discipline the colonel ever since, etc., etc.

Now, all this was chiefly exasperating because prominent citizens and clubmen, who ought to have known better, besieged Mr. X with comments and questions about this singular conduct on the part of the adjutant general. An evening paper, however, published the facts in

the case, as furnished by officers who were in position to know them, and for six weeks there was a lull. Then the Watchman tried it again. One morning Mr. X was astonished to read that rifle practice at the armory had been at a standstill, and that the regiment was sure to fall behind others. The fault, said the Watchman, lay entirely with the quartermaster general, who, though frequently importuned to send ammunition, had totally failed and neglected to do so. No attention was paid to requisitions coming from the Fourth Infantry, etc. It was all an utterly groundless attack on a most efficient officer. The quartermaster general was the former commander of the Fourth and equally interested in its welfare. There had never been the faintest delay in filling requisitions since he entered upon those duties. Mr. X promptly denied the story. So did the aggrieved officer, and the Watchman was gracious enough to put in a small paragraph, in smaller type, to the effect that the quartermaster general said the story was untrue, and journalistic honor was satisfied.

But when the quartermaster general and the colonel met a few days later and were regretting the unhappy incident, the former looked grave. "What hurts me," said he, "is that that reporter has been to me to say that he couldn't help publishing that story. He declares that an officer in high standing in the Fourth came to him, gave him the facts and said that he ought to publish them in the interest of the regiment."

Then Mr. X was wroth indeed. It seemed incredible that one of the officers could so have wronged the former commander to whom all had seemed so attached. But here was a positive statement. That night the officers met, present every man, and every man present gave his word that in no manner or way had he so offended. None had even spoken on the subject to the reporter in question—the same that "had it in" for the A. G. Unanimously a resolution was passed declaring the story false and calling on the management of the paper for justice. The managing editor stood by his subordinate, but magnanimously wrote the quartermaster general that he was willing to admit the originator of the curious story was not one of the *commissioned* officers, "as they seem to attach some importance to this." The culprit in the case was protected by the paper and went unwhipped of justice. As for the reporter, he probably knew no better, a corporal in his eyes being quite as much of an officer as a captain, and so the trouble went on.

The court met a little later on, however. Several offenders were properly punished, but certain scapegraces were acquitted. They had been guilty of some dirty work in the armory. Policemen "shadowed"

and swooped upon them, succeeded in arresting the one civilian who was present, and in letting go the soldiers. They were known, however, and, later, identified; but, when the cases came up for trial, the police had lost track of that civilian, and much time was spent in running down other witnesses. Meanwhile the family paper of the city was having its innings. "More Armory Scandals!" it heralded, and began scoring, on successive days, "the military authorities" for failing to punish the sinners. It intimated that the officers were whitewashing the culprits, and Mr. X went to remonstrate. But the editors were virtuous.

"It is our duty to the public," said they.

"To furnish misinformation?" inquired Mr. X. "You are injuring our officers in the eyes of the community."

"But they refuse to divulge their action," said the editor, resentful of the fact that the court wouldn't talk for its commissioner.

"They *couldn't*, without violating their oath," said Mr. X, and, for the benefit of the sanctum, repeated that oath.

"Well, then," said the press, "they acquitted those blackguards when everybody knows that they were guilty."

"Everybody may know, but nobody will so swear, and the court is sworn to try according to evidence," said Mr. X.

"We know men who can tell all about it," says the editor.

"But not one who will. There's the hitch! *You* may not know it, but they do—that civil witnesses cannot be compelled to testify before a military court, and so instead of blaming the law-makers you damn the helpless victims—the officers." And here the session closed, but nine out of ten newspaper readers believed that the court had been organized to condone and acquit. The fault lay with the legislators; the blame fell on the military authorities.

It was hard work maintaining decency and discipline between two such fires, the press on one side and the black sheep on the other. But to do the former the justice that it refused to us, it may be said that for quite a little while after this court episode the papers most active at that time became silent as to the Guard.

Bright spots there were from time to time. The brightest was camp, for then we always had the company and comradeship of a fine old regiment of regular infantry, combined maneuvers, rifle ranges that could not be beaten, and there the correspondents, as a rule, were men who knew whereof they wrote. One week of each year the State paid its soldiers of the rank and file two dollars a day to go to camp and learn the practical duties of troops in the field. It was more than most of them could earn at anything else, and they were eager, as a rule,

to go; but all were clerks or working men; all had to get leave from their employers and many were denied. One great firm, however, broad-minded and public-spirited, set a shining example. Ever since the riots of '86 they had been stanch friends of the Guard. Their employes not only had leave to go but not a cent of their wages was stopped for the going. It was even intimated that stoppages of some kind might occur if they did not go. But where one firm aided, twenty obstructed. The papers, many of them, persisted in speaking of it as the annual "outing of the militia," and though from start to finish it was hard, healthful, open-air work, early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise business, and the men returned looking bronzed, tanned and hardy, it took years to convince parents, politicians and the public generally that camp was not some kind of a beer picnic—a general junket and jollification.

Comical features there sometimes were besides the episode of the quartermaster sergeant and the quartermaster general, as, for instance, when the boiler-shop bandmaster, on being told by the commanding officer to have his men ready for a certain ceremony, affably replied, "Just see the adjutant about it, will you, and if he says it's all right, it goes."

Another time, when the Exposition was opened with much *èclat* and when, by request, the regiment escorted the governor, we were met at the entrance by a Teutonic official, who directed the officers to remove and check their swords as a preliminary to being admitted to the picture gallery. He explained later that as gentlemen were required to leave their sticks and umbrellas, he thought officers should give up their swords, and was surprised that they declined.

Perhaps it was the fun we got out of it that helped to make its discouragements bearable. At all events, the work went on, and in the fullness of time bore with it rich reward.

*General John Burgoyne.**

In his "Decisive Battles of the World" (published about twenty-five years ago, and reviewing the whole period between Marathon and Waterloo) Professor Creasy gives the battles about Saratoga a place, and quotes Lord Mahon as saying that "the surrender of three thousand five hundred men under Burgoyne was more fruitful in results than those conflicts in which hundreds of thousands of men have been engaged and tens of thousands have fallen." Many more surrendered at Saratoga than Lord Mahon chooses to state; but no matter about that, for it is the spirit of his statements, and not his facts, with which we are concerned.

The British commander at Saratoga, General Burgoyne, has of late years had a biographer in the person of Mr. E. B. de Fonblanque, who has given us a fuller view than we ever had before of a man who must ever interest Americans, from his connection with the events which made us a nation.

Mr. de Fonblanque demurs to Creasy's conclusions as regards the importance of the surrender at Saratoga, and says that "the surrender of Stanhope at Brihuéga, of Cornwallis at Yorktown, of Mack at Ulm, and of Bazaine at Metz virtually involved the conclusion of peace, and had Burgoyne's defeat at Saratoga been followed by the abandonment of the war on the part of England, or even by the temporary cessation of hostilities with a view to negotiation, it might fairly be classed among the decisive battles; but what was its actual result? On the part of the Americans, immense elation and encouragement; on the part of France and Spain, a quickening of the foregone intention to strike a blow at a hated rival by espousing the cause of her rebellious subjects; on the part of England, only a stronger determination to crush the rebellion. It was the nature rather than the extent of Burgoyne's disaster which lent the event an exaggerated importance. The mere loss of three thousand five hundred bayonets could neither paralyze the power of England nor give a material preponderance to that of the insurgents. To us the convention of Saratoga was a humiliation rather than a defeat; to them less a victory than a triumph. The

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decisive battle began when the English House of Commons refused justice to her fellow-subjects across the Atlantic; the foundation of American Independence was laid in the English Cabinet when the king and his ministers resolved to resort to arms, and the first shot fired at Lexington sounded the death-knell of British dominion over the noblest of her colonies."

Among the families which rose upon the ruins of the monastic establishments of England was that of Burgoyne, of Sutton, in Bedfordshire. The founder of the family was one of the commissioners appointed by Henry VIII. to take the surrender of the lands held by the religious communities, and to place them at the disposal of the crown. Like the rest, Commissioner Burgoyne got his reward in the shape of the lands of Wroxall, in Warwickshire, which had belonged to a nunnery. His descendants inherited the property of another branch, in Bedfordshire, where they soon became county magnates.

From this family General Burgoyne was legitimately descended, according to Mr. de Fonblanque, altogether up to the time of the publication of his work it had always been stated by writers that he was the illegitimate son of Lord Bingley. Bancroft, in his "History," says, "A bastard son of one peer, he had made a runaway match with the daughter of another. In the last war he served in Portugal with spirit, and was brave even to rashness. His talent for description made him respectable as a man of letters; as a dramatic writer his place is not among the worst. He was also a ready speaker in the House of Commons, inclining to the Liberal side in politics, yet ready to risk life and political principles for the darling object of effacing the shame of his birth by winning military glory, with rank and fortune."

John Burgoyne was born in 1722, and his biographer, in contradicting the story of his illegitimacy, calls it "a piece of idle gossip, originally traceable to no higher source than the loose tongue of a jealous woman." Lady Bingley is said by him to have been of a malignant disposition, and resented, for some reason, her husband's having been the sponsor to Burgoyne. Lord Bingley eventually left his godson a handsome legacy, which confirmed the gossips of the day in their belief in the scandal; especially Horace Walpole, who disliked Burgoyne, as he did most people. His dislike is said to have arisen from Burgoyne's having successfully opposed the appointment of Walpole's nephew to be aide-de-camp in Ireland, on the ground that his services were required in his (Burgoyne's) regiment.

Fonblanque gives Sir Bernard Burke as his authority for denying Burgoyne's illegitimacy, and Sir Bernard quotes Kimber's, Betham's,

and Debrett's works on the baronetage, and shows that Burgoyne was at least born in wedlock,—the second son of Sir John Burgoyne, of Sutton, by his wife, Anna Maria, daughter of Charles Burnestone. Whatever scandal may have attached to his birth, it seems clear that he was legitimate legally.

He was educated at Westminster, where he became intimate with the eldest son of the Earl of Derby, and, entering the army early, in 1744 commanded a troop in the Thirteenth Dragoons. His intimacy with Lord Derby's family led to an attachment between him and Lady Charlotte Stanley, which ended in an elopement the year before he got his troop. It was a most imprudent marriage, for Burgoyne had inherited nothing from his father but very extravagent tastes, and was no match for the daughter of one of England's greatest peers. The union proved a very happy one, however, and, although the Derby family were at first much incensed, they soon became fully reconciled to it, and this marriage proved the foundation of Burgoyne's fortunes.

Finding himself, as a married man, unable to live in proper style in England, Burgoyne retired from the army and resided for several years upon the Continent, principally in France, where he acquired the language (not then a common accomplishment with Englishmen), and also paid much attention to military literature and the science of war.

In 1756, through the powerful influence of his wife's family, Burgoyne was enabled to re-enter the army as captain in the Eleventh Dragoons, with the assurance that he should obtain speedy promotion to make up for lost time.

Warlike operations were then being carried on throughout the whole of Europe, and, in 1758, Burgoyne served under Marlborough in the attack upon Cherbourg, memorable for the outrages committed upon the towns-people by the English troops, and was also at St. Malo, in the same year, where the English were less fortunate, being driven off and losing six hundred killed and wounded and four or five hundred prisoners.

Upon returning from this ill-starred attempt Burgoyne was made lieutenant-colonel of the Second Foot Guards, and, in 1759, when two regiments of light-horse were raised, he was given the command of one of them. Light cavalry was then a novelty, having been first introduced by Frederick the Great into his army, and the selection of Burgoyne to organize and train such a body for the English army caused much jealousy. He succeeded, however, in bringing his regiment to a state of the highest efficiency, "and in attaining a quickness of movement, without sacrifice of regularity, never before attempted in a

mounted corps." George III., after his accession, was very fond of reviewing "Burgoyne's Light-Horse," as it was called. The colonel drew up a special code of instructions, which contains much that is excellent, and shows him to have carefully thought out all matters of discipline. These instructions have the fault of being couched in the stilted language which was the fashion of the day, which caused Burgoyne to be dubbed "Pomposo" by Walpole, who never missed a chance for a fling at him.

In 1761, two troops of the light-horse being ordered upon the expedition against Belle Isle, Burgoyne joined them as a volunteer, his rank disqualifying him for the command of a detachment. The first attack upon the island was repulsed, but a second succeeded,—not without great loss. Upon his return from this service Burgoyne was elected member of Parliament for Midhurst, but before he could take his seat England, in January, 1762, declared war with Spain, and at once sent a contingent to Portugal to aid in the defence of that country, which had refused to take up arms against England.

The Count of Schaumburg-Lippe, one of the first soldiers of the day took command of the Portuguese army, and succeeded perfectly in the difficult task of reorganizing it. Burgoyne embarked for the Tagus in May, and was immediately given the local rank of brigadier, and charged with the organization of a mounted force of three thousand men. He accomplished this quickly, with less than the usual exercise of the barbarous military punishments which the code of that day authorized, and as soon as it was reported ready the corps was pushed in advance to observe the Franco-Spanish forces, which consisted of forty-two thousand men and ninety-three pieces of cannon.

During all the operations which followed he was very active, and gained especial credit for the capture of the town of Valencia d'Alcantara by a *coup de main*. Here he took, among other prisoners, a Spanish general and his staff, three stands of colors, and a large quantity of arms and ammunition. For this affair he was complimented in general orders, and received a diamond ring from the King of Portugal.

Colonel Lee, afterwards our American general of Monmouth fame ("the worst present that could be made to any army,—eccentric, excitable, conceited"), did good service under Burgoyne in this campaign.

Carlyle, in speaking of this period, says, "The Burgoyne who begins in this pretty way at Valencia d'Alcantara is the same who ended so dismally at Saratoga within twenty years. Perhaps with other war offices and training himself in something suitabler than parliamentary eloquence he might have become a kind of general, and ended far otherwise than he did."

Shortly after his brilliant action in Portugal, Burgoyne was promoted by Lord Bute. He had previously applied for promotion to a colonelcy in the army upon family interest, and had been politely refused. His biographer remarks that "he certainly never fell into the error of underrating his claims."

After the peace, concluded in the autumn of 1763, Burgoyne embarked with his regiment for England with the reputation of a gallant soldier and a prudent and skillful general.

At the close of the Seven Years' War all the European states, exhausted by the struggle, were glad to partially disarm, and in England the light cavalry came very near being disbanded, but the predilection of George III. preserved it, and Burgoyne was appointed colonel commandant of the two regiments. This favor was shown because the corps was in so high a state of efficiency as to "make it is much of a pageant in peace as it had been formidable in war."

Burgoyne had, in the mean time, resumed his seat in Parliament,—when he and his corps had received thanks for their conduct in Portugal,—and, during the twelve years of peace which ensued, threw himself into political life with all his natural ardor. In the House of Commons he was more especially connected with the affairs of the East India Company,—in which he took a conspicuous part,—while his leisure hours were devoted to light literature and versification. He also made a visit to the scenes of the late continental battles, with a view to a military work which was never accomplished; but he published a paper entitled "Reflections upon the Present Military State of Prussia, Austria, and France," which, though verbose, is very interesting, as, indeed, his writings always are.

In 1768 the king appointed him governor of Fort William, in North Britain,—an honorable and lucrative post, generally held by a general, which, with other appointments, and a fortune to which his wife had succeeded, afforded him the means of indulging his tastes, and love for society of all kinds,—fashionable, literary, and artistic. An extremely handsome man, in the prime of life, with courtly and genial manners, a kindly nature, and a reputation as a successful soldier, speaker, and poet, he was in a position to be envied. His domestic life was eminently happy, and the king, as well as the Derby family, did everything to promote his interests.

In the same year that he received the governership of Fort William he stood for Preston, a borough of the Earl of Derby, when a riot occurred, with some bloodshed. As Burgoyne appeared at the polls armed, he, with others, was tried for inciting to violence, found guilty,

and fined one thousand pounds, narrowly escaping imprisonment. Burgoyne was re-elected from Preston from time to time, and represented the borough until his death.

In the election of 1784 (when he was no longer a prisoner on parole), a party of his opponents, collected at an inn, as a joke sent a valuable watch to the general by his servant, requesting him to tell them "the time of day." Burgoyne was unable to discover the joke, but saw that a liberty was attempted to be taken with him; so, placing the watch and a pair of pistols upon the tray, accompanied his servant to the persons who had sent him the message. In the bar-room he asked each one of the company whether he was the owner of the watch. In view of the pistols no one claimed the watch, when Burgoyne said, "Since the watch belongs to none of you, it remains my property," and, turning to his servant, gave it to him, and told him to wear it.

Junius is very severe upon the business of this Preston election, and upon the Duke of Grafton having given Burgoyne three thousand five hundred pounds, the proceeds of the sale of a patent place,—probably to reimburse him for his fine and expenses. An allusion being made to the matter in the House of Commons, Burgoyne said, "If the wretch Junius is now lurking here, in any corner of the house, he would tell him to his face that he was an assassin, a liar, and a coward."

The most important act of Burgoyne's Parliamentary career was his movement for the committee of inquiry regarding Clive. He made the formal speech impeaching him May 3, 1773,—for having "illegally acquired the sum of two hundred and thirty-four thousand pounds, to the dishonor and detriment of the state." The result, as given by Macaulay, is familiar to us all.

At this time the most important era of Burgoyne's life was fast approaching. It is not necessary to go over the measures of George III. and of Lord North, in regard to the North American colonies, or to recall how feeling waxed high on both sides of the Atlantic,—bitter as brothers' quarrels always are,—or how the king said he "would as leave fight the Bostonians as the French,"—while Dr. Samuel Johnson, as well as some other of the best, as well as most unscrupulous writers of the day, were paid by the government to call the Americans, of whom they had no real knowledge, "convicts, rascals, robbers, and pirates." Dr. Johnson's ponderous periods upon this subject have almost ceased to be read by general readers, and we can with difficulty realize the influence his fulminations had, in a period when the topics of the times were treated of in pamphlets, and not in the few newspapers.

Chatham and Burke raised warning voices in vain. They stood almost alone,—for all parties in England believed that the establishment of American independence would involve the ruin of the British empire,—and while one party determined upon the exercise of full military force, the other advocated every concession compatible with imperial supremacy. Fox appears to have been the only public man who did not dread a peaceful separation.

In 1774, the meeting of the delegates from the colonies at Philadelphia was the signal for reinforcing the royal troops then in America, to the number of eight or ten thousand. These reinforcements were sent early in 1775 to Boston, under Major-Generals Sir William Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne. It seems that Burgoyne accepted service in America with some reluctance,—not from any political sympathy with the cause of the colonists, but because, as he expressed it in Parliament, he hoped "to see America convinced by persuasion and not by the sword."

Many English officers threw up their commissions rather than serve in such a cause, but Burgoyne was too dependent upon his commission, and had, perhaps, too strong a sense of military duty, to permit of any doubt as to his course. As the junior major-general he was aware that he could occupy no very prominent position; but he, like most other English officers, believed that there would be no real fighting, and even called the enrollment of the provincial troops a "preposterous parade."

Before sailing for America he made efforts to be ordered to New York, as the most promising field for service, but was not successful. Upon his embarkation he wrote to the king, asking protection for his wife, who was in bad health, in case he did not return. In one passage of the letter he says, "I received your Majesty's commands for America with regret,—the first sensation of that nature I ever experienced in a call for service."

Howe and the two junior generals reached Boston in May, in the "Cerberus," frigate, and the wits of the town fairly exhausted themselves with pasquinades and mock proclamations, which were posted upon the walls of the English general's quarters. One of these ran as follows:

"Behold the Cerberus, the Atlantic plough,
Her precious cargo Burgoyne, Clinton, Howe—
Bow, wow, wow!"

The news of the first bloodshed at Lexington, and of the formation by solemn compact of a defensive union of the colonies, met the

English generals upon their arrival. In June, General Gage issued his foolish and inflated proclamation, which is now known to have been wholly written by Burgoyne, and only signed by the commanding general.

Burgoyne soon became disgusted with the state of affairs in Boston, and made every effort to be permitted to return to England, or to be transferred to New York or Philadelphia,—there to be employed in negotiation, and in obtaining reliable information. In the mean time the battle of Bunker Hill occurred. Burgoyne was not in this action, but observed it from the British batteries, the fire of which he directed. "The inferiority of my station as the youngest major-general upon the staff left me an almost useless spectator; for my whole business lay in presiding over a cannonade to assist the left." . . . "In the regular course of business in this army major-generals are absolute ciphers. The small number of brigades and the large number of brigadiers perhaps makes them necessarily so."

In writing of the battle to the secretary of the colonies, he says, "Turn your eyes first, my lord, to the behavior of the enemy. The defense was well conceived and obstinately maintained; the retreat was no flight: it was even covered with bravery and military skill, and proceeded no farther than the next hill, when a new post was taken, new intrenchments instantly begun, etc. View now, my lord, the side of victory; and first the list of killed and wounded. If fairly given it amounts to no less than ninety-two officers, many of them an irreparable loss,—a melancholy disproportion to the numbers of the private soldiers,—and there is a melancholy reason for it. Though my letter passes in security, I tremble while I write it; and let it not pass even in a whisper from your lordship to more than *one* person: the zeal and intrepidity of the officers, which was without exception exemplary, was ill seconded by the private men. Discipline, not to say courage, was wanting. In the critical moment of carrying the redoubt, the officers of some corps were almost alone; and what was the worst part of the confusion of these corps, all the wounds of the officers were not received from the enemy." The official report was, 19 officers and 207 rank and file killed; 70 officers and 758 rank and file wounded. The American loss was 449.

Burgoyne says of General Gage, in this same letter, that he thinks him very capable in regular, ordinary, given lines of conduct, but regards him as unequal to the situation, and expatiates upon the want of ability to forage, or to obtain draught animals, shut up as they were, —and, most of all, upon the want of intelligence as to what was going

on in the enemy's lines. He attributes this to the parsimonious use of money, and says that there was hardly a leading man among the rebels, in council or in the field, but "at the proper time, and by proper management, might have been bought."

We need hardly say, with his biographer, that "impartial judgment of public men in America was not then possible for one in his position: and when he wrote he was necessarily in ignorance of the true state of feeling in that country, and still more so of the true character of her leading men."

In the letter quoted Burgoyne proceeds to give his views as to the conduct of the war, and suggests operations by way of the Hudson, and from Canada, with a view to cutting the colonies into two parts, Then, by a supply of arms to the blacks of the southern provinces, aided by the regulars, and vigorous action by the fleet, they "might possibly do the business in one campaign." He adds that they must either do this or make full concessions.

During the summer Burgoyne entered into a correspondence with his former companion in arms, Lee, and proposed a meeting for discussion and negotiation, which meeting was, however, forbidden by the Congress. About this period, also, Burgoyne wrote the reply to Washington's letter to Gage, complaining of the treatment of prisoners, in which General Gage is made to solemnly lecture Washington upon his political and social duties. With all these occupations Burgoyne was the life and soul of private theatricals and divers other amusements, for which he wrote prologues and occasional poems.

By the middle of August the position of the British army in Boston had become very precarious, and Burgoyne presented a memorandum to Gage recommending the evacuation of that city and a concentration upon New York, or a diversion by an expedition against Rhode Island. Nothing came of it, however, and Howe, who had relieved Gage, was obliged at last to make an ignominious evacuation in March, 1776.

Having failed to obtain a separate command, or, what he seems to have most coveted, a position as negotiator, Burgoyne had returned to England in November, 1775, but in March of the following year sailed again, this time for Canada, as second in command to General Sir Guy Carleton, which general had, during the preceding winter, succeeded in raising the siege of Quebec.

Burgoyne left his wife in a very precarious state of health, and she died before he saw England again. When he arrived at Quebec, in June, 1776, he brought a division of Brunswick troops; and General

Carleton found himself at the head of about twelve thousand excellent soldiers,—one-third of them hired Brunswickers and Hessians,—of whom Lord Chatham spoke when he meade his celebrated speech about "the pitiful German princes who sell their subjects to foreign shambles. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I never would lay down my arms,—never, never, never!" * * * "Forty thousand German boors can never conquer ten times the number of British freemen. They may ravage; they cannot conquer!" In all the business, it seems to us, now, that the poor Germans were the most aggrieved.

The Canadian campaign of 1776, in which Burgoyne was engaged as second in command, drove Arnold back from the St. Lawrence, and pushed him from point to point until he crossed Lake Champlain and took post at Crown Point. Carleton at once began the preparation of a flotilla, with which a naval action was fought upon the lake, Arnold, as usual, distinguishing himself for intrepidity, but being obliged again to fall back upon Ticonderoga, in which fortress there was a strong garrison. As the season was by this time well advanced, and the northern winter pressing swiftly on, Sir Guy Carleton concluded to retire to winter quarters,—it is said against the advice of Burgoyne, who urged the assault of Ticonderoga. Carleton must always be grate-fully remembered for his kind treatment of the prisoners who were taken in the Quebec expedition, and for providing food and warm clothing, to enable some of them to stand the rigor of a Canadian winter.

The British Cabinet, however, was not pleased with the result of Sir Guy's campaign, which may have been the reason for his exclusion from the command of the expedition of the next year, and for the advancement of Burgoyne.

The latter returned to England during the winter of 1776-77, and found the British Cabinet disgusted with Carleton's supposed weak conduct of the last campaign; and it seems certain, in spite of Lord George Germain's subsequent assertion that Burgoyne had intrigued to supplant Carleton in the command of the next campaign, that it had been decided not to employ that general beyond the limits of his Canadian command. Aware of this determination, Burgoyne had a perfect right to solicit the command of the intended operations of 1777, in which he intended to make his mark as a strategist.

War material in quantity was sent to Quebec, and Burgoyne fol-lowed the transports, reaching Canada in the early part of May, 1777. Strange to say, the prospect did not please him, and, on the 19th of the

same month, he wrote to Lord George Germain that "the army will fall short of the strength computed in England, and the want of camp equipage, clothing, and many other necessary articles will cause inconvenience." More provisions and more artillery were especially requested in this letter. It seems a strange thing for a "crack" general, just out from home, to be doing. In the same month of which we are speaking Lord George Germain wrote to Howe, at New York: "I trust whatever you may meditate" (against the American army of the South) "will be executed in time for you to co-operate with the army to proceed from Canada."

A subsequent dispatch from the minister at war, containing fuller and more explicit instructions to Sir William Howe, as to his co-operation with Burgoyne, was actually written; but, by one of those shameful acts of official neglect, examples of which are, unfortunately, too common, this document was suffered to be "pigeon-holed" in London, where it was found after the convention of Saratoga, carefully docketed, and only wanting the signature of the minister. It appears that Lord George Germain, among his other bad qualities, had an aversion to signing his name, except at certain times and under certain circumstances. He had arranged to call at his office, upon his way to pay a visit in the country, to sign these exceedingly important instructions. They happened not to be "fair-copied" when he arrived, and he went on his way to his country visit; and, incredible as it may appear, the instructions were forgotten.

Burgoyne wrote to Howe as soon as he arrived in Canada, informing him of his orders to force a junction with him,—the orders being "precise to that effect," and not permitting Burgoyne any diversion or discretionary power.

At the time of Burgoyne's arrival in Canada he found that Sir Guy Carleton had not provided any transport for stores or artillery, and some time elapsed before the collection of carts and drivers was begun, and it was only on the 7th of June that his requisition for carts and artillery horses was made upon Sir Guy. By this time he should have been far upon his way to Albany, and he then admits that his requisitions were inadequate, but said that, for the rest, he intended to trust to the resources of the country.

The American campaign of 1777 opened most favorably for the British cause, and there seemed to the British Cabinet to be hopes of the speedy and successful termination of the war. Lord George Germain and the king were in perfect accord, although Lord North began to waver. They had an overwhelming majority in Parliament, the public sentiment was favorable, and men and money were voted without stint.

On the other side, Congress was firm, and determined to achieve national independence, although their affairs were not very flourishing.

Burgoyne's idea in the campaign appears to have been to establish a chain of fortified posts from Canada to New York, cutting off New England from the rest of the colonies. For this purpose he estimated for eight thousand regular troops, with plenty of artillery; two thousand Canadians, for working-parties in bridging, clearing roads, etc.; a large force for transportation; and one thousand Indians. He supposed that with these numbers he could force his way to Albany, garrison all necessary posts, and keep up his communications. Fonblanque states that he set out with about four thousand English, including the most perfect artillery ever seen in America, three thousand Germans, one hundred and fifty Canadian militia, and five hundred Indians. The real march was only about two hundred miles as the crow flies, but the country was a difficult one for an army, being mostly a dense forest, with narrow Indian paths and sparse settlements. The few among the settlers who were loyal to the crown were cowed by their neighbors and the American levies. To be sure, the British had water communication by Lake Champlain to the head of Lake George, where the stores, artillery, and the boats themselves had to be portaged over the falls and rapids. Fonblanque says that Burgoyne found he would have to reduce his force, and that all he could actually take the field with amounted to six thousand seven hundred and forty infantry,—three thousand of whom were Germans,—with six hundred and fifty Canadians and Indians. Bancroft says that his loss in the whole campaign was about ten thousand. A number of the Canadian drivers very soon deserted, at which Sir Guy Carleton expressed little surprise, and remarked, "If government laid any great stress upon assistance from the Canadians for carrying out the war it was surely not upon any information proceeding from me."

Burgoyne's regular troops were good, and the force in excellent discipline. Major-General Phillips was known to be an excellent officer, and Major-General Riedesel had been selected for the command of the German troops on account of his great experience in the Seven Years' War. Brigadier-Generals Frazer and Hamilton had been appointed on account of merit, and Major Kingston, the adjutant-general, Lord Balcarras, and Major Acland were officers of high attainments and tried courage. Before the expedition left Canada the officers were mortified to find that the whole design of the campaign was known. The publicity of the plans was thought to have come from Lord George Germain, among whose manifold bad qualities was well-known "leakiness"; but this need not be added to Lord George's sins, for it re-

quired no military ability to see what a strong expedition from Canada meant while the British had military possession of New York.

Carleton resigned command to Burgoyne at picturesque Fort Chambly, and Chambly Basin, on the Richelieu, the ruins of which still interest the tourist, and on the 17th of June the expedition was at last fairly under marching orders. At that date they were upon the western border of Lake Champlain, whence the army was transported in boats to Crown Point, near the southern extremity of the lake. Here they were joined by several hundred more Indians, whom Burgoyne harangued in their own flowery style, endeavoring to impress upon them the necessity of civilized principles in warfare; in spite of which they afterwards scalped the wounded, and committed other barbarities, as they had always done. The general said he looked upon their employment as a necessary evil, and that "although he spoke daggers, he used none"; for which weak speech he was severely blamed by both friend and foe. As it turned out, the Indians gave him much trouble and no real assistance.

By the last day of June the British force was prepared to attack Ticonderoga, which commanded the passage from Champlain to Lake George, the most important post in the region, the key to the valley of the lakes, and called by the Indians "the gate of the country." Ages before the white man came the outlet of Lake George was called by the northern Indians "the place where everybody fights."

Ticonderoga had been taken by Arnold in 1775, and so strengthenend as to be considered impregnable. General St. Clair was in command of the garrison, of about three thousand men. The reduction of this post was essential to Burgoyne's operations, and he issued a stirring general order on the occasion. Meanwhile several days of severe labor were passed in bringing up guns and provisions, and in forming a depot and hospital.

On the 5th of July, Sugar Loaf Hill, to the south of Ticonderoga, was occupied by General Frazer, and St. Clair called a council, which decided that the neglect to fortify Sugar Loaf Hill had rendered Ticonderoga untenable; so the latter was evacuated by night, and on the 6th the British colors floated over the stronghold.

Burgoyne, writing of this evacuation, says, "At present they are collecting at Fort Edward, but I cannot believe, though I hope and wish it, that they mean to wait for me, either here or at Saratoga."

There was great exultation in England over the capture of Ticonderoga. The king rushed into the queen's apartments with the dispatch, crying, "I have beat them,—I have beat all the Americans!" and the event was announced in Parliament as if it was decisive of the cam-

paign, and of the fate of the colonies. The success was, indeed, a great one; everything like stores or munitions of war which was in Ticonderoga being lost, either then or in the pursuit, which continued to Whitehall. Upon the reception of the news in England the Order of the Bath was proffered Burgoyne, and refused by the Earl of Derby on his behalf,—the reason for which is not known, especially as Burgoyne was greedy of place and honors. Walpole says it was because he was angry at not having already received it for his services in Portugal. Washington was much depressed by the loss of Ticonderoga, but expressed the opinion that over-confidence from easy succcess might hurry Burgoyne on to measures from which the Continentals might derive advantage. St. Clair, who was a good soldier, was court-martialed for this business; took the responsibility, in a manly way, and was acquitted.

The British general pursued the retreating garrison, and forced them to destroy their stores and baggage, as has been said, and General Frazer had a fight with their rear-guard, under Colonel Hill, at Fort Anne. The contest was a stubborn one until Burgoyne arrived in person with reinforcements, when the fort was burnt, and the Americans continued their retreat to Fort Edward, which was held by Putnam with a considerable force,—many of them raised in the neighborhood, and being, as Riedesel states, "naturally soldiers, and excellent marksmen."

By July 11 the main English force had advanced half-way down Lake George, and was already inconvenienced by the want of provisions, tents, and baggage. Roads had to be constructed over extensive morasses, creeks cleared out and bridged, and much other severe labor performed. While this was being done the commanding general, in the course of his correspondence, writes to express his regret that he is not permitted by his instructions to make a real attack upon the New England provinces, where the rebellion originated. "If my late letters reach General Howe, I still hope this plan may be adopted from Albany; in the mean while my utmost exertions shall continue to force a junction." Just before leaving Ticonderoga, and before his real difficulties began, Burgoyne had issued an inflated proclamation, calling upon the loyalists for assistance. The Continentals met this with parodies and squibs, such as

> "I swear, by St. George and St. Paul,
> I will exterminate you all:
> Subscribed with my manual sign,
> To test these presents, John Burgoyne."

We at least learn from this couplet how they pronounced the general's name in those days.

During the slow southern progress of his army occurred the murder of Miss McCrea by some of his Indian contingent. The general insisted upon the delivery of the murderers by the tribe, although it was represented to him that, if these were executed, the Indians would retire in a body, and probably massacre all the whites they encountered upon their return. Burgoyne replied that he would rather lose every one of them than connive at their enormities; but he was, nevertheless, obliged, eventually, to forego his purpose, and the brutes escaped punishment. The general was very severely and properly blamed in England for making use of such allies, while in America it did real good to the cause.

While still upon Lake George, feeling that he could spare no troops for the purpose, he asked Sir Guy Carleton for a garrison for Ticonderoga, but Sir Guy naturally felt sore, and was entirely within his orders in refusing to comply. This, with the fact that the Americans still held possession of Forts George and Edward, the one at the head of the lake, the other sixteen miles south, near the Hudson, and many other thickening difficulties now becoming apparent, would almost seem to have been sufficient to justify him in abandoning the campaign.

In the rear of the posts mentioned Schuyler and Arnold (the latter having been sent to the north at the special request of Washington) were collecting an army; and it became necessary for Burgoyne to make a very difficult and laborious flank movement through forests and morasses, which, however, resulted in placing the forts in his hands. He did this to avoid the discouraging appearance of retreat, by going round again by Lake George, and thus having water-carriage for a large part of the way. All baggage had been ordered back to Ticonderoga, and some favoritism was shown in exacting obedience to this order, in which the Germans thought themselves unjustly treated. These, and other causes of jealousy between the English and German troops, led to troubles and correspondence, which added materially to his other anxieties and vexations.

Especially was this the case as Burgoyne was now making up his mind to cut loose from his communications and to march to meet the Americans collected about Saratoga. He writes at this time, "I am in total ignorance of the situation or intentions of Sir William Howe." That general, instead of pushing north and meeting Burgoyne, had left a small garrison at New York, and was preparing to attack Philadelphia. But there was no room for doubt in Burgoyne's mind as to his course. If he cut loose and marched south he incurred great dan-

ger, while, should Howe have marched north and failed to meet Burgoyne, that army would be exposed to the same dangers. He *must* advance.

Before doing so he resolved, against the advice of Riedesel, to attempt the capture of the stores, so necessary to his army, which had been accumulated by the Continentals at Bennington, in the shape of flour, grain, and cattle. For this purpose he sent a picked force, under General Frazer, Colonel Breyman, and Lieutenant-Colonel Baume. They were signally defeated by Stark, with the loss of Colonel Baume and seven hundred rank and file, while the delay caused by this diversion caused a great reaction, and enabled the Americans to complete their preparations in the neighborhood of Saratoga. In the mean time Burgoyne had sent messengers to make their way to the force from Howe's command, which he supposed to be ascending the Hudson. Several of these were taken and hanged.

General Gates had now assumed chief command at Saratoga, and was concentrating a large force there, while Burgoyne, having received some supplies and a scanty reinforcement of Germans, was preparing to cross the Hudson. He intended to push on and to fortify somewhere about Albany, and there to await Howe. General St. Leger was to make a strong diversion by the capture of Fort Stanwix, in which he entirely failed, and retreated in a panic before Arnold, who had been sent to its relief, was within forty miles of him. Schuyler was greatly blamed for detaching Arnold on this service, which proved to be one of the most important and successful points of the compaign. He is said to have been overheard debating the point with himself, and finally soliloquizing, "By G—d! let them call me a traitor, if they will, —Arnold shall do it!" Burgoyne's action by detachments pleased Washington, and fulfilled his predictions that he would fritter away his strength.

The English general was by this time in correspondence with Gates concerning the alleged ill treatment of the Germans and loyal Provincials taken at Bennington, having sent the American general a letter by the hands of Dr. Wood, a British military surgeon. They were despised by the Americans, and, no doubt, had not very indulgent treatment, and the English general foolishly threatened retaliation, to which Gates replied with a taunt about Indian allies. Both Generals Lincoln and Wilkinson were shown Gates's letter to Burgoyne, and both expressed the opinion that it was too personal, which Gates did not at all like.

By the middle of September, Burgoyne thought himself in a condition to advance again, and having sent his sick and wounded to Canada

and left a garrison at Ticonderoga, he announced that "Britons never retrograded," and crossed the Hudson on the 14th by a bridge of boats, taking his position on the plains of Saratoga. Riedesel distinctly says that he was never consulted by Burgoyne upon any military movements, but appears to have thought his pushing on very imprudent.

After passing the river the general received his first and only dispatch from Howe, which was written in very small characters and conveyed in a quill. It was vague in terms, and was the means of conveying no comfort in his perplexities.

Washington wrote about this time, "I think we may now count upon the total ruin of Burgoyne." The latter was, indeed, in a most uneviable position. He was in ignorance that Clinton could not advance from New York without reinforcements, and only knew that he himself had advanced in obedience to orders, and that as soon as he crossed the river the enemy would gather in his rear, intercept his supplies, and render retreat hazardous, if not impossible. His uncertainty must have been most harassing and distressing. During this time swarms of recruits were joining Gates, and as his opponent, overcoming natural obstacles, slowly made his way along the west bank of the Hudson, the Americans, who had been encamped at Saratoga, fell back upon Stillwater, and then to Bemus' Heights, where a strong position had been fortified by Kosciusko. The right of this position, on the ridge near the river, was held by Gates himself, while the left, under Arnold, held high ground, covered by abattis and log breastworks, the approach to which was intersected by a deep ravine. The entire position was covered by forest.

On the morning of September 19 occurred what has been called the accidental battle of Freeman's Farm, which was much like some of the "soldiers' battles" of the late war. Burgoyne advanced in three columns from Sword's to feel the American position. He himself led the centre, Frazer and Breyman the right, and Phillips and Riedesel the left. The American right was considered too strong, so they converged upon open ground at Freeman's Farm,—a small clearing,—feeling their way towards the American left. The artillery then opened and the British infantry advanced, but were met by Arnold's troops, who attacked Frazer with great fury. The ground was so difficult that it was two in the afternoon before the action became general, or any of the American general officers arrived upon the field. Arnold, after urging and begging, secured Gates's permission to send Morgan and Dearborn to meet the enemy.

Lossing says Gates gave no orders for the battle, but assented to Arnold's propositions. He adds: "But for Arnold, on that eventful

day, Burgoyne would doubtless have marched into Albany a victor"; which is not, however, likely, with such an army as Gates had to resist him. Wilkinson, who did not like Arnold, says Gates and Arnold were together in front of the camp, when Major Lewis came from the scene of action, and announced the battle as undecided. "By G—d! I'll put an end to it!" said Arnold, and dashed off. It is stated by one of our first historians that Arnold was not on the field at the battle of Freeman's Farm, but Colonels Varick and Livingston, General Burgoyne himself, and several other persons bear written testimony to the fact that he not only was there, but, towards the close, the principal actor.

After a severe fight the Americans, about sunset, fell back upon their entrenchments, while the British, having suffered heavy loss, lay upon their arms upon the field. Burgoyne intended to attack again in force the next morning, but Frazer opposed the movement on account of the fatigue of the grenadiers and light infantry, and, as a messenger just then arrived from Sir Henry Clinton with intelligence of his movement against Fort Montgomery, Burgoyne very naturally decided to await developments. Accordingly, on the 20th, he intrenched himself somewhat to the rear of the battle-ground of the previous day, extending his lines to the river. The battle had been disastrous to the British,—although they slept upon the field,—for, after it, many of the Indians deserted, and the colonial loyal volunteers melted away, some of them, it is said, even going over to swell the American force. Indeed, the battle crippled Burgoyne, and it is stated that of the Sixty-second Regiment, which left Canada five hundred strong, there remained, after this first fight, but sixty men and four or five officers fit for duty.

Prior to the action of the 19th, Lieutenant Hardin (afterwards General Hardin, of Kentucky, a most gallant officer, who was killed by the Indians, near Sandusky, in 1791, while bearing them a message from Washington) had been detached to the British rear, to pick up prisoners and intelligence,—a dangerous duty. On his way back, on the 22d, he met an Indian warrior on the narrow wood-path, who was the bearer of a dispatch from Burgoyne to General Powell, at Ticonderoga, in which Burgoyne claimed a victory at Freeman's Farm. Hardin and the Indian met suddenly, and both fired at the same time, at only a few paces' distance. Hardin was grazed by his opponent's ball, while the Indian was killed. Hardin brought in his pouch, with the letters.

Immediately after the battle Arnold urged a renewed and crushing attack upon the British intrenchments, which Gates would not permit.

A quarrel ensued, which was aggravated by the fact that, in his report of the events of the 19th, Gates had not done justice to the troops engaged. Schuyler says, "Everybody I have conversed with on the subject of the dispute between Gates and him, thinks Arnold has been extremely ill treated. Gates will probably be indebted to him (Arnold) for the glory he may acquire by a victory, but perhaps he is so very sure of success that he does not wish the other to come in for a share of it." Neilson, Carrington, and other writers confirm Livingston's words, who writes of Arnold, "He is the life and soul of the troops. Believe me, sir, to him alone is due the honor of our late victory."

As the result of the disagreement Arnold was suspended from command, and, at his own request, received orders to report at Philadelphia. But he repented of his haste, and still lingered in the camp.

On the day after the battle, as has already been stated, Burgoyne received a letter in cipher from Clinton, to say that he hoped to be able to advance to meet him about the 22d of September. A reply was at once written, urging speed in his movements, and the paper inclosed in a silver bullet, with which the bearer made his way to Fort Montgomery. Inquiring for General Clinton, he was led into the presence of General Clinton, of the American army, the same who was afterwards governor of New York. On discovering his mistake the man swallowed the ball, but the act being observed, an emetic was administered, the dispatch discovered, and the bearer at once hanged as a spy.

Captain Scott, of the Fifty-third British Regiment, succeeded, however, in getting through with a dispatch, finding Sir Henry Clinton on board the flag-ship of Commodore Hotham. Scott set out upon his return to Burgoyne, but, having learned the news of that general's surrender, was obliged to return to the British squadron. Of course Burgoyne's demands for aid by these messengers were very urgent, and in the mean time he was strengthening his position, the precarious nature of which was increased by the necessity of placing his troops on a very reduced ration.

But even at this time Riedesel, an experienced soldier, was the only one who advocated a retreat upon Fort Edward, or rather Fort George; Burgoyne fancying that, should he execute such a manœuvre, he would abandon to the whole strength of Gates the force which he supposed to be advancing from the south to his assistance.

In this trying position days were passed in waiting for the tidings of co-operation, which never came; though Clinton at that time had been successful in capturing Forts Montgomery and Clinton,—after a spirited resistance,—in cutting the chain at Anthony's Nose, and in

causing the Americans to burn two frigates. He at once sent General Vaughan up the river with barges of provisions, who, having burnt Esopus, or Kingston, had his provision-boats and their guards only forty miles below Albany when the surrender took place. These successes of Clinton's force perhaps influenced General Gates in his subsequent negotiations.

After many days Burgoyne determined to make another reconnoissance in force upon the American left; and on the morning of October 7th, with fifteen hundred regulars and ten guns, deployed his line within three-quarters of a mile of that of the Americans, while he sent a body of Provincials and Indians around to gain their rear. The Continentals did not await attack, but advanced promptly, and in a few minutes the action became general. The British line repulsed the first attack, and advanced in turn with loud cheers. At this time Arnold (who had remained in camp, as has been said, after being deprived of command) asked Gates's permission to serve as a volunteer, even in the ranks, but was refused. The noise of battle waxing higher, Arnold, chafing at the fact that the troops which he had formed were being led by another, at last sprung upon his horse and galloped off to the front, saying, "No man shall keep me in my tent to-day! If I am without command, I will fight in the ranks!" Gates sent orderlies, and even his adjutant, to stop him, but, waving them aside, and calling upon the troops to follow him, he threw himself upon the advancing British line with reckless fury. Frazer saw the danger, and rode forward, forming a conspicuous mark, and it was then that Morgan selected a rifleman and said, "That is a gallant officer, but he must die! Take post in those bushes, and do your duty!" Frazer fell, mortally wounded, and afterwards died in Riedesel's quarters, where he had been expected to dinner on that very day.

Meantime the battle became a hand-to-hand conflict. Bayonets were crossed, guns taken and retaken, Continentals and British grenadiers contended foot to foot, but the fire of Morgan's riflemen cut great gaps in the solid British line, which there were no reserves to stop. Morgan always used a "turkey call" in directing the movements of his riflemen, which was invariably heard and obeyed in all the roar of battle, just as the peculiar tone of the boatswain's "call" is heard above the roar of the elements at sea. Finally, one of the British guns was turned against them, and Arnold charged through their centre, carrying all before him, the British column at last regaining their camp with the loss of ten guns, and hundreds of killed and wounded. Before they could all get back to shelter Arnold was upon them again, and repelled from the centre by grape, he attacked the Germans furiously upon their

right, crashing into their camp, and, although severely wounded, passing through to the rear, when he had his black horse killed. It is a pity he had not died then and there, on the field of his glory.

Colonel Breyman was shot through the heart, and the Germans, who had hitherto behaved handsomely, either broke and fled or surrendered. Night now interposed. Burgoyne's position had become untenable, and during the night he effected a change, occupying some high ground in the rear of the extreme left of his original intrenched camp.

The Americans at once made a corresponding change, a large column being posted upon the river, within twelve hundred yards of the British lines. This was a dreadful night for Burgoyne! His favorite aide-de-camp was lost, General Frazer was dying, Major Acland was wounded and a prisoner, Sir James Clarke was killed. A heavy rain fell, drenching the weary soldiers, as well as the wounded and dying, whose groans were heard on every side. The general had himself had several narrow escapes during the day,—his clothes and hat had been pierced with balls, and very likely he regretted that one had not found some vital spot.

For this day's work Gates was obliged to condone Arnold's offenses and in his dispatch gave him credit for high gallantry, as well as Morgan and Dearborn. The latter, a country doctor when the war commenced, rose to be the senior general of the army.

On the morning of the 8th of October the Americans resumed the attack, but not in force, sending skirmishers to annoy the British troops within their lines, and placing a body of troops on the eastern bank of the river to cut off their retreat. That evening General Frazer was buried (according to his dying wish) in the great redoubt in front of the abandoned English camp. The American artillery opened fire upon the group, but when they became aware of the nature of their business, silenced their batteries and only fired minute-guns. The fine picture of this soldier's funeral, by Graham, is well known by its engravings. On the evening of the 8th a strong American column threatening to turn the English right, the latter at once fell back upon Saratoga. Under the circumstances the labor was tremendous, and they were forced to recommend the sick and wounded in their hospitals to Gates's humanity, upon which they did not reckon in vain.

Burgoyne's note to Gates upon this subject was retained by Wilkinson, who gives a fac-simile of it, and of another in regard to Mrs. Acland. It is remarkably well written for a man in Burgoyne's critical position. The wounded were left in charge of Dr. Hayes,—afterwards Sir John Hayes,—an eminent medical practitioner in London. On

reaching Saratoga, the heights were found to be in possession of the Americans, and soon the whole ground was invested by large numbers, and the British army completely cut off. The possibility of a retreat upon Fort Edward was now considered,—the troops to carry their provisions and to abandon artillery and wagons. But before anything of the kind could be attempted scouts discovered that the Americans were not only intrenched opposite the fords, but also upon high ground, with guns, between Fort Edward and Fort George, and their posts were so near the river as to prevent the English from moving without discovery. Thus they lay in their intrenchments until the 13th, continually under arms, and with cannon-ball, grape, and rifle-shot searching every part at the pleasure of their beleaguerers. The weather was bad, the provisions failed, what rations they got being carried up from the river under fire. The men were worn out by exposure, incessant labor, and fighting. On the 12th, Burgoyne had called a council of war, which had recommended a night retreat, which was prevented by the already mentioned dispositions of the Americans. After another weary night Burgoyne submitted to the council the only alternative,—surrender. The unanimous decision was that "the present situation justifies a capitulation upon honorable terms." The general therefore sent Gates a message by Major Kingston, proposing "a cessation of arms during the time necessary to communicate the preliminary terms by which, in any extremity, he and his army mean to abide." Propositions and answers now followed, and after some negotiation it was agreed that "the troops under General Burgoyne were to march out of their camp with the honors of war, and the artillery of the intrenchments, to the verge of the river, where their arms and artillery must be left; the arms to be piled by command from their own officers." "A free passage to be granted to the army under General Burgoyne to Great Britain, upon condition of not serving again in North America during the present contest; and the port of Boston to be assigned for the entry of transports to receive the troops, whenever General Howe shall so order." The English were greatly astonished that Gates should receive proposals couched in such language from an enemy that was really in extremity. It shows the use of the "stiff upper lip." News coming, after the convention was made, of Clinton's successes on the Hudson, it was seriously proposed by some of Burgoyne's officers to break the contract. But it must be said for Burgoyne that having once made the capitulation, he had no thoughts of breaking his word. His subordinates, who debated the matter, had never been taken into Burgoyne's confidence, and did not even then realize that such a proceeding would have led to their being cut to pieces.

Finally the capitulation took place. His biographer says that as Burgoyne approached the American headquarters on Bemus' Heights General Gates met him with extended hand, saying,—

"I am glad to see you."

"I am not glad to see you," replied Burgoyne; "it is my fortune, sir, and not my fault, that I am here."

Wilkinson, who was present, and conducted a great part of the negotiations for the surrender, says that Burgoyne said, "The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner."

Gates replied, "I shall always be ready to bear testimony that it has not been through any fault of your excellency."

We would prefer to take Wilkinson's account of what passed, as he was certainly present. In other matters he is not so reliable, and, when he rose to high rank in the United States army, had, as is well known, to undergo, in 1811, an inquiry by a committee of Congress, in regard to the Florida and Louisiana transfers, as to whether he had corruptly received money from Spain or its agents, and as to his having been an accomplice of Aaron Burr in "a project against the dominion of the king of Spain, or dismember these United States, and, generally, into the condition of the said James Wilkinson as brigadier-general of the army of the United States."

The two generals at once entered a marquee, and in a short time came out again. "The American commander faced front, and Burgoyne did the same, standing on his left. Not a word was spoken, and for some minutes they stood silently gazing on the scene before them; the one, no doubt, in the pride of honest success, the other the victim of regret and sensibility." Burgoyne was a large, florid, stoutly-formed man, with a handsome face and figure, and an imposing air. Gates was a much smaller man, with none of the pretention which distinguished Burgoyne. "Presently, as by a previous understanding, the English general stepped back, drew his sword, and in the face of the two armies, as it were, presented it to General Gates, who received it and instantly returned it in the most courteous manner."

The British force then marched to the river-bank, where, out of sight of the Americans (an arrangement said by Fonblanque to have been suggested by Gates), they piled arms. According to Bancroft five thousand seven hundred and ninety-one surrendered, and there were already eighteen hundred and fifty-six prisoners of war, either taken in battle or abandoned sick and wounded. There were at least three hundred deserters, and the British loss during the campaign was about ten thousand, with four thousand six hundred muskets surrendered and forty-two pieces of the most approved artillery.

Gates did not report this all-important surrender to General Washington, but sent Wilkinson to make his report to Congress direct; and the latter did not reach that body until fifteen days had elapsed, by which time all the facts were known through private sources. It took him three days more to put his papers in order to lay before Congress, one of the members of which made a motion that they should compliment Colonel Wilkinson with the gift of a pair of spurs.

As soon as the arms were laid down bread was at once served to the prisoners, who were destitute of that important portion of their ration. Deeply as the British troops felt their humiliation, all testimony concurs that they had no resentment against their general, who appears throughout to have retained their confidence and affection.

On the day after the capitulation the captive army was ordered to Boston. During the march, at that season, they naturally suffered much from exposure and scarcity of food, while great animosity was shown towards the Germans by the people along the route, who reviled and abused them as hirelings. Madame de Riedesel, in her "Memoirs," gives instances of this treatment, and abuses the Americans roundly in her turn. She does not allow General Burgoyne himself to escape without severe stricture for his supposed prejudice against the Germans. In a letter written immediately after his surrender, Burgoyne states that he supposes it was "the will of the state to risk a corps of troops to assist the great and general arrangements of the campaign." * * * "Mine was a forlorn hope, with this difference,—that it was not supported." * * * "The utmost that malevolence can say will be that I have been too bold." In the same letter he speaks of the Germans as "dispirited, and ready to club their arms at the first fire;" which, if true, is not much to be wondered at. "The consolation I have received from a public view of the army of Gates is, I confess, extreme. I have now the stubborn fact, witnessed by every officer and soldier in my army, that I was not much deceived by intelligence, and that I have understated his numbers in calling them sixteen thousand; and sorry am I to add that a better armed, a better bodied, a more alert, or better prepared army in all essential points of military institution, I am afraid, is not to be found on our side of the queston. When all these facts are notorious, I am in hopes I shall receive honor, and not disgrace, from the public."

Sir Guy Carleton, writing about these events, considers that Burgoyne's orders required him to force his way at all hazards, and adds, "this unfortunate event, it is to be hoped, will in future prevent ministers from pretending to direct operations of war in a country at three thousand miles distance."

General Wilkinson says, in his "Memoirs," "The conduct of Burgoyne on this occasion marked the soldier, regardless of personal motives, faithful to his profession, and solely intent on the execution of his instructions." He ascribes Burgoyne's misadventure to the express order he had received to form a junction with Sir William Howe. "He might otherwise have taken a safe position within reach of his magazines at Fort George and waited events."

By the time Burgoyne's army arrived in the environs of Boston, Congress had declined to ratify the convention made with Gates until it had also been approved by the British crown and by Parliament. Burgoyne remonstrated, writing both to Gates and to Congress, and Washington supported him; but there was delay on various grounds, among others that the military chest had not been delivered, nor some of the colors (which was true, for Madame de Riedesel says that the staves were burned, and she had the colors of the Germans sewed up in her bed). In January, 1778, Congress indefinitely postponed the embarkation. Riedesel says this was due to the influence of Lafayette. The business seems to us now quite irregular. Burgoyne's firmness had obtained from Gates exceedingly favorable terms, no doubt, for which the English general should not have been held responsible. But the men who had surrendered under a positive promise of being sent home, were either regularly exchanged with ordinary prisoners of war or detained until the conclusion of peace. General Phillips was exchanged for General Lincoln, and served in America subsequently, dying in the spring of 1781, near Petersburg, Va., while in command of a raiding expedition. Burgoyne himself was not regularly exchanged until 1782.

His health and spirits broke down under this delay, especially as Lord George Germain did not hesitate to vindicate himself at the expense of his absent subordinate. Burgoyne addressed a letter to the President of Congress, asking that himself, his military family, and servants should be allowed to go to England on parole, basing the request on the state of his health. He at the same time wrote to General Washington, and Mr. de Fonblanque gives a fac-simile of the letter in reply, which, he says, "is worthy of its writer." Washington is happy that the assent of Congress prevented the necessity of his intervention. Gates wrote him that he was sorry he (Burgoyne) did not accept his (Gates's) offer to go to England in a vessel that "the State of Massachusetts Bay would have provided at my request," and at the same time he forwards him his passport from Congress. Congress, at this time, was making much of Gates, whose influence was, of course, very great. He was enjoying honors, many of which had

been won for him by others, as is now well known, and he was not long in falling from his high estate after the battle of Camden. His ambitious and disloyal intrigues to supplant Washington in the supreme command, and in the confidence and love of the people at large, were then succeeded by the enforced retirement and vain and bitter musings of a man "forgotten as thoroughly as though he had died long years before."

Before his departure Burgoyne wrote to General Riedesel, bearing testimony to the value of his services, which the baron acknowledged with gratitude; although later he and others openly attributed to the commanding general's rashness the failure of the expedition.

Having given his parole, Burgoyne embarked at Rhode Island, on board the "Juno" frigate, in April, 1778, and thus terminated his connection with American affairs.

General Burgoyne's failure in his American campaign resulted, according to his biographer, from three radical errors,—the inherent strategical vices of the project, the alternate interference and negligence of the Cabinet in its executive details, and the want of administrative arrangement and preparedness in the essentials of army supply. In the latter the British army appears always to have been weak.

The principal fault was undoubtedly the policy of expecting combined action between two armies situated as those of Burgoyne and Clinton were. Besides all this, Burgoyne had not the transportation necessary to place him in Albany before the Americans had time to recover from their retreat and dispersion, and he had, moreover, set out with the dangerous contempt of his enemy, characteristic of the man and of his nation, in which experience did not justify him. Two years of warfare had converted a raw militia into veterans, disciplined and animated by indomitable spirit and resolution. They were led, too, by excellent officers, under Washington's direction, acknowledged on all sides to be a general of genius, and they were aided by the physical features of the country and the sympathy of the population.

Chivalrous feeling with regard to Clinton's force and position no doubt prevented Burgoyne from properly estimating the danger he encountered in crossing the Hudson, to which must be added the necessity of obeying positive orders. But neither of these reasons was sufficient to cause a prudent and skillful general, without definite intelligence, to run his head into a trap, unless led by conceit and overweening confidence.

De Peyster, in one of his well-considered articles, says, "His (Burgoyne's) failure was ascribed by Von Bulow to the Fabian policy of Schuyler, the engineering ability of Kosciusko, and the activity,

bravery and capacity of Arnold,—all three applying, with sagacity, the patriotic efforts of the militia of New York, who stuck to their colors and acted the soldier, unlike so many of the New England citizen soldiers, who caballed against Schuyler and did not fight." Schuyler was a gentleman, an officer, and a patriot, but his somewhat abrupt and dictatorial manners did not suit the Eastern "citizen soldiery."

In England, Howe had certainly been expected to send Clinton with a sufficient force to meet Burgoyne, and Howe defeated these expectations by going off to Maryland. If he had not had the success at Brandywine, he would probably have been held resposible for Burgoyne's disaster; as it was, he was constrained to resign his command and return to England, when a Parliamentary inquiry into his conduct was begun, but came to naught, as most such things do.

The news of Burgoyne's surrender reached England, *via* Quebec, on the 2d of December, and produced universal consternation. When his own dispatch arrived, it was found to be couched in dignified language, and written with proper feeling; but, as Lord Mahon remarks, "he had better have beaten the enemy and misspelt every word of his dispatch; for so, probably, the great Duke of Marlborough would have done both the one and the other."

Lord George Germain of course at once sacrificed him, letting loose upon him the ministerial press, which for months continued to detract from his military reputation and to vilify his private character, in which, it must be confessed, there were spots.

His personal friends, as well as the opposition in Parliament, came to his defense, and Lord Shelburne, in his place in the House of Lords, directly charged Lord George Germain with having brought about the disaster, saying that he had sent positive orders to one general and discretionary orders to the other. Lord Chatham spoke in the same strain, defending Burgoyne, paying a compliment to the humanity of Gates, and taxing the ministry with willfully misleading the king. Fox, as leader of the oppostion, followed in severe condemnation of Germain, as did Colonels Barré, Luttrell, and others; but all attempts to get the actual correspondence and orders submitted were fruitless, nor could a court of inquiry be obtained by Burgoyne. Although the king rather favored it, he was overruled by Germain. Burgoyne had arrived in England in May, and at once asked for an audience by the king, which was refused. He then demanded a court-martial, which was refused also, on the ground that he was a prisoner of war. He then determined to appeal to the country from his seat in Parliament, and even this action was opposed on the same grounds, but unsuccessfully, and he made his appearance and expressed a willingness to answer any questions.

Horace Walpole describes the scene. Burgoyne's speech is said to have been very moderate, and rested upon his having been left no discretionary power, his instructions having been "positive, peremptory, and indispensable." He "only asked inquiry, and while he sought the only means left him for the protection of his character, he avoided everything like personal recrimination; bore generous testimony to the co-operation of Carleton, and the efforts of Clinton; abstained from blaming Howe, and spoke in terms of praise of the American army." Luttrell now again moved for an inquiry, and was so severe upon Lord George Germain as to lead to a kind of challenge from the latter, when both were arrested by the sergeant-at-arms and forced to promise not to fight, which probably suited one of them very well. Lord George Germain, formerly Lord George Sackville, had been in the British army, and was cashiered for cowardice in 1759, and Burgoyne was thus condemned by the man who had been found guilty, at Minden, of the gravest charge which could be preferred against a soldier. His worst enemy never charged Burgoyne with cowardice. Luttrell's motion was lost.

In February, 1779, the Duke of Richmond moved that no more reinforcements be sent to America; and again, in March, that the army should be withdrawn, "to avert disgrace and bloodshed in the prosecution of an unjust and hopeless war." Both these motions were lost.

In May, Burgoyne seconded and supported a resolution that Parliament should not be prorogued, but remain sitting, to forward measures for the restoration of peace, and on this occasion flatly charged Lord George Germain with attempting to evade responsibility by the sacrifice of his agent.

Immediately upon this Burgoyne received the king's commands to rejoin his captive army, he being still absent on parole. He remonstrated against this order as unnecessary, and prejudicial to his health, and the king, with some lingering feeling of kindness for his former favorite, suspended its execution. The general continued his efforts to release the captive army, and to obtain a court for himself; and much recrimination went on in Parliament, one of Lord George Germain's supporters charging Burgoyne with having sacrificed his army, humiliated British soldiers, and then left them to their fate, while he was enjoying the luxuries of London. The general replied that "he was there to vindicate their conduct and his own honor. To see himself disgraced without a hearing, to hear the most abominable falsehoods circulated against him, to be denied a share in the defense of his country; these were the luxuries which he enjoyed."

At last, in May, 1779, Colonel Barré made another motion for an

inquiry, which was passed, but not without angry remonstrance on the part of Lord George Germain and Lord North. The committee met, and Burgoyne offered his own evidence and the testimony of his principal officers, as well as Sir Guy Carleton, and afterwards made a speech in review. Lord George Germain did not appear, or send a single witness or document, so that Burgoyne was really vindicated in the public estimation in England, although Parliament was prorogued before the final decision was made, and therefore there was no record of any acquittal. As Parliamentary proceedings at that time had little publicity, he, by the advice of friends, printed the proceedings, and pointed out how Lord George Germain "had sacrified an army to a trip to the country." Upon the prorogation Burgoyne again received orders to proceed to America as a prisoner of war. He expressed his willingness to obey the king's command as soon as he was restored to a capacity for service by the sentence of a court-martial; and in case this act of justice, which every soldier, however criminal, had a right to, being denied him, he begged his Majesty to accept the resignation of every appointment he held, except his commission as lieutenant-general in the army, which was necessary for him to fulfill his obligation of parole.

The final decision of the Cabinet was a refusal to restore him to a capacity for service; and his resignation as colonel of the Queen's Dragoons, his staff appointments, and the government of Fort William was accepted. He was allowed to retain his commission as lieutenant-general for the reason given. Burgoyne resigned these military appointments without consultation with his friends,—who would most probably have advised against such step,—and then devoted himself entirely to his Parliamentary duties, in which he particularly attended to Indian affairs and to the army. A great change also took place in his views as regarded America, as he had become convinced that the subjugation of the colonies by force of arms was impossible, personal experience having shown him that the two great elements to which England had trusted for success—the military weakness and incapacity of the Americans, and the loyalty of a large and influential part of the colonists—were a false reliance.

The genius of Washington, the success of his army, and the almost complete unanimity of Congress had dispelled many illusions, and a great change in the feeling upon the subject was taking place in England. The king and Lord George Germain were still infatuated and determined, but they stood almost alone, as Lord North, by this time, began to admit the hopelessness of their efforts. At last, in November, 1781, an aide-de-camp from Clinton arrived in London with intelli-

gence of the imminent danger of Lord Cornwallis's army, and a fortnight later news of his surrender was received. Still the king was stubborn, and still he was supported by Lord George Germain, and operations were continued. But in February, 1782, General Conway offered a resolution in the House of Commons against continuing the war, and such was the change in public opinion that it was lost by only one vote. Other measures of a similar nature were introduced. Events continued their course in spite of royal threats; "the ministry fell; negotiations for peace commenced; the British empire did not collapse, and the king of England did not abdicate."

"England has mainly to thank two men" (Lords North and George Germain) "for the loss of thirteen colonies and two armies, and for an addition of one hundred millions to the national debt." A few weeks after the formation of the ministry which succeeded that of Lord North, Burgoyne was offered the appointment of commander-in-chief of the forces in Ireland,—a position of dignity and considerable emolument, and then of great importance, owing to the very disaffected state of the country, and the threat of foreign intervention in support of Irish claims. He was also made a privy councillor. Rapid changes in ministry followed, during which Burgoyne's friends, especially Charles James Fox, managed to procure him another colonelcy,—that of the Eighth Dragoons,—but it turned out that the incumbent, who was supposed to be dying, would not die; and this rather ridiculous incident is only important as showing the king's change of mind as regarded Burgoyne. The latter eventually received the colonelcy of the Fourth Foot.

In Parliament, Burgoyne continued to take interest in Indian affairs, and spoke frequently and well upon the subject. In the beginning of 1784 he resigned his Irish appointment on political grounds, owing to a change in the lord-lieutenancy. The king resented his resignation, and his evident determination to throw himself altogether with the opposition, and this caused a final estrangement.

In 1785, Burgoyne served upon a board composed of land and sea officers, appointed to report upon a system of defense against foreign invasion, and upon the proper plans for securing the dock-yards at Portsmouth and Plymouth. Lord Cornwallis was a member of this board, and writes: "Carleton and Grey never will admit the intended works are strong enough; . . . Sir D. Lindsay is of the same opinion. The only two who oppose all fortifications are Earl Percy and Burgoyne," and they, with Sir John Jervis (afterwards Lord St. Vincent), made a minority report. Burgoyne afterwards opposed vigorously in Parliament the appropriations for these works upon both

military and financial grounds, and the appropriation was defeated by the casting vote of the Speaker. In speaking of this action of Parliament, General Burgoyne's son, Sir John Burgoyne, said, in 1860, "The consequences have ever since been felt in increasing our sense of insecurity to meet emergencies that may arise at any time on any short warning."

Burgoyne about this time also interested himself in procuring a pension for Sir Guy Carleton, paying a full tribute in his speech to the zeal of that officer in assisting the outfit of his own unfortunate expedition. General Sir Guy Carleton, K. B., colonel of the Fourth Dragoons, was created Lord Dorchester in 1786, and for his services in America received a pension of one thousand pounds for three lives. He outlived Burgoyne by sixteen years.

When, in 1787, the impeachment of Warren Hastings was carried, Burgoyne was a member of the committee of management of the prosecution, which contained, among others, such names as Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Windham, and Grey. He took an active part in the collection and collation of evidence, but did not live to see the termination of the trial, which lasted from February, 1788, to April, 1795, or during seven sessions of Parliament.

The last strictly professional act of Burgoyne was in 1789, when he proffered his services (in a long letter, couched in his usual grandiloquent style), in consequence of threatened hostilities with Spain, upon the dispute as to the exclusive right of the latter to trade with China. War was averted, however.

The gout had by this time taken a firm hold upon the general. Disappointment and persecution had also told upon a remarkable constitution. It was said by his friends that after Saratoga there was always a shade upon his brow. During the session of 1792 he attended to his Parliamentary duties with his usual assiduity, but in the summer was seized with a sudden attack of his disease, and died in London on August 4. His last speech in Parliament was a plea for the army, advocating an addition to the soldiers' pay. In his will he desired that he should be privately buried in Westminster Abbey, near his wife, Lady Charlotte. He left most of what property he possessed to Miss Susan Caulfield, with reversion to his son by her, and a recommendation that the boy should enter the naval service, as "most proper, and honorable and promising for a young man in his circumstances." This, by the by, has ever, and in all countries, been the popular estimation of the naval service.

General Burgoyne left very little property, and his "will" amounted to very little, so far as means of carrying out his intentions were con-

cerned. But his life-long friend, Lord Derby, saw that his wishes in regard to his illegitimate son were carried out, except that, luckily for him, he entered the army instead of the navy.

General Burgoyne lies buried in Westminster cloisters "without a name." The omission would have been supplied by his children when they grew up, and had the means, but the spot in which he was buried could not then be identified. Burgoyne was at all periods of his life fond of literature, and was the author of many fugitive verses, which had great success at the time, are said to have been always in good taste, and sometimes particularly graceful. He also wrote many prologues and epilogues, without which no play was then thought complete. His first dramatic composition was the "Maid of the Oasis," written in honor of Lord Stanley's marriage with the daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, and afterwards played with great success at Drury Lane, the epilogue being written by Garrick. The "Lord of the Manor" also had a great success, and, having been brought out anonymously, was attributed to Sheridan.

His greatest success, however, was in the "Heiress," which was praised by such critics as Horace Walpole and Horne Tooke. It was in the principal character that the celebrated Miss Farren captivated Lord Derby, the old friend of the author, whom she ultimately married. Burgoyne did not escape the charge of plagiarism in regard to the "Heiress," and it seems pretty clear that he did borrow some of his best ideas, but it "is impossible to deny some claim to distinction to an author who produced a comedy universally approved and admired in an epoch when Goldsmith and Sheridan were writing for the stage."

It may be interesting to military men to trace the name of Burgoyne to its extinction in this line.

The son of General John Burgoyne, who rose to higher rank in the British army than his father, has a biographer in the person of his son-in-law, Lieutenant-Colonel the Honorable George Wrottesley, Royal Engineers.

Field-Marshal Sir John Fox Burgoyne, Bart., G. C. B., colonel commandant of the Royal Engineers, constable of the Tower, lord-lieutenant, and *custos rotulorum* of Tower Hamlets, was born in July, 1782. His godfather was the celebrated Charles James Fox. After the death of Lady Charlotte Burgoyne, without issue, in 1776, General John Burgoyne formed a connection with Miss Caulfield, a professional singer of some repute, and lived with her until his death, having four children by her. The eldest of these children was the late field-marshal.

General Burgoyne acknowledged these children in his will, and pretended to make some provision for them and for their mother. But his property barely sufficed to pay his debts, and his intentions in regard to his illegitimate family were unavailing. As already mentioned in the foregoing sketch of General Burgoyne, Lord Derby came forward, took the children from the custody of the mother, maintained and educated them. "Few men would have taken such a charge upon themselves under such circumstances. This rare disinterested act makes us think kindly of Edward, twelfth Earl of Derby, who is chiefly remembered for his fondness for horses, and for having founded the great racing prize of England." General Burgoyne certainly seems to have had the power of attracting and forming great and enduring friendships. His children were brought up at "The Oaks," a property formerly owned by Burgoyne, and sold by him to Lord Derby at the time of his difficulties in 1778.

The future field-marshal was sent to a private tutor at Cambridge, and thence to Eton, where he was "fag" to Hallam, the historian. The boy passed a miserable childhood, his holidays being spent at one or other of his guardian's houses, where every servant was aware of his condition. "The master was often absent, the mistress permanently so. A poor dependent of a great house, to whose sensitive nature pity was as galling as contempt. He had a natural gentleness of disposition and power of self-control, with a distrust of his own powers and a timidity of judgment which really masked great abilities."

Lord Derby was separated from his wife, a daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, and upon her death married Miss Farren, the celebrated actress—a person of unblemished reputation. The second Lady Derby was always very kind to the Burgoyne children, one of whom afterwards married Sir Phipps Hornby, G. C. B., rear-admiral of England, and a lord of the Admiralty.

At the proper age John Fox Burgoyne entered the military academy at Woolwich instead of the navy,—the retreat for "the pickles," —as his father had directed in the will which left nothing and directed nothing. He graduated from the school in July, 1798, and was at once appointed to the Engineers. After he obtained his commission he firmly refused to receive any further allowance from his benefactor, Lord Derby. John Fox Burgoyne's first active service was in Sir Ralph Abercrombie's expedition to the Mediterranean, where he saw much varied service in Malta, Sicily, and Egypt. During this period he was also employed in some political service.

Returning to England, he went upon the expedition to Lisbon, under Sir John Moore, but Junot got there before them, and the Portu-

guese royal family had already sailed for Brazil. Sir John Moore then spent some months in an abortive expedition to Sweden, whither Burgoyne accompanied him. Later he went with Sir John to Spain, when that general met his death at Corunna. Burgoyne escaped that miserable business by being sent on duty to Vigo. Burgoyne next performed most important service with Wellington's army in the Peninsula, being present at the passage of the Douro, Talavera, and other important actions. The Duke of Wellington, who knew him well, said of him, that "if Burgoyne only knew his own value no one would equal him." Near the end of the American war of 1812-15 he was detailed as chief engineer officer to General Sir Edward Pakenham, and was thus employed while the great events of 1814-15 were occurring in Europe.

Burgoyne's journal of military occurrences contains the following laconic statements concerning the operations about New Orleans:

"December 25, 1814.—Landed near the Mississippi with Sir Edward Pakenham.

"December 28.—Advanced and reconnoitred the enemy's position.

"January 8, 1815.—Attacked the enemy's position without success. Sir Edward Pakenham killed."

In curious contrast with this curtness is the passage in his journal in which he devotes about two pages to the capture of Fort Bowyer, at Mobile Point, in the following February.

After the peace of 1815, Burgoyne was constantly and honorably employed, and rose steadily. In 1826 he was again, for a time, in service in the field, in Portugal.

He was always considered an eminently "safe" man,—such as the English War Office has always encouraged,—and was always appointed upon the royal commission when military engineers could be needed, and generally drew up the reports. He became inspector-general of fortifications, and it was to him that the Duke of Wellington addressed his letter in 1847, showing the military deficiencies of England. About 1850 he devised a plan for uniform simultaneous meteorological observation, to obtain data to elucidate the physical laws which govern the circulation of our atmosphere. An international congress to consider the subject met at Brussels soon after.

In 1854, at the urgent request of the minister at war, Burgoyne, then seventy-two years of age, proceeded to the Crimea, and had charge of the engineering works at the siege of Sebastopol until March, 1855. The conduct of the siege was not eminently brilliant, but is remarkable when we consider the age of the responsible conduc-

tor. At the peace he was made a baronet, becoming afterwards field-marshal and constable of the Tower.

In 1859 he published an essay called "Military Opinions," which excited much attention. It treats of a French invasion of England. His position as military engineer was, in spite of Crimean drawbacks, the very highest. No people but the English would have dreamed of sending an officer of seventy-two years of age to conduct a grand siege, under a general whose principle recommendations were that he was very unapproachable, had only one arm, was advanced in years, and had once served as aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington. Burgoyne was more fortunate than his chief, for the campaign killed *him*. Personally, the late field-marshal was without showy qualities either of manner or conversation, and his advancement in the early part of his life was much impeded by an extreme diffidence and distrust of his own powers. This was probably owing to his birth and early education. For this very reason he would never put to use the copious notes which he had made during the Peninsular war, but handed those valuable materials to Sir John Jones, another engineer officer, who used them in his well-known "Peninsular Sieges." Sir John Burgoyne's papers on "Coast Batteries" and "Attacks of Fortresses" stand very high among military engineers, and in England he gradually came to be the general referee of the Admiralty, the Colonial Office, the India Board, and the Foreign Office in all matters where an expert military engineer's opinion was required. In later days he was the author of papers on "Colonial Defences," on the "Channel Islands," on a "Volunteer Force," and on the "Respective Powers of Forts and Ships," and these are said to show that advancing years had not materially affected his reasoning powers or military judgment.

Like his father he possessed some versatility and talent for light literature, and was especially fond of making epigrams. Sir John Burgoyne died in October, 1871, in his eighty-ninth year, retaining a clear intellect to the last, but having lost interest in current events, sitting for hours wrapped in his own thoughts and memories, and waiting for his hour to come. He had married, in 1821, Charlotte, co-heiress of Colonel Hugh Rose, by whom he had seven daughters and only one son, who died before him, without issue, and the baronetcy is therefore extinct.

Special permission was obtained for Sir John's interment in the chapel of St. Peter in Vincula, in the Tower, and, although his funeral was a private one, and the attendance therefore spontaneous, it is said that so great a number of superior officers had never been seen on such

an occasion. There were representatives of the royal family, the commander-in-chief, the minister for war, two field-marshals, and forty generals and admirals. The minister of the United States was also present, with the American Generals Jackson, Burnside, Barnard, and Badeau.

Hugh Talbot Burgoyne, the only son of Sir John Fox Burgoyne, was born in 1833, and entered the British navy in 1847. With the exception of a few months spent in studying steam at the Naval College, he saw almost continuous active service until his tragical death, in 1870. He was among the very first to win the Victoria Cross, while in command of a gunboat, at Kinburn, during the Crimean war. He was also made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and received the Turkish order of the Medjiddié. Having powerful friends, and being noted for expertness as a seaman, as well as coolness and nerve in trying circumstances, he was early made a captain. In 1863 he accompanied Captain Sherard Osborne to China, as second in command of the Anglo-Chinese flotilla. In consequence of disagreement with the Chinese authorities, Captain Osborne soon resigned his command, and the Chinese government offered the post to Burgoyne. The other foreign officers urged him to accept it, but he held the same views as Osborne, and the expedition was broken up.

Upon his return to England he was appointed to the command of the Wyvern, a turret ship, and the first of the class built for the English navy; and from her he was transferred to the Constance, one of the fast new modern frigates. When her commission expired, Burgoyne was appointed to the command of the Captain, at the special request of her designer. The Captain was a double-turreted ship of great size and power, but with extremely low free-board. Her constructor was Laird, of Birkenhead, the same who built the Alabama, and her building was supervised by her designer, Captain Cowper Coles, and by Captain Burgoyne himself. During her first cruise, in May, 1870, Admiral Sir Thomas Symonds reported her as behaving extremely well in all weather; very stable, using her heavy guns readily in a seaway; and especially handy under sail. Admiral Milne also expressed perfect confidence in her qualities, and said that the ship could not have been better commanded.

The former chief constructor of the navy, Mr. E. J. Reed, had, however, always declared that the Captain was unseaworthy. On September 7, 1870, while off Cape Finisterre, the ship capsized, and with her perished five hundred and forty-two out of the five hundred and sixty souls who composed her complement.

The accident happened in the middle watch, and when the fatal squall struck the ship she was under double-reefed topsails. The captain was on deck, and his voice was heard above the roar of the wind and waves ordering sheets and halliards let go. As the ship heeled completely over, he, with all on deck, was thrown into the sea. By the assistance of a petty officer he reached one of the boats, which was drifting bottom up. The launch drifting near them, most of those on the bottom of the capsized boat got into the launch. Burgoyne refused to do so in spite of solicitation, and ordered those with him to save themselves. The boats rapidly separated in the darkness, and that was the last seen of him.

To show the confidence placed in the ship and in Captain Burgoyne, it may be mentioned that besides her inventor, Captain Coles, and Burgoyne's brother-in-law (a son of Admiral Sir Baldwin Walker), there perished in her no less than six sons of officials high in the War and Navy Departments.

The disaster caused much criticism and some detraction, which would have been much greater had Burgoyne survived. He left a childless widow, and his early death completely broke down the aged father, who had bid fair to be a centenarian.

E. SHIPPEN.

A SOUTHERN MILITARY UNIVERSITY OR MILITARY TRAINING IN THE SOUTH.

THE popularity of military instruction at our schools, colleges and universities has been a matter of gradual growth, but it is getting to be more and more a valuable educational adjunct.

But little attention was paid to it before the civil war. In the years immediately following that great conflict, Americans, sated with soldiering, felt themselves to be a nation of veterans and, for the most part, ceased to interest themselves in the profession of arms. More attention was paid to the art of turning swords into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks than to the military art.

However, a few patriotic souls remembered the military axiom, "In time of peace prepare for war," and believed that unnecessary sacrifices of men, money and time on both sides at the beginning of the civil war, were owing principally to the lack of a military education of the people at large.

The United States Senate was induced to give heed to their warning, and in the spring of 1866 we hear of that distinguished body of legislators considering the wisdom of establishing a National Military College in the Northwest. This plan was discouraged by many, including Wendell Phillips, who characterized the form of military education proposed as a "harmful and unchristian invocation." The Western Military College, under United States patronage, never took shape, but another plan for partially attaining the same end has prospered, based upon a deep seated popular belief that patriotism and learning should go hand in hand.

For over thirty years, officers of the regular army, taken either from the retired list or from the active list, when not required with their regiments, have been detailed at various educational institutions for the purpose of acting as professors of military science and tactics. One hundred and fifty stand of arms are also loaned to each institution favored with one of these free professorships. About sixty institutions are now so favored, but the law allows one hundred, and that number was reached before the war with Spain.

The young army officer beginning a college detail is apt at first to feel like the proverbial cat in the strange garret. Separated from all his army associates, missing the delightful social atmosphere of an army post, made conspicuous among so many civilians by his uniform and possibly finding a chilly atmosphere surrounds him in his relations with the faculty, which is apt to regard the military idea with disfavor, the military professor perhaps wonders what led him to seek what is sometimes regarded in the Army as a soft snap. After a little further trial he may conclude to ask to be returned to his regiment, or, if a family man and unable to bear the expense of another move, he may conclude to settle down to the inevitable and make the best of the situation. His lines, however, may be cast in pleasant places and after a little time he may learn to appreciate the advantages of his detail. Among these may be mentioned the long summer vacation on full pay, the additional pay he receives on account of commutation of quarters even when supplied with a house by the institution and the fact that he has, if a lieutenant, an independent command—a thing always dear to the subaltern heart.

The retired officer on college duty is not so well treated in the matter of allowances, as he is precluded by law from getting any of the allowances which the officer on the active list, doing the same duty, receives and he is only given his full pay when detailed under the Act of Congress of November 3, 1893.

The War Department has endeavored in a recent General Order to establish as great a degree of uniformity as possible among institutions favored with details of officers, and has, for purposes of grading the courses of instruction, established three classes, of which the highest class is known as the third class, being composed of institutions which have for their object the attainment of a high degree of military excellence, while the second class comprises those colleges which derive an income from the government from the sale of public lands and are obliged by law to maintain military departments, while the lowest class comprises all other schools, not coming under the other classifications, where military instruction is given. The writer has been for two years at a college of the second class, and as its methods of discipline and drill have stood the test of about forty years a brief account of the history of the institution and the conduct of its military department may not be without inerest to officers on like duty.

The Louisiana State University and Agricultural and Mechanical College is known as the military college of the south. It is located

at Baton Rouge and numbers among its graduates many men who are now officers in the regular army. General W. T. Sherman was the first president of the institution before the civil war, and, notwithstanding his espousal of the Northern cause, his memory is still revered at this scene of his former labors and his life-size portrait in oils occupies a prominent place in the handsome assembly hall of the college.

The site of the university is historic ground. It was for many years a military post, and the garrisons of France, England, Spain and the United States have all at different periods occupied it. After it was abandoned for military purposes it was turned over to the State of Louisiana for purposes of education. The original buildings, however, still stand, and, with the flag floating over them, present a striking and beautiful appearance.

Here, in 1779, Galves, the Spanish Governor-General of Louisiana, after an engagement that lasted for three days, captured the British garrison. The Spaniards were in turn driven out in 1810 by a party of Americans, and this marked the passing of West Florida from the domain of Spain. In 1861 the Confederates captured the post, and the next year a desperate battle, involving both land and sea forces, was fought near by, and the Confederate ram Arkansas was blown up in the view of the land batteries.

Many distinguished officers served here while it was still a military post. Among those whose names are associated with the place are Wilkinson and the first Wade Hampton, Winfield Scott and Zachary Taylor, Grant and Lee and Stonewall Jackson, McClellan and Joe Johnston, Bragg, Rosecranz, Longstreet, Harney, Thomas and Bureaugard, Forrest and Phil Sheridan, Hardie and Hood, Hancock and Custer, Admiral Porter and "Bishop"-General Polk. Among the great civilians we recall the names of Abraham Lincoln, Clay and Calhoun and Jefferson Davis. There is hardly a place elsewhere in the South so rich in historic associations.

The university is true to its traditions. The sons of Louisiana are soldiers by inheritance, and while they revere the cause for which their fathers fought, no Northern boys are to-day more loyal to the flag which is lowered at sunset every evening to the well-known strains of retreat, while the battalion of over three hundred cadets stands on parade at attention. Everything about the university is conducted on military lines. The cadets live in well-ordered barracks, and by means of frequent inspections a proper system of discipline is constantly maintained.

A high sense of honor prevails, and such a thing as breach of arrest is practically unknown.

An officer of the regular army is commandant of cadets, and is assisted by an officer of the Louisiana National Guard, both having commissions as field officers in the State militia.

Not less than ten graduates of the university are now officers of the regular army, while many more who were students at one time or another for less than four years are among our commissioned officers. This is a record which can be beaten by very few educational establishments other than the Government academies.

A regular system of reports, returns and rosters is kept by a cadet non-commissioned staff for every day of nine months of the entire year with the same degree of accuracy which obtains at every well-disciplined military post, but which is carried out at very few colleges with any degree of system or accuracy.

The graduates of this institution are far better qualified to be officers than are most of the appointees to the army from civil life, as far as military training and discipline are concerned.

The report of an inspector usually shows up the weak points of any body of men, be they soldiers or cadets, but during the time that the writer has been at the Louisiana State University, when two inspections (annual) have taken place, the cadets acquitted themselves so well that both reports were furnished to the President by the inspector-general, and were published to the corps of cadets in orders.

The following are extracts from the latest report:

"The cadet barracks (new) are satisfactory in every particular and have the best location on the grounds. The old sets of quarters, four in number, are not so good, lacking, as they do, in the proper bathing and heating facilities afforded by the new set. The rooms presented a neat, clean appearance and bore every evidence that this was required at all times; and such, I am informed by Captain Lockwood, is the case.

"The mess hall is admirably adapted to meet all requirements, being sufficiently large and well ventilated.

"The food is good, wholesome and well prepared.

"The hospital is in charge of a steward who is conscientious in the discharge of his duties. A physician of high standing in the City of Baton Rouge is employed by the cadets contributing five dollars each for his services during the school term. He holds sick call twice daily and answers all emergency calls. These formations are conducted just as at a regular army post.

"This scheme works satisfactorily.

"At battalion review and inspection a band and four companies turned out. Number present, 260; number absent, 21.

"All were in close-fitting uniforms similar to those used by the West Point cadets. They presented a fine, manly appearance, maintaining close attention during the entire exercises. I remarked the soldierly bearing of the command and was told that calisthenic setting-up drill was held every morning before breakfast (Sunday excepted).

"The rifles (Springfield, cal. .45) in the hands of the cadets were in fairly good condition, but, owing to the fact that there are not a sufficient number to go round, the interest taken in the guns is not so keen as it would be if every man had his own rifle for every drill.

"The leather cartridge boxes and belts were in as good condition as could be expected, considering the length of time they have been on hand, and also the fact that the government furnishes no cleaning material for these equipments.

"The bayonets and scabbards were in excellent condition.

"At battalion drill I had the opportunity of ascertaining how well trained the cadets were in field movements. The whole drill was carried through with a snap and precision that reflected the greatest credit on the instructors and every sub-division. When in company front formation (marching) the alignment was excellent. The fours wheeled into and out of column with a precision that left small doubt as to the complete training of the entire command. I required each company to be drilled separately by its captain in close and extended order; in the firings, standing, kneeling and lying down; by company, platoon and squad.

"In these company drills I perceived that a commendable spirit of rivalry existed between the different organizations.

"On this occasion I am of the opinion that B Company, commanded by Captain Lopez, carried off first honors. But I must add that the marchings and manual of all were of the highest order.

"Next a guard-mounting ceremony was held on the parade ground.

"I took advantage of this chance to learn more of the band, and found upon inquiry that a civilian from the town is the instructor; the musicians, including the drum-major, are composed entirely of cadet talent. The music was very good; the members of the band marched and countermarched creditably. The entire ceremony of guard mount was conducted as laid down in The Infantry Drill Regulations. There was no hesitancy on the part of any one; every man seemed entirely familiar with the part he had to perform. A guard with two officers on duty is mounted five times weekly.

"The two antiquated field pieces are never used, but are cared for by the cadet ordnance sergeant. They are in fairly good condition. Captain Lockwood informed me that at one time there was a separate detachment which drilled around these guns. But during the past year guard duty has taken up the time formerly devoted to field artillery drill. A very wise change in my opinion.

"There is no unserviceable Government property on hand at the university.

"Enclosed is a set of the final examination questions propounded by the professor of military science and tactics.

"About the close of the inspection I had a general conversation with the members of the senior class. They were a fine-looking lot of young men. All of them expressed great fondness for military life and each thought his cadet experience had been of great benefit to him. Not only from a physical standpoint, but also because it taught him self-reliance and made him more appreciative of responsibility, particularly if he has command of men.

"This class assured me that all the cadets were alive to the necessity of refraining from acts that would disgrace the uniform of the corps. In fact, they informed me that Captain Lockwood has always taken particular pains to instill this into the minds of all of them.

"I questioned them as to their course of theoretical instruction, and found them well versed in the subjects required by General Orders No. 94.

"The military spirit is everywhere in evidence at the university."

JOHN A. LOCKWOOD,
Captain, U. S. Army.

THE JUDGE'S DOG.

He was a handsome dog, strong, bold, valiant, and of value to any one wanting that particular kind of dog; but from my limited observation of him in the field I can hardly recommend him for sporting purposes.

The way I came to know the Judge's dog was this: Stationed at a frontier post on the northern plains, in a section of country celebrated for its abundance of wild fowl in the spring and fall months, I expressed to some of the zealous and untiring sportsmen connected with a certain headquarters a wish that they would get up a ducking party, and give me not only the pleasure of entertaining them at my post, but also the opportunity of ministering to their pleasure by introducing them to one of the noted duck passes in my neighborhood.

The party was gotten up, including my friend, the Judge, who, enthusiastic as to field sport, had never, I think, gotten beyond an expression of the healthfulness and pleasure of such exercise. On this occasion, it would seem from attending circumstances, the Judge determined to appear in the field properly armed and equipped, trusting to luck and a bold front to carry him through, if not with credit as an accomplished shot, yet with sufficient success to escape the criticism of his more skillful comrades.

Having secured a gun and ammunition, with the usual necessaries and impedimenta of a hunter's outfit, it occurred to the Judge that he should have a dog, his companions being each provided with that almost indispensable assistant. The sequel will show that my friend, the Judge, was either ignorant of or indifferent to the particular kind of dog desirable on such occasions.

Having no dog of his own, it became necessary for him to borrow one. Knowing how foolishly sensitive hunting-men are as to loaning their dogs, the Judge sought the aid of his gardener to find him one. Mentioning his need, his anxiety was set at rest by a tender of the gardener's dog, a large Newfoundland, warranted to be fond of, and to bring things out of, the water. To remove what doubts the Judge might have as to this last necessary qualification the gardener produced his dog, and gave then and there a practical and convincing

illustration of the ready manner in which the dog performed that valuable and interesting accomplishment, the Judge himself casting an occasional stick into the water. This was convincing; the dog was taken to the Judge's quarters, and by a liberal use of meat the Judge partially succeeded in a few days in removing from the dog's mind the impression that my friend, the Judge, was an enemy to the whole canine race, whom it was his, the dog's, duty to tear to pieces if he could get at him, the Judge having taken the wise precaution of restraining the dog's liberty by a stout chain.

The time came for starting, the Judge appearing promptly at the place of rendezvous; the dog, for prudential reasons, being taken to the train by the gardener. I have heard that while the Judge was warmly welcomed, an almost unanimous doubt at once arose as to the desirability of the company of his dog, who immediately upon arrival indicated a fixed purpose to pick a quarrel with any or all the other dogs of the party. The Judge's explanation that his dog was only a little fresh was accepted, and the conduct of the animal passed over.

That the Judge's dog conducted himself in an orderly manner while *en route* has since been explained by the fact that he was kept chained at one end of the baggage-car. However, when the party reached the end of their journey by rail, the spring-wagon met them, and we started for the duck-pass, the baggage and camp attendants having gone on before. Everything went merry as "a marriage bell" until a howl and scuffle under our wagon indicated some unusual disturbance, sounding very much like a dog-fight. A shout to the driver from the Judge's companions brought the team to a standstill, when all except the Judge, whose guilty conscience I think made him assume the air of indifference, hurried to alight, each to the rescue of his own particular dog. A hasty glance disclosed the fact that H——'s dog was the victim, his master's sudden appearance saving the dog from a premature end.

Having somewhat relieved his anger by kicking the Judge's dog as long as he could hold him and thought it safe, we again got into the wagon, H—— insisting on taking his dog with him. The former hilarity was not resumed at once, though the Judge sought to force the conversation by remarking on the beauty of the surrounding prairie and the regularity of its undulations, all of which I am pained to say was received coldly. In time the party became more cheerful, everything proceeding pleasantly, when a jack-rabbit starting up near the wagon the dogs took after it in swift pursuit. The Judge's dog at first appeared to take no interest in the chase, but soon started, outrunning the others. This gave the Judge great joy, who directed

attention to the fleetness of his dog, and expressed his firm belief that his particular dog would be the one to overtake the rabbit. If the Judge's dog started with such a purpose he abandoned it when he reached R——'s dog, whether from a conviction that further pursuit was useless, or because there was something in the appearance and manner of R——'s dog that offended him will never be known. It would be idle to speculate upon the motive influencing the Judge's dog on this occasion. It will suffice to say that the Judge's dog abandoned the pursuit and attacked R——'s dog in the most violent manner. Another shout to the driver, all out again, the Judge this time hurrying in hot haste to the rescue of R——'s dog. More kicking of the Judge's dog, and soothing of R——'s, return to the wagon, R——'s dog being taken in for protection. For some time "silence reigned supreme," all waiting anxiously for the time when G——'s dog should become a victim to the aggressiveness of the gardener's animal. Soon a growling under the wagon indicated impending trouble. Another stoppage of the team, G—— insisting on taking his dog into the wagon also. With four men and two dogs already in the wagon we were somewhat crowded, so it was suggested that the Judge's dog be tied onto the baggage-wagon, which we had by this time overtaken, and the hunting dogs be allowed to run at large. This solution of the difficulty was received with favor, after which we proceeded to our camp without further incident.

I do not know whether it was satiety or pleasure, or that the Judge's dog, reflecting upon the objectionable nature of his conduct during the afternoon, appreciated the probability of his sudden taking off if he continued it; whatever influenced him, his conduct during the evening and night was most exemplary, so much so that in the morning the Judge hazarded several expressions of admiration as to the beauty and docility of his dog. Whatever doubts may have existed in the minds of the Judge's companions as to the correctness of his remarks, none were expressed, indicating an improved state of feeling from the night before.

An early breakfast, and out on the pass before daybreak, the Judge's dog still doing well. Presently a call of "mark to the left," the almost simultaneous discharge of the Judge's gun, both barrels, a rush of the Judge's dog, the passage of a flight of ducks at least three hundred yards over the heads of the hunters, a howl of rage from all on the pass except the Judge, who, strange to say, in the premature discharge of his gun had killed a duck, and the first flight had passed over. The next thing to be done was an effort to suppress the Judge's dog, who had evidently just begun to enjoy himself. This he did by

running in and out of the water, barking furiously, setting a pernicious example to the more sedate and better disciplined dogs on the pass with him. Not being able to quiet the Judge's dog, much less get hold of him, it was suggested that he be killed then and there, that being the only way of quieting him. The Judge, with his usual and acknowledged ability as an advocate, pleaded hard, representing that the dog was borrowed, and that he was in honor bound to return him, adding the persuasive remark that he would take the dog back to camp and tie him up. It being by this time long after sunrise, the party left the pass, hoping for better luck in the evening.

The day was spent not as good-humoredly as could be wished, allusions to the Judge's dog from time to time operating as a damper upon any effort at conviviality. Sundown found us again on the pass, but the ducks would not fly, the few that did passing far out of range. The evil influence of the Judge's dog appeared to be present everywhere. Back to camp, a silent supper, until one of the party remembered an engagement which would oblige him to take the morning train for the East. This was electric; all thought of duties or engagements necessitating their departure in the morning. After this burst of conscientiousness the conversation became more general, and took a wider range than at any time since our arrival in camp. Having given up the hunt, the Judge mildly requested the release of his dog, which was permitted. I do not know what cause of offense the Judge's dog had this time, but shortly after his release the serenity of the party was disturbed by the most alarming noises from the neighborhood of the cook-tent, shouting of the camp attendants, barking and howling of the dogs, all indicating that the Judge's dog was not idle. With a look at the Judge which ought to have annihilated him we hurried from our sleeping-tent, and found that the Judge's dog had attacked the others while feeding, and was getting in his work most beautifully when we reached the scene of conflict. This was too much,—the last hair as it were; the Judge's dog was again tied up, and remained so until we reached the cars the next morning, when he was ignominiously turned over to a brakeman to take charge of.

I have since learned that the Judge's dog reached his home and master safely, feeling the better for his trip. I confess to some surprise at this: I never knew a more justifiable excuse for dog-killing than that presented in the case of the Judge's dog.

I am afraid that the gentlemen of the party think I exaggerated when I represented to them the pleasures of duck-hunting in the far West. I know that they have since visited very many famous duck-

passes. I do not know if the Judge has always been of the party. When he was I am confident it was made a condition that he was not to take a dog.

To conclude this hunting story, I am satisfied that if no other of the party, man or dog, enjoyed the trip the Judge's dog did. And now that the time has somewhat mellowed my indignation at the dog's riotous proceedings, I cannot help but feel a satisfaction in the fact that the Judge's dog, reluctantly dragged from his home and master, found some measure of relief in making everybody with whom he came in contact while absent feel perfectly miserable.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

CHAPTER XIII (Continued).

By Henry Romeyn, Brevet Major, U. S. A.

But little time was required after the change of affairs just noted, for those to whom our attention has been directed to reach Esopus, and take their places as members of the little colony. Kaptein Schoonmacker had returned to Fort Orange, which the new authorities had renamed Albany, and finding there Dominie Megapolensis, had claimed his bride, and brought her to their new home; and Kaptein Van Kampe, having secured a trading privilege at the place, had withdrawn his ventures from the country of the Five Nations, and was enjoying what he had so long wished for—the pleasures of a permanent home. There was no active trouble with the small tribes of Indians in the vicinity, though complaints of the aggressions of the colonists upon the native hunting grounds were not uncommon. Still, some organization for defense was necessary; and Kaptein Schoonmacker—now, under English laws, called Captain—was chosen as head of the company organized by authority of Governor Nicholls, and his former subaltern accepted a similar place in the new organization.

Immigration to the colony was no longer confined to Dutch or English colonists. Freedom of conscience, denied in most of the countries of the Old World, could be fully enjoyed in that portion of the new not under Spanish or French rule; and to it came men from nearly every one where tidings of its opportunities could be carried in the course of travel or trade; and where the genius of unrest demanded room for expansion, and freedom of thought and action. Far-off Russia sent her representative; Poland, also; Germany, from the devastated fields of the Palatinate, sent men sturdy in faith as in physical development, and from France came hundreds of her best inhabitants—soldiers, scholars, mechanics, and husbandmen—quitting their native land with much sundering of strong and dear ties, and in many cases abandoning, not only positions of importance, but everything of material nature which could not be carried on their persons; generally a small purse of gold, a sword (in the case of the soldier),

and a Bible. As such persons must have place in our chronicle, it is now necessary to refer to matters as they existed in France at the time when New Netherland passed into English hands, and became New York.

CHAPTER XIV.

For nearly three-quarters of a century nominal freedom of conscience and of worship had been accorded the Protestants of France, and under the name of Huguenots—"the oath-bound"—used first as a term of derision by their enemies, they had carried their doctrines into all classes of society. But the crowning infamy of an infamous though in some respects spectacular reign, was being presaged by edict after edict, narrowing the privileges of the non-conformists; and many of those who had at first refused to abandon their native land changed their plans, and secretly prepared for flight.

All meetings must be held in secret, if active persecution was to be avoided, and those attending them must do so under cover of darkness, and come and go singly to avoid observation by spies and informers, who, tempted by the reward of one-half of the confiscated goods of the ostracized one, swarmed in every town or city.

In the house of a well-to-do citizen, situated in a suburb of Paris, a religious meeting had been held. One by one those who had taken part, actively or as hearers only, had stolen away, till but four men remained. Three were brothers, one of them the owner of the premises, the fourth a nephew of the three. As soon as the outer door, leading into a side street through a garden, had closed behind the pastor who had officiated at the service, the quartette, placing chairs about a table in the center of the room, seated themselves for a discussion of their prospects. Three of them were in uniform; the two older ones in that of a regiment of the line, stationed in the city; the nephew wore that of a lieutenant of the king's bodyguard. The eldest was the first to speak.

"The time has come for us to decide whether we shall abandon our homes and country, or surrender freedom of thought and of conscience, attend confession and the mass, with all those mean to us, or if we refuse, go to prison, the galleys, or to death. Only to-day our cousin, Jean Du Puis,* has been sent to the galleys for life because

*See p. 127, Vol. II., Baird's "Hist. Huguenot Emigration to America."

he chose to obey God rather than man, and we are liable to follow him at any time. You who have no families can leave more readily than can I, with wife and children; but I have determined to depart and go to the New World, to begin anew, even though I have passed middle life."

"But how," said one of the brothers, "can you hope to leave the kingdom? All the ports are watched, as are the roads, and passports will be necessary. If asked for, that fact will at once excite suspicion, and cause arrest. If you sell your home, that will cause the priests to distrust you, and, once distrusted, you will be deemed guilty—then prison or the galleys."

"I have given my home as surety for one thousand livres. I shall ask for a passport to cross the frontier to visit Arras on business, leaving this house as it stands, ready for my return. If you (speaking to his brothers) wish to go with me, we can travel as merchants, in company for security. Across the frontier, we can soon reach Holland, and be in safety. But I shall not make a home there. The New World offers better opportunities, and once uprooted from our homes here, we may as well cross the sea, and be secure. All are beginners there, and all have equal chances."

"But," said a brother, "we are differently situated. We are in the service of His Majesty, and sworn to faithful discharge of duty. If we fly now, we shall be deserting not only the service of the king, but the cause of our brethren, who may need our swords at home."

"It will be no worse to leave the kingdom, going for the purpose for which we shall, than to stay in His Majesty's service and be sent against our brethren in the faith, or, in case we are thus sent, abandon his service rather than serve against them," said the second of the older officers. "But, if I go, I shall prefer entering the service of the Stadtholder, for I have always been a soldier, and am better fitted for that life than for any other, and some day may have an opportunity to help repay our enemies for what they have made our friends suffer."

Said the youngest—he who wore the uniform of His Majesty's bodyguard: "I need not leave the kingdom. I am not known as one of the persecuted ones. My uniform is my safeguard. Even if it were not, I would not go and leave my Marguerite to possible danger. Go you, if necessary; I remain."

Betrothed to a daughter of a branch of the noble house of La Tour, which, when the family had divided on religious lines, had embraced the reformed faith, the young officer had most urgent reasons for remaining in the country. Their nuptials had been delayed for several reasons—first, the death of his father, with the resultant

period of mourning; which had not expired when the failing health of the mother of his fiancé caused much anxiety, and stopped all preparations for their union. Then had come the fiat of the king, that no ceremony performed by an heretical pastor should be considered binding; and the threat of the hierarchy, that any woman taking a heretic husband under such conditions should be considered as a subject for confinement in a convent, and immured accordingly, while the other party to the contract went to prison or the galleys.

The conference lasted deep into the night. They left the premises singly, and the young officer, who remained longest, found that day was dawning as he closed the wicket opening from the garden, and was met and recognized by a priest attached to the royal chapel, who had been called from his bed to administer the last rites of his church to a lady of the court. Nothing was said by either party at the time, but each was suspicious of the other.

Thought the officer: "He will suppose that I have been at a meeting of the heretics, or engaged in some love affair which I do not wish to have known. If the latter, he will say nothing; if the former, I shall, I fear, be called on for explanation. But my position will save me, I am certain."

How much it availed will be told later.

Nicholas, the eldest of the brothers Du Puis, "had given hostages to fortune," and now the planning of a method of escape for his wife and two small children occupied his thoughts to the exclusion of nearly every other subject. If he considered only his own escape, he could accomplish that. His mercantile pursuits had carried him over much of northern and central France, and in many of its towns he had friends with whom he could find shelter for a day, and his physical condition was good enough to permit him to travel on foot at night, or to find resting places in the fields or forests, and endure, if necessary, the pangs of hunger. But he did not wish to "go empty away," and for that reason planned the apparent business journey, with his brothers as employees for the occasion. He was the owner of half a score of pack horses, used in his trading excursions, and with some of these equipped for their legitimate purpose, he hoped to reach the frontier, if he could procure the necessary passports. Once at the border, he would trust in Providence and his good fortune for crossing it.

But,—wife and children? Catrina de Vos was a native of Arras, in Artois, at that time a Flemish province,—now French. Her parents had accepted the Huguenot faith, but had not been disturbed. Means were found for communicating with them, and, provided with

Flemish passports which permitted him to return with a widowed daughter and her children, her father ventured to Paris. For several days they were secreted in the house of a friend in a distant section of the city, till, the young guardsman having secured the necessary permission, they found their way to the frontier, which was safely crossed; and the anxious wife waited for tidings of her husband.

Two weeks later, a peasant, apparently unused to cities, found his way to the quarters of the king's guard, and asked to be conducted to Lieutenant Du Puis. When this had been done, he drew from the breast of his worn blouse a small piece of white cloth, which, without a word of explanation, he handed to the officer. It was received in silence, and after a brief survey of the messenger, for the purpose of recognition, should they meet elsewhere, he was allowed to depart as mysteriously as he had come. The signal had been understood, the friends had reached Arras safely, and waited for the husband and father.

A few days later, three mounted men, each leading a sumpter-horse, apparently loaded with merchandise, passed through a city gate, as soon as it was opened for the day, and took the road toward Flanders. At first, but little conversation was indulged in. The mind of each was too busy with his own concerns, and the situation was too serious for trivial language. One had abandoned a good home, for conscience sake, and turned his steps toward a land but little known; and to reach which an ocean must be crossed;—a journey not lightly undertaken by men trained to a seafaring life, and much to be dreaded by a landsman, who had not even seen its nearest shores. His dear ones were, for the present, safe, but danger lurked between him and them. If he reached them safely, all might—probably would—be well. If he was stopped—then arose a waking vision of a party of galley slaves, linked in pairs to a long chain, passing through a city street, one of them a kinsman, who, though recognizing him by a look, was not allowed to speak—and then, in imagination he was forced to dismount and take his place in the sad company, while wife and children waited in vain for tidings of his fate.

For two days the refugees pursued their way northward in peace. But, halting for the second night, in a small town, where the merchant had some acquaintances, of the Reformed belief, and with whom he had hoped to pass a quiet night, they found the place in possession of troops, and that in every house where the family was of the non-conformist faith, dragoons held possession. With the arrogance of long-continued immunity from punishment for cruelties, which was the usual spirit of the soldiers, they stopped at nothing—

no age, nor either sex was safe from violence, and before the evening was spent, the refugees found themselves involved in difficulty. Acting on a hint from a friend, who was himself unable to be present, they had attended a secret religious service in an outlying group of buildings of the place, and were returning in company along a deserted street; when, as they reached a corner near their lodging, a young woman, running at her utmost speed, and pursued by half-a-dozen soldiers, ran into the arms of one of the party, and implored protection. As was the universal custom when traveling, all were armed; and in an instant, swords were drawn, and the pursuers ordered to halt. But these were in no mood to be balked, or cheated of their prey, and instantly a fight began. The miscreants shouted their rallying cry, and from every side came reinforcements, and soon, back to back, and with the cause of the fray in the center, the brothers were fighting coolly, but none the less desperately. All were fair swordsmen—more than a match for the half-drunken party which began the attack, and soon had several of them hors-du-combat. But it had gone hard with the brothers, had not the girl, seeing an opening where two of the raiders had fallen, sprung over their prostrate forms, and eluding the hands put forth to bar her flight, run to her near-by home, and given the alarm. The citizens, though forced to receive the dragoons into their families, had not lost all spirit, and now, as the cry for help rang from street to street, they answered it in scores. Armed with sword, pike, musquet, or in some cases only with pitchforks, they swarmed to the spot, and the placid face of a full-orbed moon looked down on a street melee, in which long-suffering right took bloody revenge for insults and wrongs. Thoughtless of the reprisals which would come upon them when the tidings of the fray reached the ears of those in authority, they plied their weapons, at first without any order or system, but soon, under the guidance of a self-constituted leader, the pikemen formed double ranks and swept everything before them. The Du Puis, unhurt, but nearly exhausted, were rescued from the turmoil, and advised to leave the place at once, before the commander of the dragoons could close all avenues of escape. As neither life nor honor of the young maiden would be safe for a day after her identity was known, she was dressed as a horse-boy, and mounted on a steed furnished by a friend of her father, Mlle. Julie de Forrest left home and family in the early hours of the morning and began a life of wandering from friend to friend, her travels finally ending in the forests of New England among her family and other refugees from her native country.*

*For history of arrival of the De Forrest family in America see Baird's History of Huguenot Emigration to America, Vol. II.

As no attack had been expected, no guards were posted on any of the streets leading from the town, and it required but a few moments for the young woman to assume her disguise, and when that was done, no time was lost in leave-taking, and before morning arrived the party had reached a small chateau, where the eldest of the brothers had often rested, when on his travels in the vicinity. The proprietor was of the reformed faith, but after the experiences of the previous evening, it was thought best to approach the place with great care. The wisdom of this caution became apparent, when a stealthy reconnoissance disclosed the presence of a small force of dragoons, evidenced by that of their horses in the stable yard. While engaged on this perilous duty, the scout found a man who for some purpose of his own, was out of doors; and learning that he was one of the retainers of the proprietor, made himself known, and asked for a hiding place for the day. Without waiting to consult his master, the faithful co-religionist led the way to a nearby forest, and in its deep defiles the tired refugees found rest.

Rest they needed, food also. There was not time to provide it before dawn, and to convey it from the building during the day would be at great risk, and the refugees were forced to endure the pangs of hunger while the day wore slowly away. In turn, they acted as guards, while others slept, or, later, all waking, discussed the situation.

Said Phillipe, the youngest of the three:

"I love France none the less, but I love my religion more, with each day's passing, and when I see what we have beheld during the past year, and especially the two days in which we have been traveling, I am ready not only to quit my country, never to return, and go into the service of some government where I can strike, not one, but many blows for freedom of conscience, and against such men as those from whom we are now hiding, and all who are responsible for their cruelties."

In this he was joined by Francois, the other officer. But the more peaceful Nicholas said in reply:

"Why should we fight unless forced to do so, and in self-defense? We can find places in the New World, where we can live in peace, and though abandonment of home and birthplace causes much sorrow, God is in the New World as well as in this, and we can live, even if we must at first endure hardships."

But the younger man had not yet arrived at the point where he could accept such doctrine.

"Shall we abandon all we hold dear, friends in trouble, home, and

all else, for these human wolves to destroy, and wander forth, without making some resistance when opportunity offers for doing so successfully? I am not so minded. If we escape now, I shall, when we have crossed the frontier, consider my allegiance to the king of France at an end, and seek service under some Protestant government, with the hope that, some day, I may have opportunity to strike Rome, in partial return for what she has made mine and me suffer."

From the young girl came no word of complaint or repining. From infancy she had lived in an atmosphere of distrust and alarm, which had taught caution, circumspection and self-control; and though most of the waking hours of the day were spent in tears, she showed full confidence in her rescuers, and to pass the time told in low, cautious tones the story of her father's troubles, and of her capture. After the occupation of her home by the dragoons, she had not dared to leave the house for any purpose, and thought herself safe, till, after a drunken carousal of the previous day, a group of the marauders entered it, and while each of the parents was seized by two of the miscreants, two more laid violent hands on her, and bore her to the street. A drunken stumble loosed the hold of one, and wrenching herself free from the grasp of the other, she was running for life, she knew not whither, when she met her deliverers. Now, in their care, she was going, she knew not where, but had faith that He who had guided the steps of her saviors would protect and guide them and her to safety.

The story was only one more recital of the horrors of the hellish "dragoonades," which all her listeners had heard before, but, in the depth of a strange forest, told by a refugee to fellow refugees, it had new power. To Phillipe, the youngest of the brothers, it appealed with peculiar force, and in words almost identical with those ascribed by the greatest of dramatists to the suspected Roman, as he appeared before the senate, he reiterated his determination to offer his sword to some Protestant power, where it would be used against the church of Rome.

Francois, the elder soldier, while less outspoken than the younger, gave assent to his views. Trained to military lives, it was but natural that they should think first of employment in that channel, and though the more sedate Nicholas endeavored to place before them the better views of life in the colonies across the sea, they could not be induced to look with favor upon it.

"A change may come to France. Neither the king, or madame his mistress, can live forever. If we stay in Europe we may return, if you go to the New World, you cannot."

And so the day wore on. They had not been visited by any one from the chateau, and were preparing to leave as soon as darkness had fallen, when voices were heard not far away, and soon the proprietor, accompanied by two servants, appeared with food for both man and beast.

It had been impossible for him to make the call at an earlier hour, because of the espionage of the officer in command, to whom a trooper had reported the tracks of several strange horses at the gate of the grounds, in the early morning hours. Now, it would not be safe to tarry longer. Their friend had overheard orders for a strict guard of the buildings during the night, and a thorough search of the forest next day, which would surely result in discovery of the fugitives, if they remained. Fortunately, there was at the chateau a trusty man, not a retainer of the proprietor, and who for that reason would not be missed, who had at one time been a smuggler, and knew all the by-paths of the region along the border, and he would, for a hundred crowns, agree to lead the party to safety across the frontier.

As circumstances might arise where adherence to the fiction of traveling as merchants would be of value, the horses were all retained, and the party stood ready to renew its flight. But before mounting, all knelt on the sward, with reverently bared heads, while their host invoked Divine blessing—dwelling especially upon the care of the maiden, fleeing from parents and home for safety from brutality and dishonor. As she prepared to mount her horse, he took her hands, and, in a voice broken by emotion, gave her his blessing, the words of which were never forgotten by the recipient. "May thy father's God be thy God, His care be ever over thee, and His blessing upon thee, His watchfulness keep thee, and His guidance bring thee again to behold in peace those dear to thee." A hearty grasp of the hand of each, a low "farewell," and the Signeur Marchand heard, rather than saw, his guests depart, wending their way in single file, through the dark aisles of the forest.*

For more than an hour the little band of fugitives followed their guide through the forest paths, frequently changing direction, as they ascertained more from the relative positions of their shadows cast by the moon's rays, in glades through which they passed, and several times they were halted, while the leader, dismounted, made careful advance through the shadows bordering the narrow passages. Once, where their route approached a highway, he came swiftly back, and

*For partial list of names of refugees from the northern provinces of France see Chap. VII. Vol. II. Baird's History of the Huguenot Emigration to America.

ordered all to shelter under the dense shadows of the bordering trees, while a body of troops passed. Several times, during the night, they approached small villages, where the guide had friends; but at every such point he detected the presence of troops in time to avoid the danger. But the delays incident to such watchfulness wore out the hours of darkness, and they were forced to seek shelter again in the forest. As they filed silently through its alleys, they were startled by the sharp challenge of a sentinel, whom they ascertained to be guarding the bivouac of fugitives like themselves; and awaiting the return of a scout who had gone to the frontier, from which they were not far distant. But his delay forced them to pass the day in their place of concealment, and the situation of the young woman was made more comfortable by finding among the strangers three of her sex, two of them of about her own age, and whose experiences were similar to her own.

During the ensuing night, the combined parties crossed the frontier in safety. When assured that they had really left France behind, they dismounted, and kneeling in a group gave thanks for their deliverance. Two days later, those whose course we have followed found shelter at Arras, and from there the two military men went to Holland, where they entered service under William of Orange, with whom they later entered England, both falling at the Battle of the Boyne, A. D. 1690.*

*Fact.

To be continued.

THE WASP AND FROLIC AND OTHER INCIDENTS OF THE WAR OF 1812.

It is a little less than one hundred years ago, that one of the most brilliant and decided engagements between two single ships whose names are recorded at the head of this article took place upon the broad Atlantic, and resulted in high renown to the little navy of our country. It had in fact the appearance rather of a duel on the water between two ships of about equal force than a pitched battle. The United States vessel was, if anything, the weaker; the result was a great victory on the part of the Wasp, which established her superiority in the art of gunnery. The system adopted by our navy was to fire as the vessel settled down in the water, by which the hull of our adversary was more often the target to be hit, while our adversary fired as their ship rose on the waves, which occasioned more damage to the yards, spars and rigging of our ship, but resulted in less consequence than that given to the hull and deck of our own ship by the enemy's mode of firing. Again, up to the time of the encounter of these two single ships, the British navy had never been introduced to, in warfare, a "Yankee ship and a Yankee crew," with the exception, perhaps, of Paul Jones in the Bon Homme Richard, in the days of of our Revolution; the French and Spaniards furnished the material for British supremacy.

It is computed that the naval force of Great Britain exceeded in 1812 one thousand armed vessels of every description, of which eight hundred were in active employment, while our defence consisted of but twenty-four armed vessels, with a few bombs and ketches. After Hull made his wonderful escape from a thoroughly organized British squadron, he did not stop to think of the force he was to meet in the Guerriere, but what a victory meant to his country, so he soon put out again and captured the Guerriere. With few exceptions, common to the naval forces of every nation, the crew of the Constitution were Americans and patriots, in this instance from the rocky coasts of New England, mostly from the north shore, sailors by occupation, a majority of whom were as competent to sail our ships as their commanders themselves. This point is made manifest

by the extraordinary damage done to our enemy by the greater loss of life occasioned by our superior gunnery.

The first real trial of skill of the "last war with Great Britain," was that in which the Guerriere was taken and burned. This was in August, 1812, when the Britishers began to settle for seizing American seamen on the high seas, a practice adopted by Great Britain long before 1812.

When President Madison, in June, 1812, declared war on the part of the United States against Great Britain, having just and righteous cause therefor, the active navy of the latter power exceeded, as we have said, eight hundred armed vessels of every description, against a force of less than fifty vessels of every description. In the year 1807, the British ship of war Leopard, of fifty guns, sent a boat on board the U. S. Frigate Chesapeake, of vastly inferior force, and took from her, without saying by your leave, four seamen whom she claimed were subjects of Great Britain. Captain James Barron, commander of the Chesapeake, personally a brave man and a good officer, deeming it unwise to offer resistance to so overwhelming a force, did not fire a gun in defense of these men, who were to all intents and purposes American citizens and entitled to the protection of the flag under which they sailed. Barron was tried and sentenced to be suspended for a term of years, without pay. He lived abroad until his term of suspension had expired, but was not looked on with favor by the administration and failed to obtain a command. Politics ruled high in those days, and it has been thought that interested parties brought on a duel between Stephen Decatur, the soul of honor, who had been called the "Bayard of the Navy," and Barron. Oh! that the latter had fired only one gun in defence of our flag! His soiled reputation would have turned as white as snow. Decatur was killed and Barron sank into almost a state of obscurity.

Our navy rose in public estimation the world over. The first great event of the war was the masterly escape of the Constitution single handed from a British squadron consisting of a line of battle ship (74), four frigates, a brig and a schooner. The chase continued three days and nights, and finally ended by the superior sailing qualities of "Old Ironsides." Then followed in rather rapid succession other engagements of this beloved old ship until the real "Old Ironsides," Commodore Charles Stewart, closed her career of that war with the double capture of the "Cyam and Levant," of suprior force. It is a fact that there were killed in the Shannon, with which Capt. James Lawrence fought with the ill-fated Chesapeake and was killed after he had told his brave crew "not to give up the ship," one man

more than were lost by the Americans in the battles of the Constitution with the Guerriere, of the same vessel with the Java, of the United States with the Macedonian, of the Hornet with the Peacock, all combined; more in one battle than we lost in four. The Hornet under Lawrence sank its adversary in fifteen minutes by the clock. She had six feet of water in the hold when she surrendered. The brave little Hornet's loss was trifling, one man killed, and four wounded. Nine men were drowned in helping save the lives of the Peacock's crew when she went under. No battles were ever fought upon the sea in the history of any nation, than those of the Wasp and Frolic and the Hornet and Peacock, in the last war with Great Britain, that showed on the part of the victors such superior gunnery. No one doubts the bravery of British sailors; no laurels must be taken from them; in discipline the navies were equal, but in nautical skill, maneuvering, and especially in gunnery, as developed from the first battle of "Old Ironsides," to the end of the war, the little navy of ours was ahead.

The details of this famous engagement are interesting in the highest degree, and worth repetition.

On the 13th of October, Captain Jacob Jones left the Delaware Bay in the Wasp, on a cruise. On the 16th, she experienced a heavy gale, in which she lost her jib-boom and two men. On the evening of the next day, about eleven o'clock, being in the track of vessels passing from Bermuda to Halifax, she found herself near five or six strange sail, steering eastward. Some of them appearing to be ships of war, it was thought better to get farther from them. The Wasp, therefore, hauled her wind, and having reached a few miles to windward, so as to escape or fight, as occasion might require, followed the strange sail through the night. At daybreak, on Sunday morning, Captain Jones found that they were six large merchant ships, under convoy of a sloop of war, from Honduras to England. Four of the ships were large and well manned, mounting from sixteen to eighteen guns, and having from forty to fifty men each. Captain Jones, however, determined to attack them. The convoy made their escape under a press of sail. The sloop of war remained, which proved to be the Frolic, Captain Whinyates, mounting twenty-two guns, and having a crew of about one hundred and twenty men. There was a heavy swell in the sea, and the weather was boisterous. The top-gallant yards of the Wasp were taken down, her top-sails were close reefed, and she was prepared for action.

About eleven o'clock the Frolic showed Spanish colors. The Wasp immediately displayed the American ensign and pendant; and at

thirty-two minutes past eleven, came down to windward on the larboard side of the Frolic. When within about sixty yards she hailed. The Frolic then hauled down her Spanish colors, hoisted the British ensign, and opened a fire of cannon and musketry. This was instantly returned by the Wasp, and, nearing the enemy, the action became close and spirited. About four or five minutes after the commencement of the action, the main-top-mast of the Wasp was shot away, and, having fallen, with the main-top-sail yard, across the larboard, fore, and fore-top-sail braces, rendered her head yards unmanageable during the remainder of the engagement. In two or three minutes more, her gaff and mizzen-top-gallant-sail were shot away. She however kept up a close and constant fire. The sea was so rough that the muzzles of the Wasp's guns were frequently under water. The Americans fired as the side of their ship was going down. Their shot, of course, either struck the Frolic's deck, or below it. The English fired as their vessel rose. Their balls consequently only struck the rigging, or were ineffectual. The Wasp, having now shot ahead of the Frolic, poured a broadside into her, which completely raked her. She then took a position on the Frolic's larboard bow. A most spirited fire was now kept up from the Wasp, which produced great effect. The fire of the Frolic had slackened so much, that Captain Jones gave up his intention of boarding her, lest both vessels might be endangered by the roughness of the sea. But, in the course of a few minutes more, not a brace of the Wasp was left. All had been shot away. Her rigging was so much torn to pieces, that Captain Jones was afraid that her masts, being unsupported, would go by the board; and the Frolic thereby be enabled to escape. He therefore resolved to board, and at once decide the contest. With this intention, he wore ship, and ran down upon the enemy. The vessels struck each other. The Wasp's side rubbed along the Frolic's bow. The jib-boom of the latter entered between the main and mizzen rigging of the Wasp, directly over the heads of Captain Jones and his first lieutenant, James Biddle, who were then standing together near the capstan. The Frolic now lay in so good a position for being raked, that it was resolved not to board until another broadside had been poured into her. So near were the two vessels, that while the men were loading the guns, the rammers of the Wasp were pushed against the Frolic's sides; and two of her guns went through the bow ports of the Frolic, and swept the whole length of her deck. About this time, Jack Lang, a brave and intrepid seaman, of the Wasp, and who had once been impressed on board a British man of war, jumped on a gun with his cutlass, and was springing on board the Frolic, when

Captain Jones, desiring to fire again before boarding, called him down. But, probably urged on by his impetuosity, he did not hear the command of his captain, and was immediately on the bowsprit of the Frolic. Lieutenant Biddle, perceiving the ardor and enthusiasm of the Wasp's crew, mounted on the hammock cloth to board. The crew immediately followed. But the lieutenant's feet being entangled in the rigging of the Frolic's bowsprit, and Midshipman Baker, in his ardor to board, laying hold of his coat, he fell back on the Wasp's deck. He directly sprang up, and, as the next swell of the sea brought the Frolic nearer, he got on her bowsprit, where Lang and another seaman were already. He passed them on the forecastle, and was much surprised at not seeing a single man alive on the Frolic's deck, except the seaman at the wheel, and three officers. The deck was slippery with blood, and strewed with dead bodies. As he went forward, the captain of the Frolic, and two other officers, who were standing on the quarter-deck, threw down their swords, and made an inclination of their bodies, as a sign of submission. The colors of the Frolic were still flying. None of her seamen, probably, dared to go into the rigging, to strike them, for fear of the musketry of the Wasp. Lieutenant Biddle himself immediately jumped into the rigging, and hauled down the British ensign. Possession was taken of the Frolic forty-three minutes after the commencement of the action. She presented a most shocking spectacle. Her berth-deck was crowded with dead, wounded, and dying. Not above twenty of her crew escaped unhurt. Captain Jones immediately sent his surgeon's mate on board. All the blankets of the Frolic were brought from her slop-room for the accommodation of the wounded. To increase the confusion, both the Frolic's masts fell, soon after taking possession of her, and covered the dead and everything on deck.

In this action, the crews of the vessels were about equal. The British vessel mounted four guns more than the American. The destruction on board of the Frolic could not be exactly determined; but, from the observations of the American officers, and the declarations of the British, there could not have been less than thirty killed, and about fifty wounded. The Wasp had only five men killed, and five wounded.

Lieutenant Biddle was placed on board the Frolic. A suspicious sail being perceived to windward, Captain Jones ordered him to proceed to Charleston, or any other southern port in the United States. The Wasp intended to continue her cruise. The ships then parted. The suspicious sail bore down very fast. It was at first supposed she was one of the convoy. The Wasp was immediately cleared for

action. As she approached, she proved to be a seventy-four, the Poictiers, Captain Beresford. She fired a shot over the Frolic, and, having passed her, overtook the Wasp, the disabled state of whose rigging prevented her from escaping. After she was taken possession of, the Poictiers returned to secure the Frolic. Both vessels were carried into Bermuda. But Captain Jones' nautical skill, courage and pluck were never assailed. His reputation as an American officer was above reproach.

This action completely demonstrated the superior skill and spirit of the American naval officers and seamen. The superiority of force certainly was on the side of the British.

On the return of Captain Jones to the United States, his gallant conduct was not passed unnoticed by his grateful countrymen. The Congress of the United States voted him and his crew twenty-five thousand dollars, in consideration of the loss they sustained by the recapture of the Frolic, also their thanks. They ordered a gold medal to be presented to the captain, and silver one to each of his officers.

This gallant exploit deservedly secured to Captain Jones and his brave crew, the acknowledgements of their grateful countrymen. Pieces of plate, and swords were ordered for Captain Jones, and thanks voted to him and his crew, by the legislature of Pennsylvania, the legislature of the State of Delaware, the legislature of New York, the house of representatives of Massachusetts, the citizens of Philadelphia, the common council of New York, etc.

The order of Cincinnati at New York admitted Captain Jones into the Society as an honorary member.

Captain Jones, in consideration of his merit, was appointed to command the Macedonian, a thirty-eight gun frigate, just captured from the British.

Lieutenant Biddle was promoted to the rank of master commandant, and he became in time one of the best known post captains of our navy.

In the British account of this engagement Jack Lang, the first American to put a foot upon the defeated Frolic, is called an Englishman, which is an error. He was born in New Brunswick, N. J., and was later in life impressed into the British navy, and escaped after serving the enemy, into the Wasp. Conspicuous valor is confined to no rank in our navy.

Jacob Jones was born in Delaware, in March, 1768; he died in Philadelphia, August, 1850. He studied medicine and began to practise, but became clerk of the Delaware Supreme Court, and on April 10, 1799, entered the U. S. navy as a midshipman, being then thirty-one

years old. He was promoted to lieutenant, February 22, 1801, and was an officer on the ill-fated frigate Philadelphia when she was captured in 1803 in the harbor of Tripoli, remaining a prisoner eighteen months. He was made commander April 20, 1810, assigned to the Wasp, 18 guns, in 1811, and in 1812 was despatched with letters to the U. S. ministers to France and England. Before he returned, war had been declared with England, and, after refitting his vessel, he left the Delaware on a cruise on October 13, 1812. On October 18 he fell in with the British brig Frolic, a vessel of slightly superior force to his own, and captured her after a sharp engagément of forty-three minutes, during the latter part of which the ships were so near that in loading some of the Wasp's guns the rammers hit against the bows of her antagonist. The contest had no sooner ended than the English ship Poictiers, 74 guns, hove in sight, and captured both the Wasp and her prize, carrying them to Bermuda.

The fight between the Wasp and the Frolic was the first of the war, in which the vessels were so nearly equal, and it did much to destroy the idea of British invincibility on the ocean.

Jones was described in a sketch that was written during his life as of "about the middle size, of an active mind and vigorous make, and an excellent constitution."

In the life of this hero we find a singular occurrence which all of our readers should stop and reflect upon. The lad seeks a profession, becomes after education a medical practitioner and finally at the mature age of thirty-one, enters our little navy at its foot, as a midshipman, when it would be thought that all ambition to succeed in the life of a sailor had been stifled. But he persists, becomes attached to the ill-fated Philadelphia, is captured, and remains a prisoner for nearly two years. He returns and in less than ten years becomes a full captain and fights a battle with a superior force which astonishes the world.

Justin McCarthy, in his History of the Four Georges, did not hesitate to speak his mind when England committed a wrong action, thus he says of the condition of things political in the year 1812: "As the most disastrous event of the reign of George the Third prior to the Regency was a war with America, so the most disastrous event of the Regency was a war with America. Two keen causes of quarrel were afforded by England's persistent assertion of the right to stop and search American vessels on the high seas for British subjects, and England's no less persistent refusal to recognize that naturalization as an American citizen in any way affected the allegiance of a British subject to the British crown. After the assassination of the minister,

Spencer Percival, Lord Liverpool became minister, who was (according to McCarthy) a curiously narrow-minded, hide-bound politician, who had never recovered from the shock of the French Revolution, and who was chiefly known for his dogged opposition to every species of reform, thought and said that America ought to look to England as the guardian to which she was indebted not only for her rank in the scale of civilization, but for her very existence. So that great and profound thinker, Dr. Johnson, thought and wrote as long ago as the early days of our Revolution of John Hancock, and Samuel Adams, the American patriots, called rebels for their acts against the British crown. Such folly as Lord Liverpool displayed could only end in disaster. America believing herself to be deeply wronged, declared war on Great Britain in the June of 1812. If England was weakened by her struggle with Napoleon, America was hampered by internal dissentions, by a disorganized army and by a navy *so small that it might almost have been regarded as not in existence.* Yet it was this very navy which did most for America in the struggle and dealt England the most staggering blows inflicted upon her supremacy of the sea. The war ended at last, after the commerce of both countries had been gravely injured, in a grotesque treaty of peace, signed at Ghent, in which the principal cause of war, *the impressment of American sailors by English ships* was not alluded to. But as the impressment was abandoned by England, *the war had not been waged wholly in vain.*" True, but when the question was settled why drag before the world one of its original causes, when there were commissioners who refrained from doing so for cause. Would it have been wise to do so? Were not John Quincy Adams, afterwards President of the United States; I. A. Bayard, U. S. Senator; Henry Clay, the great statesman; Jona Russell and Albert Gallatin, one of our wisest legislators, our commissioners to do the work as competent men as any to decide what should or should not be put into a treaty of peace and amity? Not an American was ever known to find fault with that treaty. McCarthy is wrong; he could not refrain from a sneer at America.

It was just such deeds as Hull displayed in his thorough nautical skill in saving the Constitution from capture by a vastly superior force, her battles with an enemy who had accounted itself invincible upon the sea, and the engagement of the Wasp and Frolic and others that set our enemy to thinking that their game of invincibility was not real but the tinsel which served to hide a false character rather than a true honesty of purpose.

Of the four sailors taken from the Chesapeake by the 50-gun ship Leopard, two were returned on the deck of the Chesapeake; one had died and one was hanged in Halifax.

Thus ended an episode in the history of the world, an English navy of more than 800 armed ships pitted against less than one-tenth of that number, in which on both sides were seen brave actions, daring deeds and the exhibition of Christion charity when defeated. Let us who sprang from the loins of the English people and who are living in peace and amity with them, not forget the heritage of liberty won by the supreme efforts of our fathers; the prize this glorious land of freedom. Let is be our pride to live in peace with all mankind, the peace obtained by hard struggles, and not to be again jeopardized we trust by the act of a man.

BENJAMIN F. STEVENS.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

AN analysis of the contents of the principal military periodicals, systematically classified under a few general heads for the convenience of the reader and student, comprising extracts and comments, in which special attention is given to the most important and valuable articles.

ORGANIZATION, ADMINISTRATION AND MOBILIZATION.

The articles on these subjects have considerable variety this month, and are of some importance. They comprise the following:

1. The Coming General Staff.—*Jour. Mil. Serv. Inst.*, July-August.

2. The Reorganization of the Russian General Staff.—*Rev. du Cercle Mil.*, June 13.

3. Recruiting of Army Officers.—*Army and Navy Register*, July 4.

4. Our Military Judicial System.—*Jour. Mil. Serv. Inst.*, July-August.

5. Garrisons of Fortifications.—*Kriegstech. Zeit.*, 6.

6. The Servian Army.—*Mil. Mail*, June 19.

7. The Best Organization for the Land Transport of the British Army.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, June.

8. Naval Intelligence During War.—*Proc. U. S. Nav. Inst.*, June.

9. The Problem of Engineers.—*Same.*

10. Engineering Efficiency Not Impaired.—*Army and Navy Journal*, June 27.

11. The Need of a Building Program for Our Navy.—*Proc. U. S. Nav. Inst.*, June.

12. The Organization of the French Defenses Mobiles.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, June.

13. Troop Property Cards.—*Jour. Mil. Serv. Inst.*, July-August.

14. Changes in the World's Navies.—*Proc. U. S. Nav. Inst.*, June; *Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, June.

15. Changes in the World's Armies.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, June.

General Schwan's essay on the coming General Staff is an excellent study of the subject, and deserves the most careful consideration.

The author is well versed in the literature as well as the practical working of General Staffs, and is therefore well fitted to speak with authority.

The author first traces the origin of the new law, discusses the philosophy of the matter, gives an outline of the duties of the General Staff, and finally points out its importance as a factor in the military system of the country. Incidentally, a few of the dangers to be avoided are referred to, and the necessity for proper rules and regulations for the conduct of the Staff is indicated.

A few extracts will illustrate the high character of this article:

"After a long, determined, and at one time apparently hopeless, struggle the War Department has at last succeeded in having provision made for a General Staff Corps, which, subject to the control of the President and Secretary of War, will be at the head of the military system of the United States. The law creating the General Staff also, in effect, abolishes the office of Commanding General of the Army, and hence does not become operative, although approved on February 14th last, until August 15, 1903, prior to which date Lieutenant General Miles, the present Commanding General, will have been retired from active service. It is the purpose of this paper to show in general outline the conditions that make a General Staff Corps necessary, and incidentally to point out the causes which until now have prevented its establishment; next to explain its functions, mediate and immediate, as prescribed by law, and to submit in connection therewith some considerations that ought to control the selection of its members; and finally to discuss a few of the many subjects with which it will deal in sufficient detail to enable even the non-military reader to judge of the importance and comprehensiveness of its sphere of action.

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"From the above premises flows the principle, recognized as just in nearly all modern armies, that the Line should control the operations of the Staff, or at least that, wherever the interests of the two clash, those of the Line should prevail, the Commanding Officer being held responsible in each case for his decision. This principle is supposed to govern the relations of the line and staff at the headquarters of our territorial departments, as well as in garrison and the field; although it has been more or less impaired by the fact that supply and other staff officers serving with the troops receive directly from the heads of their bureaus instructions with which commanding officers feel they dare not interfere.

"When we come to look into the condition of things at the War Department we find that here the distribution of power and influence is almost reversed; that not the Line, but its servant, the Staff, is virtually supreme (each staff within its own province), and that there is little correlation between the various departments of the staff. At Washington the positions of the chiefs of the special staffs, who control the disbursements, and perhaps to some extent also the patronage of their respective departments, have, owing to the growing importance of their functions and their close contact with the legislative and executive branches of the Government, become increasingly independent. Most of them, watching their opportunity, and following a natural and perhaps legitimate impulse, have endeavored, sometimes without much reference to the needs of the Army, to enlarge the jurisdiction as well as the number and rank of the officers of their respective corps, and have succeeded; while a few, with equal if not better claims to an increase, have failed to secure any worth mentioning. One of the results of this expansion along independent lines has been, and is, that in some cases the spheres of two or more departments overlap, and that double or treble machinery is unnecessarily employed for the performance of the same kind of service, or to supply stores of the same class, to the sacrifice of both economy and efficiency.

"All the heads of the special staffs have also managed by degrees to emancipate themselves from strictly military control, until now they are in reality subject only to the authority of the Secretary of War.

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"That this condition of things is highly unsatisfactory, even in peace time, is easy to see: each of ten unrelated bureaus holds, through its chief, direct communication with the Secretary of War, who cannot fitly represent the line, and much of whose time is necessarily occupied in conference with the President, Members of Congress, and the general public, not to mention the urgent business of a quasi civil nature that he is constantly obliged to dispose of, such as that pertaining to the colonies, and the improvement of rivers and harbors. * * *

"It is not in the staff only that there has been an absence of definite method, definite aims, and co-ordinative control. The line has suffered from a similar if not so pronounced an evil. * * * For instance, of concentrations of detachments from all arms for maneuvers on an extended scale, at which the capacity of individual officers to handle their several commands within the framework of one of two opposing bodies could be demonstrated and developed, or their incapacity to fulfill their parts exposed, there were, during the long

interval between the Civil and Spanish wars, not more than could be counted on the fingers of a single hand.

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"There was, it is true, a partial awakening in the Line for some five years before the outbreak of the Spanish War, but the movement —valuable as far as it went—spent itself chiefly, on its practical side, in practice marches and the solutions of problems in minor tactics *by the garrisons of posts,* any one of which rarely equalled a regiment in number. * * * No tests calculated to bring the most capable officers to the surface had been applied, and the Washington authorities were obliged to entrust large aggregations of raw troops and over-sea expeditions, the handling of which called for the highest soldierly qualities, to officers of rank, who, however effective they might have been at one time, had with age become more or less inert in body or mind. The circumstance that such defective leadership, added to our general unpreparedness, did not result disastrously, should not excite national conceit, or blind us to the weak points which mobilization revealed, when we consider that our enemy, a feeble nation, having a worthless navy, was in both hemispheres fighting many thousands of miles from its base. The fact is that any enterprise that is managed by a community, whether civil or military, will languish and fail unless provision is made for the special distinction and reward of the most active and efficient elements. In our service the drones in the commissioned grades (happily but few in number) have, unless absolutely vicious, fared nearly as well as the energetic workers, and in some instances better.

"The creation of a General Staff Corps that is free from the taint attaching to the offspring of intrigue, and the exalted standing of whose officers affords a guarantee that henceforth the Army will be kept abreast of modern requirements and get the country's needs, and that every officer and soldier will his just deserts, will probably mark the summit of the achievements of Mr. Root as Secretary of War. He accomplished much when he succeeded in passing the General Staff bill, preceded by other measures of importance, through Congress. The lucidity, the forcefulness, and the persistence of the arguments by which he demolished the opposition that apathy, ignorance, and prejudice had arrayed against him, stamp him an extraordinary man. Yet a General Staff may prove of little advantage to the service unless, by the establishment of rules that will insure to it an efficient working organization and a membership beyond the reach of the breath of scandal, he shall manage to place it upon a healthy

and enduring basis. So organized and constituted, the General Staff can be safely counted upon to secure those further measures—consolidation of the supply and certain technical staffs, decentralization in both command and administration, legislation in peace for a state of war, and other more or less urgent needs which must still be wrested from an overworked and reluctant Congress to complete the army reforms initiated and pushed well on their way by Mr. Root. Without such foundation there is danger that the edifice which he planned and which already looms large may crumble and fall. Placed upon such a foundation, the General Staff will immortalize the name of its founder in preserving forever the usefulness and honor of the Army."

The article on the Russian General Staff relates to the changes of organization that have recently been made by law. It is a résumé from the Russian by the well-known French author and soldier, Captain Painvin.

Under its new organization the General Staff comprises five Departments:

1. First Quartermaster General.
2. Second Quartermaster General.
3. General of the Day.
4. Military Communications.
5. Military Topography.

Each department is divided into sections, and each section into Bureaus.

The first, for example, has five sections:

a. Organization.
e. Siberia, the Armour and Kwantoun.
c. General Staff Duty.
d. The Caucasus and Turkestan.
e. Siberia, the Armour and Kwantoun..

The second has six sections:

a. Military Statistics of Russia.
b. Military Statistics of Foreign Countries.
c. Historical Archives.
d. Defence of the Empire.
e. Recruitment.
f. Mobilization.

The third department has seven sections:

a. Personnel (men).
b. Personnel (officers).

c. Detail of Officers.
d. Rewards.
e. Military Justice.
f. Retirement of Officers.
g. Pay and Quarters.

The fourth department comprises six sections:

a. Administration and Railroad Transportation.
b. Water Transportation.
c. Experiments in Transportation.
d. Transportation of Reserves.
e. Lines of Communication in War.
f. Service of Communication in rear of the Army in time of war.

The article on the Recruiting of Army Officers is from a report to the War Department by Captain T. Bentley Mott, Artillery Corps, Military Attaché in Paris, and relates to the law for promotion from the ranks.

The next article is a continuation of Colonel Hunter's essay on Our Military Judicial System.

The organization of the Garrisons of Fortifications is the subject of the next paper, which deals with the recent changes in Russian forts and the fortification troops of Germany.

Russia has 50 battalions of *Fortification Infantry* in time of peace in Russia-in-Europe alone, which can be raised in time of war to 150 battalions; there are also 57 battalions of *Fortification Artillery,* as well as 4 battalions of *Siege Artillery,* which is to be increased to 4 regiments.

Germany has no special Fortification troops outside of its *Foot Artillery,* but the question is being discussed as to what troops will, in time of war, garrison and defend the land forts, and *Fortification Infantry* (in addition to the Foot Artillery) is proposed as a solution of the problem. Regiments of such infantry (with Engineer battalions attached) are to be stationed in the forts in time of peace, to study the means and methods of defence.

The Servian Army is briefly described in the succeeding article, from which we extract the following:

"The Servian Army, by its participation in the horrible massacre at Belgrade last week, has drawn upon itself a most unenviable notoriety which will take many years to remove. Its past record, too, is not one in which it can take a vast amount of pride, as those who recollect the events of the war between Bulgaria and Servia in 1885 will admit.

"The army of the country is divided into two portions, the standing army and the national army, and military service is compulsory for all able-bodied males between the ages of twenty and forty-seven. The standing army forms the first line of defence, and men between the ages of twenty and twenty-five must serve in this for a period of eighteen months. Formerly, this period was for two years, but was reduced in 1901. The standing army is composed of sixty regiments of infantry, grouped into five divisions, and with a very disproportionate amount of cavalry and artillery.

"The national army stands in much the same relation to the standing army as the British Militia does to the Regular Army. It is divided into two classes, the first of which is made up of men under forty, and who have served for the prescribed period in the standing army, and the second of men between forty and forty-seven. Roughly speaking, the first class comprises sixty infantry regiments, and the second class forty. Though in peace times the standing Servian army does not consist of more than about 20,000 men, yet on a war footing it can be brought up to something like 350,000 men.

"The latest statistics available are those for 1900-01, when the standing army was made up as follows:

"Infantry.—661 officers, 14,000 men.

"Cavalry.—101 officers, 1,400 men.

"Artillery.—270 officers, 4,000 men.

"Engineers.—65 officers, 1,000 men.

"The infantry regiments are each composed of four battalions, while three of the cavalry regiments have four squadrons each, and the remaining regiment has two. The artillery is divided into five regiments, three of which have nine field batteries, and the remainder six. Each regiment of artillery also has one six-gun battery of horse artillery, and three mountain batteries of four guns each. In addition, there is one regiment, made up of two battalions, of fortress artillery. The guns are all of fairly modern pattern, while the infantry were recently re-armed with German Mauser rifles.

"The fortified posts are not so numerous as one would imagine, taking into account the extent of the land frontier of the country. There are some rough, but tolerably effective, earthworks at a few strategic points on the Bulgarian boundary, and at the town of Nisch, or Nish, situated midway on the railway line between Sofia and Belgrade five modern forts have recently been erected. There are also modern fortifications at Zayechar, near the Bulgarian frontier, and at Pirot on the same border, and which was the scene of a sanguinary engagement in the Bulgarian war. The citadel of Belgrade, though

holding a commanding position at the junction of the Save and the Danube, is of no importance to-day.

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"The officers are selected from the highest classes, and are trained at a first rate military academy, which is one of the principal features of Belgrade."

The British Land Transport Service is discussed by Major Hobbs in an able article, which is a *Second Prize* Essay.

The paper on Naval Intelligence during war is by Captain Goodrich, U. S. Navy, and was delivered as a lecture at the Naval War College. The author is too well known to need any comment from us, and it is needless to say that the essay is a thorough study of the subject, presented in the clear and graphic style of the author. In the late war with Spain, as well as in recent Naval or Joint maneuvers, our Navy Officers (according to their own assertions) were particularly impressed with the grave necessity for *intelligence* during war, and none more so than Captain Goodrich, who no doubt had a very clear appreciation of this necessity long before the war. We refer the reader to the original article, as no extracts can give a clear idea of its scope, and recommend it to all as a valuable study in organization.

The next two articles relate to the question of the Engineers in the Navy; the first by a former *Engineer*, who favors the change made by the so-called Personnel Law, but with certain modifications in carrying it out; the second by Captain McCalla, U. S. Navy, who strongly favors the change:

"During my time of service in the Navy I have seen considerable friction between the officers of the line and naval engineers, due, in my opinion, to the fact that line officers, as a body, had little or no practical knowledge of, and were not sufficiently interested in, the management of engines and boilers. Having, as a young officer, had the benefit of excellent instruction in steam enginery, I, with others, early came to the conclusion that a Corps of Engineers and a Corps of Line Officers would not give the best results to our Navy. I also formed the opinion that if line officers did not become engineers, the engineers could and would become line officers. Since the passage of the act of March 3, 1899, my earlier belief has been corroborated by the fact that those engineer officers who wished to qualify as line officers have been able to do so without much difficulty, and while there are exceptions to all rules, my experience during the last four years has satisfied me that there is no necessity for a special Corps

of Steam Engineers in our Navy. If steam enginery is considered a 'specialty,' then it would appear that it should be the 'specialty' of line officers."

The article on the need of a Building Program is another excellent move in the right direction.

The organization of the French *Défenses Mobiles* relates to the stations and duties of the divisions of torpedo boats in the defense of the coast.

MILITARY EDUCATION AND TRAINING.

The few articles on this subject are of importance; they include:

1. Naval Literature.—*Proc. U. S. Nav. Inst.*, June.
2. The Services of Observation and Security.—*Army and Navy Gaz.*, July 4.
3. The New Infantry Drill Regulations.—*Rev. du Cercle Mil.*, July 4.
4. The Delhi Maneuvers.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, June.
5. Autumn Maneuvers.—*Mil. Mail*, June 26.

The first of these is again a lecture delivered before the Naval War College,—an interesting dissertation on Naval Literature, particularly Naval History.

The second is by a well-known British officer, Colonel Pollock, and he handles his subject in a masterly way:

"The services of observation and security involve the most important problems that officers can possibly be called upon to solve in war or at maneuvers, and it is not overstating the case to assert that he, who, in command of a squadron or company, exhibits real proficiency in this sort of work will probably be found capable of dealing with almost any military problem, upon however large a scale, because he thus shows himself expert in the essential elements of correctly applying the entire art of war. Now, the art of war is 'The application of common-sense to the "use of ground," upon the principle that fround enables us to conceal our weakness and to use our strength.'

"In battle we use, or should use, ground.—(1) To hide our maneuvers from observation. (2) To protect our bodies against fire. (3) To observe the enemy. (4) To shoot or otherwise destroy the enemy. The services of security cannot be separated from those of observation, because the former, be their exact nature what it may, must obviously depend upon the efficient performance of the latter. But in order to deal properly with this dual subject its two branches must, I think, be considered separately.

"The services of observation are (1) Active; (2) Passive. Active observation includes reconnaissance, whether upon a large or small scale, scouting, and the use of spies, &c., under the auspices of the Intelligence Department. Passive observation is represented by the use of standing patrols, vedettes, and sentries. In a word, the difference between the active and the passive varieties of observation services is that in the former case the enemy is searched for in advance, whilst in the latter his approach is awaited. Outposts combine both ideas—the active by the use of reconnoitering and strong patrols, and the passive by sentries and visiting patrols.

"The services of security are similar (1) Active; (2) Passive. In the active sense security is sought by the use of covering tactics, involving the employment of advanced, rear, and flank guards; and in the passive by means of containing forces and outposts. The general idea underlying the whole matter, on the march or halted, fighting or resting, is that a few work hard for the benefit of the majority.

"As the active branch of the services of observation are the most important, so likewise are the covering tactics by which security is sought by active means, and of these the most important, as well as the most interesting, are those which come under the heading of flank guards. And yet, curiously enough, whilst the text-books overflow with good and bad advice upon the subject of advanced and rear guards, but scant attention is generally paid to that of flank guards. The result of this neglect has been a long tale of disasters and failures in South Africa.

"When Lord Cornwallis, a very capable man, in spite of Yorktown and the errors upon his part from which that disaster originated—was marching to the attack of Bangalore in 1791, he astonished the whole army of India by the simple expedient of holding hills on his flank whilst his main body and convoy marched unmolested behind the screen thus created. Others had been accustomed to submit to the constant annoyance as well as loss of men and stores occasioned by the onslaughts of Hyder Ali's and Tippoo Sahib's Mysore cavalry upon their ill-protected baggage and supply columns. In employing a similar expedient, instead of assailing Spion Kop, Sir Charles Warren could easily have marched from the Tugela *via* Acton Homes to Ladysmith. To know where to go, get there first, and then shoot the enemy whom you have anticipated, is the primary secret of covering tactics. Having skirmished rapidly so as to get hold of a position, it only remains to reinforce it with equal rapidity in case of need, and thus to hold it so long as its possession is required. Applying

this to the Tugela-Ladysmith advance, Dundonald's cavalry, galloping ahead, should have seized a succession of kopjes, which Warren's infantry, following behind, would have made good, and thus set free the cavalry detachments one by one as they came along. The system upon which a flank guard should work is the continual prolongation of the line in the required direction, and that when covering a retiring force the outer flank should be *en potence*. This latter entails, of course, the formation of a new line with the commencement of each successive change of position, since, otherwise, the line would be prolonged indefinitely with a gradually increasing gap between its inner flank and the flank of the rear guard upon which it should rest. In the case of a force advancing, it is very essential that if the flank guard is engaged the advanced guard should be careful not to outmarch it. Mahon's column moving to the relief of Mafeking had a narrow escape owing to the advanced guard, which was also engaged, pressing forward at a pace with which the right guard could not conform."

The third article discusses the new French Infantry Drill Regulations, and will be continued in several succeeding numbers of the *Revue*.

The next article is an account of the Delhi maneuvers, the most extensive since 1886.

The last article in this list relates to the coming British maneuvers under Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood:

"The War Office are pushing ahead their arrangements for the mimic conflicts in the ensuing autumn between the 1st and 2d Army Corps, and a portion of Lord Grenfell's command, which will be utilized to strengthen the forces of Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood. The district in which the operations will take place embraces an area extending from the northern county boundary of Oxford to the English Channel, and westward to the Bristol Channel, but the operations, it is thought, will be principally confined to the extensive War Office territory on Salisbury Plain and the Hampshire Forest. This limitation is necessitated by the scarcity of money, which would not provide compensation for crops damaged by the troops over too large an area, and to the fact that the actual operations will be confined only to a short period, viz., the 5th to the 12th of September. The heavy cost of congregating the 2d Army Corps on Salisbury Plain, and the preparatory training proposed before the maneuvers, leaves only a limited amount to satisfy the farmer, whose claims, from past experience in this direction, are generally intensified correspondingly with the amount of his military patriotism. In order that

Farmer Giles may be pacified, and that so quickly, a Compensation Board is being formed by the military authorities, who will select competent land surveyors and valuers to accompany the troops to disburse public money where pastures have been unduly trod down, or turnip fields molested. And with a view of selecting country where the passage of troops would be least injurious, instructions have recently been issued to the various military commands to prepare maps of their several localities showing the crops cultivated, or what the land is likely to carry when the month of September has been reached. The immediate settlement of claims by competent authority on the spot should materially ease the administrative duties of the Army Corps Command, and be welcome alike to the farmer and the public.

"In addition to the 1st and 2d Army Corps—or such portion of them as it is possible to assemble—the War Office intend to form two Cavalry Brigades to operate with the Aldershot and Salisbury troops respectively. There is, fortunately, no dearth of cavalrymen, for this arm has long since been over establishment, and it has been necessary to cease recruiting for the mounted services. There shquld be no difficulty, therefore, in mustering the three regiments constituting each brigade. The Aldershot Brigade exists, but the 2d Cavalry Brigade for the Salisbury Field Marshal will have to be born for the occasion. The 1st Royal Dragoons is available, and possible the 5th Lancers, whilst there are plenty of squadrons at Canterbury, Hounslow and Colchester to make two or three regiments.

"Field Marshal Wood intends to assemble his two divisions—the third is hypothetical at present—for Army Corps exercises on the 30th of August, when his troops will arrive from the Southeastern, Southern, and Western Districts, and camp on variously selected sites on Salisbury Plain, proceeding and arriving to their allotted positions for defence or attack on the evening of the 4th of September. The Salisbury troops will take up a position extending from Hungerford to Bath, with the centre lying farther north, beyond Calne. Gen. French will arrive with his troops by route march to Andover on the following day, where a rest camp will be provided adjacent to the town, but the Cavalry Brigade will push on and take up positions north of Salisbury. The 1st Army Corps will now be acting on a supposition that they have effected a landing on the south coast, somewhere in the neighborhood of Christ-church Bay, and are endeavoring to strike for Bristol; for this purpose the Aldershot troops will be thrown across Salisbury Plain, with the left front extending to and beyond Warminster, with the right bounded by the Wiltshire Avon.

"Beyond a few skirmishes by outposts, the opposing forces will not be engaged in actual combat until the neighborhood of Marlborough has been reached, where Sir Evelyn intends to wait on the invader near to White Horse Hill. The heavy artillery will be brought into play, but the infantry are not likely to come to close quarters until the advance of the invader has been checked in this neighborhood.

"It is hardly possible to give an accurate estimate of the number of troops likely to take part in the maneuvers, but the following figures will indicate in some measure the extent of the operations contemplated:

"The establishment of an Army Corps is, with Field Force, 36,259, plus the necessary personnel for increasing the strength of the Field Artillery, with the Infantry Divisions (the number of guns having been doubled within the last two years), in round numbers, say, 36,500 officers, rank and file.

"This number is made up of 30,400 Infantry and R. F. A., 1,700 Corps Artillery, whilst the 3,900 remaining embrace an additional infantry battalion, a cavalry regiment, ammunition and supply parks, R. E. units, A. S. C., and Field Hospitals."

MILITARY HISTORY, STRATEGY AND TACTICS.

The articles under these subjects are of special interest this month:

1. Spanish Campaign in the Philippines.—*Jour. Mil. Serv. Inst.*, July-August.
2. Lessons from the Conduct of the English Mounted Troops in South Africa.—*Same.*
3. Campaigns Against India from the West.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, June.
4. An Old Problem and Its Solution.—*Jour. Mil. Serv. Inst.*, July-August.
5. The Land Defence of a Coast Fortress.—*Same.*
6. Disembarkation in the Presence of the Enemy.—*Same.*
7. The Offensive and Defensive in the Tactics of To-day.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, June.
8. Cavalry Methods.—*Jour. Mil. Serv. Inst.*, July-August.
9. Technics and Tactics.—*Kriegstech. Zeit.*, 6.
10. Ammunition Supply.—*Army and Navy Gaz.*, July 4.

The first is a translation by Captain John R. M. Taylor, 14th Infantry, an officer who has carefully studied the military conditions in the Philippines and is familiar with much of their history under Spanish rule.

The lessons from the mounted troops in South Africa are drawn by a cavalry officer of our service, and are very clear and to the point. Some of them are of special value, and should be familiar to officers of all arms, and all are of interest to the cavalryman:

"A study of the operations of the various mounted organizations in South Africa is fraught with great interest for the American cavalryman, combined with a certain feeling of satisfaction. This sense of contentment is not due to a perusal of the causes of British reverses so far as they disclose the weaknesses of the English, but, rather, that they tend to prove the correctness of the practical employment of cavalry as taught in the United States Service. It is curious to note the similarity of the mistakes made by the British in South Africa and those committed by the Union cavalry in the early part of the Civil War. * * *

"The dearth of properly trained cavalry was the principal cause of the non-success of the British during the early stages of the Boer War. * * *

"The mistake was in overlooking the principle that you should have as much cavalry as your opponent. The Boers were all mounted, although the British would scorn to call them cavalrymen. In due time the cavalry started, traveled leisurely, and, upon arriving, were immediately hurried to the front, with a consequent excessive loss of horseflesh. In view of those facts, the work of the English cavalry is unfairly judged, and continental critics overlook the remarkable successes of this arm when it was in a position to do itself justice. Upon realizing the necessity for mounted troops, the Government immediately set out to remedy the deficiency. This was no easy task, and the hasty organization of the various Yeomanry and mounted infantry regiments, with their subsequent conduct in the field and their cost, show only too plainly the fallacy of the idea of 'ready-made' cavalry. * * * According to Lord Wolseley, there were 9,000 sabers to 246,000 other troops in South Africa in October, 1900. From these figures it is easy to understand how the 9,000 used up their horses. They were trying to do the work of 82,000 mounted men: for one-third cavalry is not an excessive proportion for a country like South Africa, with terrain so well suited to the use of this arm (Natal excepted). In fact, the proportion is more apt to be too small when we take into consideration the fact that the Boers were all mounted. Again, the training of the English Regular cavalry was such that at first they were at a disadvantage in a contest with the Boers. They had been taught that shock action was the rôle of the mounted soldier. One can imagine their surprise at the characteristic reception of one

of their charges. The Boers would pour as much lead into the advancing mass as time permitted, then if the British were not checked, they would mount, gallop ahead six or eight hundred yards, dismount and repeat the dose. These tactics were highly successful, but they caused great indignation throughout the English Army at first. Ultimately they taught the British the value of the carbine to the cavalryman, something we learned in our service in the Civil War and have not forgotten. However, the English carbine is not of the first quality, being inferior to the arm used by the Boers both in range and accuracy. The English have now issued the rifle to all mounted troops. * * *

"Passing from arms to horses, the work of that much-abused body of officers, the British Remount Commission, comes to our notice. The results—and results are what count—accomplished by these men are truly remarkable. * * *

"The Army estimates of 1898-99 show 1,870 remounts purchased, cost about $375,000, while for 1900-01 the outlay exceeded $10,000,000 and over 400,000 animals bought. In 1899 England had in the ranks about 15,000 horses, riding and draft, and, under the registration system, a lien on 14,000 more; twenty per cent. of this latter class were unfit for service, but, taking the whole number, 29,000, it was little more than sufficient to supply an expeditionary Army Corps of one cavalry division, three infantry divisions, with proportionate artillery.

"Thus, in the matter of mounts, England was at a disadvantage from the beginning, which disadvantage was increased by the enormous consumption of animals. The average life of a horse, after disembarking, was calculated to be about six weeks. From the above facts the difficulties confronting the Remount Commission can be understood, and as fifteen of the thirty-five members were not of the cavalry, it is not surprising that sometimes their purchases came high. However, they supplied the Army with mounts, and that was their work. Some regiments were remounted from three to six times in four months, so the gentlemen of the Commission were not wasting time. If the war in South Africa had continued, and the consumption of horses kept on at the same rate, the extinction of the mount would have decided the question of the abolition of cavalry. * * *

"The enormous consumption of horseflesh in South Africa was not due to exceptional conditions, but to conditions that had led to similar results in previous wars, and will have the same effect in future conflicts unless they are remedied."

The third of the above articles is a continuation of a series of

historical essays on past campaigns against India, from the Russian of Major General L. N. Soboleff.

The old problem referred to in the next paper is the question of Ammunition Supply, and the author brings out some interesting points for investigation and discussion.

The Land Defence of a Coast Fortress is an interesting study and one of great importance to the Coast Artillery. The literature of this subject is very meagre, and every new addition to it is hailed with delight, especially when it indicates careful consideration, as in the case of the present article.

The article on Disembarkation in the Presence of the Enemy is similar in character and importance.

The next article is based on Major Callwell's little book, entitled *The Tactics of To-day,* and the experiences in South Africa. The following extract illustrates the author's style:

"The most brilliant instance of a flank attack on a great scale in modern military history is the battle of Chancellorsville. But the Army of Northern Virginia was led by three generals, to each of whom the term military genius may be ascribed without flattery. Its movements were concealed by forests, and its opponents were indifferently commanded. When Lee attempted to repeat the performance at Gettysburg, after Jackson's death, by falling on the Federal flank and rear with Stuart's cavalry, the blow missed its object, owing partly to the wide disconnection of the troops to whom the enterprise was assigned from the main body whose attack they had to assist. Yet the Gettysburg campaign was fought on a far smaller theatre than would be a struggle between two great military Powers with the weapons of to-day.

"The type of attack exemplified by Ulm, Sedan, and Paardeberg, the complete re-investment of a field army is now, as formerly, the most complete tactical victory which can be obtained; but it requires a great preponderance of strength on the attacking side. The next best plan for the destruction of a hostile army is to cut in between its wings and compel its troops to retreat under the fire of the successful assailant. Of course, the flank attack must, whenever possible, be combined with the frontal one; but unless the area of the battle-field is small enough to admit of the points attacked being under fire from two directions at the same time, the actual effect of the flank attack will be comparatively local.

"As an illustration of this plan of attack the battle of Spion Kop is rich in lessons.

"Our troops, by a successful frontal attack, drove a wedge in the enemy's line at night. The advance was, by an error, stopped too

soon, and the attacking troops at dawn found themselves exposed to enfilading fire and enveloping attacks which were pressed to close action by the Boers, almost to hand-to-hand fighting.

"Nevertheless our attacking column, now thrown on the defensive, held its ground and drew on itself the best part of the enemy's troops. Within reach of tactical action, on both flanks of our column, were present on the field enough British troops to have given us a decided superiority in the battle. Had these troops been sent forward to the last man to the help of the comrades already engaged there can be little or no doubt that the enemy, weakened and dispirited, would have been compelled to retreat across the comparatively open ground which lay between Spion Kop and Ladysmith, within range of our rifles, and with the garrison of Ladysmith on its line of retreat. The most important battle of the Boer war may fairly be claimed as conclusively proving the necessity of grasping the nettle and the absolute impossibility of winning decisive tactical success without doing so."

The article on Cavalry Methods refers to those in the Army of Northern Virginia in the Civil War, and is a translation from the French.

The next article considers the question of the necessity for *technical* troops in the army, and is of far-reaching interest, inasmuch as it affects the Ordnance Department, Electrical Engineers, Armor and Ordnance Manufacturers, Railroad Engineers, etc., etc.

The last article concerns ammunition supply on board ship.

ARTILLERY AND FORTIFICATION.

There are but two articles of any value under the first head:

1. The Development of the Artillery Fuse in Germany.—*Kriegstech. Zeit.*, 6.

2. Armored Caissons.—*Same.*

The former is a continued article and has already been referred to.

The latter discusses the question of the position of the new *armored* caissons on the line of battle, and contends that it is now possible to have them *alongside* the pieces instead of in rear, as is now the custom. There are several other points of interest in this short paper.

There are also but two articles under the second head:

3. A Proposed New Fort.—*Mil. Mail*, June 19.

4. Testing the Thames and Medway Defenses.—*Same*, June 12.

The former has to do with the new defences of the Thames:

"For many years past the School of Gunnery at Shoeburyness.

has been quietly but effectively extending its scope. Quite recently the authorities purchased a large tract of land in the vicinity of Haven Gore, and in well-informed quarters there is a persistent rumor to the effect that further purchases on Foulness Island and Tillingham Marshes are likely to be made in the near future.

"The reason for such an expenditure is twofold. A glance at the map will show that the river Crouch is entirely unprotected, and as at high tide almost any vessels could get up as far as Burnham, and furthermore, as at any time a landing could be effected on the north side of Foulness Island, within a few miles of Shoeburyness, the necessity for the provision of fixed defences is manifest.

"To provide these it is proposed to erect a first-class fort on the shore near Tillingham Marshes. This fort would command the mouth of the river Crouch, the Whittaker, and the north side of Foulness Island, and, if properly constructed, and fitted with modern guns, it would constitute an important addition to our coast defences simply on account of its fine natural position.

"But, in addition to this, there is another point that demands consideration. For many years the difficulty of transporting heavy naval guns from the makers to Shoeburyness to be tested, and then from Shoeburyness to the battleship or cruiser for which they are intended, has been a source of great expense and delay.

"As there is but little depth of water close to the shore off Shoeburyness, the difficulty appeared insurmountable, but it is now suggested to overcome it by building a light railway from the New Ranges at Shoeburyness right across to the north side of Foulness Island, where, by means of a short pier, big guns could be shipped straight away into their proper places aboard ship without fresh transportation by water.

This scheme would save a great deal of money and time, besides facilitating the arming of our fleet, and there is no reason why it should not be carried out. The engineering difficulties to be overcome are practically nil, as the road is almost level, and three bridges, each about 2000 yards long to carry the railway over three creeks, would be the most expensive part of the business.

"When completed this railway would be about 10 miles long and its terminus would be protected by the proposed fort on the opposite side of the river Crouch, here less than two miles wide. Taking it altogether the scheme is a notable one, and apart from the direct results already mentioned, the tactical and ultimate results are perhaps even more important, and would well repay the necessary outlay.

"The point to be remembered is that the new fort, when completed,

would be our nearest coast fortress to Germany, and when allowance is made for the ambitious naval program of the German Emperor, the necessity for the suggested augmentation of our permanent defences is undeniable.

"When Germany's naval strength has reached its proposed limit then the question of controlling the North Sea will be of vital interest. Baron Edelsheim's masterly scheme for the invasion of England by Germany shows what the Germans will attempt when in their estimation the German Fleet is strong enough to obtain temporary command of the North Sea."

The second article explains itself:

"The final stages of the operations for trying the Thames and Medway defences began at Sheerness on Monday. According to confidential instructions issued to all concerned, the maneuvers will end on the 13th inst. Preparations for mobilization were completed with great rapidity. The whole of the regular garrison was ready for action early on Monday morning, and the following details were brought down in admiralty vessels from Chatham, and immediately upon their arrival at Sheerness they were marched to their allotted positions:—Fifty R. E.'s, including engine drivers, electric light specialists, and cyclists, 200 of the Rifle Brigade, and 400 of all ranks from the Oxfordshire Light Infantry.

"After all Shoeburyness has not been mobilized. This is the one great defect in this year's operations. If the authorities seriously intend to try the Thames defences why do they leave one side of the lower and most valuable portion of the river absolutely unprotected? The answer is simply because they have not men enough to man the guns of Shoeburyness. But far more serious still, why were the two 10-in. hydro-pneumatic B.L. guns on the front of Sheerness not manned on Monday night?

"These two guns are in perfect order, but they were not manned on Monday night. It would be interesting to know exactly how the authorities propose to test a fort without using its best and biggest guns, but perhaps they were out of action because there were no Volunteers available to man them. There are no Volunteers at Sheerness this week. Of course, they were allowed to man the semi-modern up-river forts last week, but the authorities are not giving them a chance to show what they are worth in a first-class fortress like Sheerness.

* * * * * * * * * *

"The operations have so far proved that, given a narrow and difficult channel, and plenty of warning, and some efficient quick-

firers, and good searchlights, shore defences are too strong for an ordinary torpedo attack. Of course, we knew all that before, but, if we imagine fog—complete and genuine surprise, and a foe that will try their hardest to smash the searchlights if there are any about —what then?

"Taking it in its entirety, this mobilization and testing of the Thames and Medway defences has been a piecemeal and unsatisfactory business. To begin with, they did it in section, as if we were a third-rate power, who could not afford to simultaneously and effectually man every gun from the Nore to Gravesend, and even then they did it half-heartedly, without proper co-operation from Militia and Volunteers, and, worst of all, they did not mobilize at Shoeburyness, a place packed with ordnance and priceless records of the performances of guns and ammunition. But, as it is only the headquarters of the School of Gunnery, and in its way the most important artillery station we have, of course, it is easy to believe that, in the event of actual hostilities, the War Office have not the slightest intention of defending it. Such a course of action would be quite in accordance with their best traditions, and if it is really intended to take place we can understand why Shoeburyness was undermanned and left out when they *tested* the *Thames* Defences."

WARSHIPS.

1. Proposed armament for type battleship.—*Proc. U. S. Nav. Inst.*, June.

2. The Submarine boats *Pike* and *Grampus*.—*Scien. Amer. Suppl.*, July 18.

3. Changes in the World's Navies.—*Journal Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, June.

SMALL ARMS AND EQUIPMENTS.

1. Cavalry Armament.—*Jour. Mil. Serv. Inst.*, July-August.
2. The Suppression of the Lance.—*Rev. du Cercle Mil.*, June 27.
3. Sights for Small Arms.—*Kriegstech. Zeit.*, 6.
4. A device to prevent accidental discharge of rifles.—*Same.*
5. Rifle Practice Targets.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, June.
6. The Parabellum Automatic Pistol.—*Jour. Mil. Serv. Inst.*, July-August.

MILITARY GEOGRAPHY.

1. The new harbor works at Dover.—*Scien. Amer. Suppl.*, June 27.

2. The Canal *des Deux-Mers*.—*Rev. du Cercle Mil.*, June 13-July 4.

SERVICE SALAD.

Readers of the "United Service," are cordially invited to contribute to this department items of either fact or fancy, grave or gay, instructive or only entertaining; in short, any literary flotsam and jetsam likely to interest our subscribers.

To the Editor United Service Review, New York.

SIR: In your issue, May, 1903, is a letter signed James A. Whitney. Referring to your Review of April, page 1,096, he says it contains a statement copied from the English "United Service Magazine," "notable for its inaccuracy." "That in the negotiation of the Ashburton Treaty the Americans boast that their commissioner produced an inaccurate map whereby they secured an unjustified boundary between the United States and Canada." "The British allegation was that the Americans had suppressed a map." The fact is, they did both. Permit me as shortly as I can to quote my authorities.

"The American Question and How to Settle It," published by Samson Low, London, 1863, page 245, states: "The settlement of the northeastern boundary question might have been wise as a matter of policy, but was contrary to the clearest evidence. When peace terminated the Revolutionary War, that peace was negotiated by Franklin. When the treaty was made by Lord Ashburton, the Government of the United States was in possession of the map sent by Franklin to the French Ministry, and deposited in their archives. This map is authenticated by a note in his handwriting; and on this map is a strong red-ink line drawn by Franklin's own hand, and referred to in his note. The Government was also possessed of a map found in Jefferson's collection, in which a similar red line delineated the true boundary. Franklin's map was discovered by Jared Sparks, who, when forwarding it to the United States Government, wrote thus: 'The line is bold and distinct in every part, made with red ink. There is no other coloring on any part of the map. Imagine my surprise on discovering that this line was wholly south of the St. John's. It is exactly the line contended for by Great Britain, except that it concedes more than is claimed.' All this evidence was produced before the Senate —Jefferson's map as well as Franklin's—the two coinciding minutely and exactly (Spence, p. 297). But this conclusive evidence, though in the hands of the United States Government, was suppressed in the Senate, and the Government, backed up by the people, thought it clever to cajole the British negotiator, and thus Canada was severed from New Brunswick."

Percy Greg, in his "History of the United States from the Foundation of Virginia to the Reconstruction of the Union," publishers, W. H. Allen & Co., London, 1887 (Vol. II., page 11), says: "The line actually adopted is one which nothing but a defeat as crushing as that of France in 1870 would induce an European Power to accept."

"Kingsford's History of Canada,"

(publishers, Messrs. Kegan Paul, French & Co., London), Vol VII., pp. 158, 159, says: "What a monument of folly on the part of Great Britain this boundary, as it is now determined must ever remain. This gigantic wedge running into the eastern territory of the Dominion to cut the country, as it were, asunder. A boundary established in defiance of the very language of the treaty, which traced as a dividing line the height of land separating the waters running north and south, and at variance with the evidence in the possession of the United States, at the very time they were urging the claim which they knew to be untenable. Every principle of physical geography was distorted, while the good faith and honor, which should preside at the negotiations between great nations, were entirely set aside and ignored." * * * "There was no suppression of evidence on our side, no proceedings in accordance with the theory that in order to gain an advantageous decision on a disputed point, anything is fair in diplomacy." * * * "It is a question, if a high-minded citizen of the United States can with complacency contemplate the proceedings of his government on this occasion."

The statements I made in the English "United Service Magazine" for March, 1903, regarding the treaties of 1763, 1783, 1794, 1814, 1815, 1842, 1846, 1871, in all of which the territory of Canada was lost to her, through the apathy and imbecility of British diplomatists, are quoted almost verbatim, from "Quirks of Diplomacy," by Lieut.-Colonel Coffin, Commissioner of Ordnance and Admiralty Lands, Canada. As to the Ashburton Treaty, the matter lies in a nutshell. In 1603 Henri IV. of France gave to de Monts and his followers (in the spacious fashion of the age) North America between 40 and 46 north latitude, including more than half the State of Maine, which, like Acadia, was settled by the French. Their descendants are in the State of Maine to this day. By the treaty of 1763 England acquired all the French possessions in North America. Maine was not included in the New England revolting States. Any map in the French archives would show the territory as originally claimed by France and subsequently ceeded to Great Britain.

The agents of no country would suppress or alter a map except for the advantage of their own country. Which country has benefited by the transaction? As for Mr. Whitney dragging in poor old George III. as an evidence, he died blind and imbecile long before the Ashburton treaty, and the evidence as to his handwriting by Lord Brougham (a violent hater of the Georges) is as little to the point. I have not read Mr. Whitney's third evidence, "Thomas H. Benton," but I can quite appreciate his "bitter and blasting phrases" from my recollection of the adjective habitually prefixed to "Britisher" in American vernacular. I can only suppose Mr. Whitney adopts the principle of the American poet: "My country, right or wrong," and if five-twelfths of the territory claimed by the United States was handed over to Great Britain in the treaty of 1842. Of course the American Eagle has a right to perch on the North Pole.

Yours, &c.,

T. Bland Strange,

Major General (retired), R. A.

Camberly, Surry, May 27, 1903.

The United States has not a particularly large military establishment; in fact, it is regarded as meager for such an extensive territory. Neither has it many posts from which the

flag is saluted morning and evening. Still it costs the Government $20,000 annually for ammunition for the morning and evening gun, which figures out the expense of $54.79 for each of the 365 days in the year.

TIRED OUT.

[Can any one tell who is the author of these delicate and tender lines?]

He does well who does his best:
Is he weary? Let him rest.
Brothers! I have done my best,
I am weary, let me rest.
After toiling, oft in vain,
Baffled, yet to struggle fain;
After toiling long, to gain
Little good with mickle pain.
Let me rest; but lay me low,
Where the hedgeside roses blow,
Where the little daisies grow,
Where the winds a-maying go,
Where the footpath rustics plod,
Where the breeze-bowed poplars nod,
Where the wedded throstle sings,
Where the young bird tires his wings;
Where the wailing plover swings,
Near the runlet's rushing springs;
Where at times the tempest's roar,
Shaking distant sea and shore,
Still will rave old Barnesdale o'er
To be heard by me no more!
There, beneath the breezy west,
Tired and thankful, let me rest,
Like a child that sleepeth best,
On its mother's gentle breast.

The familiar song, "I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree," has attached to it a bit of royal romance. It was written by a young nobleman, who became enamored of Queen Victoria a year or so before she ascended the British throne, which event destroyed his hopes of winning her hand. The words first appeared in an English magazine set to music by Wellington Guernsey.

UNDER THE GUNS.

Under the old embrasures dim,
Where the trailerers hang from the cannon grim,
The long lost cry of the buried shell,
Comes in on the ocean's stormy swell;
The sun hangs low where the crested wave,
Tosses over the missing brave,
And I seem to see in his crimson glare,
A ghostly flag on the ramparts there.

Under the guns that never more
Will waken the echoes of surge and shore,
I lie and laugh at the foamy crest
That lightly leaps at the sea gull's breast,
The curlew screams, and the albatross
Dips his wing where the seaweeds toss;
And 'twixt my book and the newest star
Is a tattered sail on a broken spar.

Under the cannon old and grim
That frown at the sea from the port-holes dim,
Where out of reach of the dashing spray,
The owlet sits like an abbot grey;
And the lizard's back for a moment shines,
When the breezes flutter the drowsy vines,
And the roses red in clusters fall
Over the old unguarded wall.

Under the guns that long ago
Dictated terms to a sullen foe,
Over the mouth of the culverin
A silvery web the spiders spin,
And half asleep in my listless prow,
I link the Past with the busy Now,
And 'twixt my book and the newest star,
Is a shattered sail on a broken spar.

LESSON IN SHIP ETIQUTTE.

The master of a certain large sailing vessel insists upon being addressed as "sir" by every man on board. One day a new hand joined the ship, and a short time after leaving port, being a well-seasoned old salt, he was intrusted with the wheel. The master came up and put the usual question: "How do you head?" "Nor' by east," answered the seaman very gruffly. "My man," suavely answered the master, "on this craft when one of the crew speaks to me he gives me a title of respect. Don't you think you might do so, too? Now, how's her head?" "Nor' by east, I tell yer," shouted the old tar testily. "I'm afraid you don't quite understand me," responded the master good humoredly. "Let me relieve you at the wheel, and then do you take my place and ask the question. I will show you how it should be answered."

They accordingly changed places.

"'Ow's her 'ead," roared the sailor.

"Nor' by east, sir," replied the master, with a gentle emphasis on the "sir."

"Then keep 'er so, my man, whilst I goes for'rd and has a pull at the pipe," was the startling rejoinder from the old reprobate, who calmly commenced to suit the action to the word, and disappeared into the forecastle, lighting a match as he passed through the doorway.

WHENCE CAME THE MALAY.

Col. W. O. Tolford tells a good story of a light-colored mulatto who wandered into one of the restaurants of Washington, D. C., the other day. When a waiter intimated to him in the gentlest way that he could not be served there, this conversation ensued: "Wha' can't it be served heah?" "It is against the rules." "Guess ye tak' me foh a colored man." "Aren't you?" "Me colored? No, sah, I'se a Malay." "Malay, eh. Let's see, where do the Malays come from?" "Why, uh, from Malaria, of course."

A question often asked is why the arm cadets at West Point wear a gray uniform, while the uniform of the army is blue. The origin of the distinction dates back to the war of 1812-14, when the commissary general of the army could not procure the blue cloth required for Gen. Winfield Scott's brigade, and so they were clad in gray. So distinguished was the conduct of that brigade at Lundy's Lane and Chippewa, that when, after the war of 1812, a reorganization of the West Point military academy was made, out of compliment to General Scott and his brigade the uniform of the corps of cadets was changed from blue to gray.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Royal Navy List. Witherby & Co., 326 High Holborn, London (W. C.), England. Pp. 476.

The *Royal Navy List* (corresponding to our *Navy Register*) is a complete list of the officers of the British Navy (some ten thousand), with their records, ships, etc.

The present number has an entirely new feature in the form of a "Current History of the Royal Navy," giving the changes which have taken place since the last quarterly issue.

It constitutes an excellent work of reference, and as to accuracy it may be stated that it is practically official, since it is often quoted by the Admiralty as well as by Parliament. As a record of naval history it is entitled to a place in all important li-

braries, and as a reference book on the British naval officers it should be available in all clubs; finally, for special use it should find many applications in this country.

Zur Technik des Schiessens der Artillerie gegen Ziele in Bewegung auf Grund der Schiessregehn. Von Hauptmann Wilhelm Knobloch. Vienna: L. W. Seidel und Sohn. 1902. Pp. 36.

This excellent treatise on field and siege artillery—fire against moving targets—is written by an *instructor* in the Firing School section of the Fortification Artillery. It is based on the Firing Regulations of the Austrian artillery and takes up in turn the paragraphs in these Regulations bearing on the subject, and discusses them, giving practical interpretations and solutions.

The Austrian *Fortification Artillery* is concerned mainly with *land* forts, but also has (in conjunction with infantry) the defense of a *sea* fort on the *land* side under its charge, consequently, the above pamphlet is of interest not only to officers of Field Artillery, but also to those of Coast Artillery, and for both it constitutes a valuable and suggestive study.

Der Angriff im Festungskriege. Von Gustav Smekal. Vienna: L. W. Seidel & Sohn. 1902. Pp. 90.

The author of this critical study on the attack of land fortifications, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Austrian General Staff, is one of Austria's most prominent artillery officers, and is perhaps best known as the author of Tactical Problems for Field Artillery, which attracted considerable attention.

As the author remarks, the development of the views on the attack and defense of fortifications has been for centuries in the hands of the Engineers, the Ordnance and the Artillery, the branches that built the emplacements and the guns and used them in war. It is no reflection on any of these branches of the service that they paid more attention to the development of the *technical* side of the question, and less to the *tactical* in the past. The result has been that the engineers and artillery (in field works) have been considered a sort of separate and special arms, and *the attack and defense of fortifications* has been turned over to them as a special branch of study.

This separation of the subject from ordinary field tactics still exists in all armies, and at the military schools the distinction is kept up, and usually taught under the general subject of Fortification.

The result is that the army at large accepted the thick veil thrown over this subject, and left the latter to the branches who had appropriated it.

But modern war shows that the attack and defense of previously prepared positions (in other words, fortifications) has become of immense importance, and it is necessary that the army at large study the subject, and for this purpose it must be presented in language which the army in general can understand.

That is the object of this work, and the author has accomplished his purpose excellently well. The entire subject is treated in general outline, and from a *tactical* point of view, and the language is such as to be readily understood by any troops.

The work is a notable addition to the literature of the subject itself, but more than that, it furnishes a valuable hand-book for the use of the army in general, infantry, cavalry and field, siege and coast artillery.

The "Donegals" Own Journal. A monthly magazine for the 5th Battalion, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. Ballyshannon.

The Journal of the above title is a neat little pamphlet, prettily illustrated, of some sixty pages. The illustrations in the New Year double number are mainly from photographs of Ballyshannon.

Besides the Editorial Notes, it contains two pages of Regimental News, some Detail Notes, an excellent article on Ballyshannon as a Military Station, the Roll of Officers and Men of the 5th Battalion, and two or three mess-room and other yarns, as well as several pages of humorous matter.

The periodical is already in its third volume, and we wish it all success. The 5th Battalion may well be proud of its history and of its Journal.

A History of the Peninsular War. Charles Oman, M. A., Fellow of All Souls' College and Deputy Professor of Modern History (Chichele) in the University of Oxford. Vol. I., 1807-9. From the Treaty of Fontainebleau to the Battle of Corunna. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1902. Pp. 656, with maps, plans and portraits.

This noteworthy addition to general and military history is the result of some fifteen years of the study of material which was not accessible to Napier, the great authority on this epoch for the past fifty years. This material consists of Spanish histories, official documents, memoirs, etc., in French, Spanish and English, the most important of which are the history of General Arteche y Moro, the diaries of Blakeney, Shaw, Tomkinson, Sir Harry Smith and Foy, the memoirs of Thiebault, St. Chamans and Fantin des Odoards, and the papers of the diplomatist Sir Charles Vaughan.

In view of the well-known prejudices of Napier in favor of Napoleon, and against the Spanish Juntas and the British Tory government, as well as these newly discovered original documents, a new history of this epoch is timely and necessary.

The author of the present work is calm and unprejudiced, and while Napier's History will always remain a classic on the subject and his descriptions of battles masterpieces in the English language, the searcher after the exact truth will turn to the pages of Professor Oman for clearer light and more reliable information, especially as regards the reasons for and the causes of action.

The first chapter opens with an account of the probable designs of Napoleon as well as a keen analysis of his character, followed by a very graphic description of the corrupt court of Charles IV. of Spain.

The principal events succeeding this are the conquest of Portugal by the French, French aggression in Spain, the outbreak of the Spanish Insurrection, the Siege of Saragossa and the Capitulation of Baylen, the outbreak of the Portuguese Insurrection, the landing of the British, the evacuation of Portugal by the French, the struggle in Catalonia, the arrival of Napoleon and his rapid advance to Madrid, and finally the Campaign of Sir John Moore, which closes this first volume.

The maps are excellent, having been taken from the splendid Spanish atlas published by the War Department for the past twenty years.

The appendix contains many valuable and interesting official documents, papers, lists of armies, losses, etc., and there is a good index.

The entire work is not only a contribution to history, which ranks among the highest authorities, but it is also a splendid study in military history, strategy and tactics.

RICHARD S. CULLUM.

Born in Indiana. Appointed from Indiana. Acting midshipman, U. S. Navy, September 20, 1854. Resigned, May 7, 1857. Commissioned as second lieutenant, September 7, 1861; frigate St. Lawrence, September 30, 1861, to May 30, 1863; during that period served in the South Atlantic Squadron, at St. Simon's, Ga.; Port Royal, South Carolina; engagement with Sewell's Point Battery and Confederate ram Merrimac, Potomac River; bombardment of Sewell's Point and capture of Norfolk, Va.; East Gulf Squadron and three boat expeditions on the Florida coast and Indian River. Commissioned first lieutenant, December 30, 1862; while on leave of absence in July, 1863, volunteered his services to Governor Morton, of Indiana, during the raid of the Confederate General Morgan; tender of services accepted, and was placed in command of a battalion of provisional troops, Cairo and Mound City, Ill.; Mississippi Squadron, August, 1863, to August, 1864; during that period, engaged in several expeditions into Kentucky, in pursuit of guerrillas; member of a commission appointed by Admiral Porter to investigate charges against certain active rebel sympathizers, at Louisville, Ky.; frigate New Ironsides, August, 1864, to April, 1865; two attacks on Fort Fisher; Navy Yard, Washington, April, 1865, to November, 1867; in temporary command at the Barracks, Navy Yard, during the confinement at the yard of Paine and his associate conspirators; in command of Marine Barracks, Mound City, Ill, November, 1867, to December, 1868; U. S. S. Richmond, Mediterranean Squadron, January, 1869, to November, 1871; Naval Academy, January, 1872. Commissioned captain, March 13, 1872; Marine Barracks, Boston, April, 1872, to January, 1875; commanded detachment of marines at the great fire in Boston, November, 1872; in command of two companies which successfully guarded the removal of the treasury from the Sub-Treasury to the Custom House on that occasion; headquarters, February, 1875, to June, 1875; fleet marine officer of the Asiatic Station, and by special appointment of the Navy Department, judge advocate of the fleet; flagship Tennessee, June, 1875, to July, 1878; member of the Board of Inspection, August, 1878, to November, 1881; Marine Barracks, League Island, Pa., December, 1881, to April, 1885; expedition to Panama, April and May, 1885; on the night of the withdrawal of our forces from the city of Panama, and the occupation of our original lines, representations were made to the commanding officers, "that the insurgents were much excited, that drunkenness prevailed to an alarming extent, and that a violation of the armistice was in contemplation." At 10 p. m., Captain Collum was ordered to enter the city alone, and endeavor to ascertain the truth of the report; this duty was successfully performed. Commissioned captain and assistant quartermaster, May 4, 1885; in charge of the depot of supplies, Philadelphia, Pa., May, 1885, to February, 1890; headquarters of Marine Corps, February, 1890, to October, 1891; assistant quartermaster's office, Philadelphia, October, 1891, to 1897. Retired with the rank of major, June, 1897.

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REFLECTIONS AND REMINISCENCES OF TWO WARS.

"Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver."
—*Othello.*

WHEN, in 1862, Jonathan Letterman* was called upon to assume the direction of the Medical Department of the Army of the Potomac, the Government at Washington and the General in command had been made painfully alive to the fact that some reform was needed in that branch of the service to rectify defects of administration and to insure such results as would follow upon better organization. The constant disappointment that was being experienced, in consequence of a failure to realize results that ought to follow the application of means to an end, could not find its cause in the lack of material or men, so that it was wisely conceived that the situation demanded new agents in places of great trust and responsibility. The Medical Department, however, was not the only one short on requirements imposed by the newness and gravity of the situation.

Men of every arm of the service, of high and low degree, were, like the crude ore hastily thrown into the crucible, not of clay, but of "grim-visaged war," and, unhappily, the assay was in too many instances sadly disappointing, from which it naturally followed, that, in time, there had to be a rearrangement of values according to the indications

*"Medical Recollections of the Army of the Potomac," by Jonathan Letterman, M. D., late surgeon U. S. Army, and Medical Director of the Army of the Potomac. D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1866.

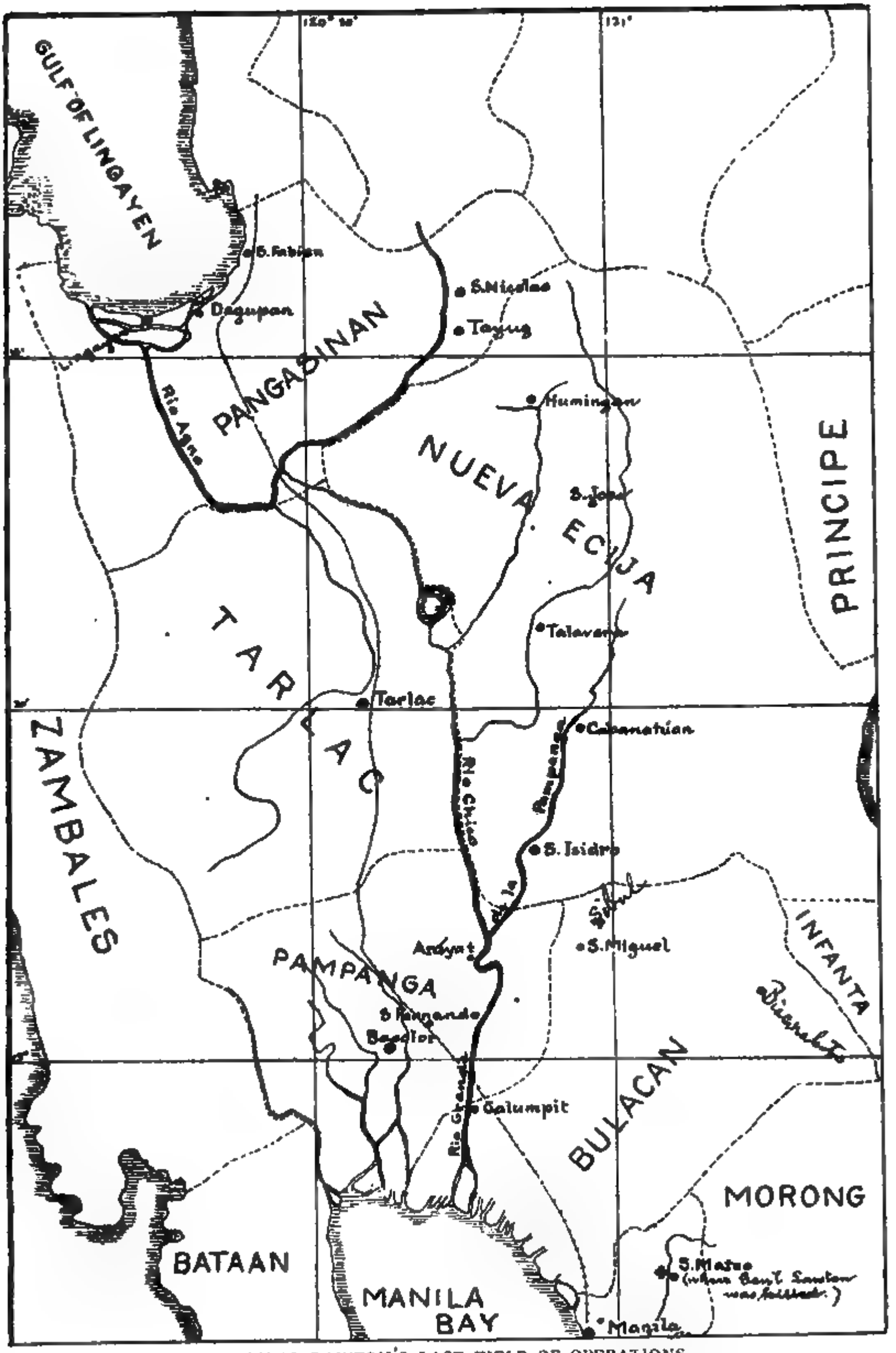
of the tests. All of us, whether veterans of the Union or Confederate Armies, will readily recall the passing in review of many conspicuous figures, whose reputations achieved in the period of long and profound peace, proved, when the hour of trial came, as illusory and ephemeral as was their stay upon the theater of action. Letterman's task was no easy one, and it required a gifted mind peculiarly adapted to certain lines of work, to design and put in execution a system that would meet the necessities of a situation fraught with every difficulty. An examination of his first order of August 2d, 1862, will indicate the measure of the wonderful faculty that enabled him to take in at a glance the magniutde of the problem before him, and to devise by intuition, indeed, a system by which he was sure he could demonstrate the correctness of the theorem, so to speak, that he announced. Like the artist who scans a barren piece of canvas and sees beyond the visible surface, forms and figures of grace and beauty, inappreciable to the average eye, so with men of the stamp of Letterman, the executive and administrative faculty is a gift peculiar to him who possesses it, and enables him to see into the intricacies of vast combinations, whether civil or military, to comprehend the detail of their operations, and with imperturbable confidence in himself, to adjust in harmonious action for a given end the varied forces that give life and impetus to their movements. This esoteric faculty it is, the possession of which goes largely to make the successful General, the lack of it the failure. It is not thought to be saying too much, in expressing the belief that had the talents of the Medical Director of the Potomac Army been directed on lines that lead by another route to the temple of fame, his name would now be enrolled among the list of great Commanders. The ambulance system that he introduced was new then, but since that time it has been the model, in all essential features, on which has been built the expanded plan of first aid on the battle field or on campaign that now maintains, not only in our own, but in the armies of every civilized nation of the earth. But the conditions on which depend its successful operation, or better, perhaps, its applicability, are determined by a number of circumstances. During our own Civil War great battles were fought in compact masses. Although the arbitrary designations of Army Corps, Divisions and Brigades, are applied for tactical purposes, they constitute the unbroken and mutually dependent parts in the continuity of a vast machine, each of which is in close touch with and inseparable from the others, in time of action. The country traversed and occupied by the Armies opposed to each other was comparatively easy for the passage of wheeled vehicles. Quick and convenient transportation by rail or

water or both, was available for communication with the great metropolitan centres in the rear, where the general hospitals were located. The great problem was how to render the speediest assistance during or after a great battle, to the wounded and to convey them to the nearest place of safety. Larrey and Des Gennettes, surgeons under Bonaparte, while impressed with the burning need of some method by which a better response could be made to the cry of humanity, were unequal to formulating any plan that would effectively relieve the oft repeated situation. Nor was their sympathetic concern for the sufferings of the disabled soldiers of that period less intense than was their desire to relieve their General of every embarrassment, on account of his sick and wounded, which has ever constituted an impedimentum of greater or less magnitude and potency during the conduct of every great campaign. Even as late as 1861, Legouest, a French military surgeon of experience, in a work entitled "Chirurgie de l'Armée," writing on the subject, expresses himself thus, viz: "The removal from the battlefield and their transportation to the hospital is the most defective part of the medical service. Even now, after the great wars of the end of the last century and the beginning of the present, after the bloody battles of our own times, this important service (in the French army) is delegated to no particular person, or rather no one has been given authority or placed in position to render it."

From the foregoing it will be seen that of however high an order may be the professional skill and technical knowledge of the military surgeon, he may, upon occasion, be called to positions requiring the exercise of the most varied mental faculties, and originality of conception, if he is to cope successfully and creditably with the multifarious character of the responsibilities that confront him. It must be confessed, unhappily, that it is not every man who has attained to high official station in the military service, even in the history of our own country, that is thus equipped either by temperament or mentally.

While the hospital corps of our army, born as it was out of the ambulance corps of our Civil War, in its equipment, its organization, its discipline, and in the character of the personnel of the enlisted strength, has been brought up to the very highest state of efficiency in its adaptability to the needs of civilized warfare in a civilized country, there may be exceptional conditions, even at the present day, by which the purposes of its creation are rendered almost nugatory, and where no fixed or invariable rule of application for the effective accomplishment of the work for which it is designed is entirely practicable. The truth of the last observation will be fully appreciated by many medical

officers of the army, whose experience embraces a tour of duty in the Philippines during the early period of active operations that was rendered necessary to our permanent occupation of those islands. Too much praise cannot be awarded to those whose duty it was to properly equip the medical end of the expeditionary forces. Nothing seemed to be overlooked, forgotten, or left behind, so that when the army was landed, Manila became at once a storehouse for the supply of everything needful that sanitary science or the exigencies of active operations in the field could suggest for the preservation of the health of our soldiers or for ministering to their wounds inflicted by hostile bullets. Fairly good roads constructed during the years of Spanish regime, afforded quick and easy access to the general hospitals that had been located in the city, and to these, cases of casualty occurring on the firing line, not far beyond its limits, were conveniently conveyed. As long as the brigades or even the regiments preserved their tactical and unbroken unity, the organization of the sanitary corps was adjusted to meet their requirements according to fixed rules of proportion based on past experience. But how long was this rule to prevail? Military operations, initiated and maintained in the Province of Cavite, failing to capture or bring to terms the illusory hero of the insurgents, a new direction was given to the plan of campaign and a dash was projected to the interior on a chase after the Philippine will-of-the-wisp. General Lawton, whose division then numbered approximately 25,000 men, after leaving a cordon of sufficient strength along the line he had been holding, to insure safety from a rear attack, moved off to the northeast up the Mariquina valley. General S. B. M. Young, the Philippine Hotspur, in command of the cavalry brigade, indifferent alike to danger, unfathomable mud and tropical jungle, took the advance, and with his flying column was soon threatening the left flank of the insurgent forces that were said to be intrenched over towards San Fabian on Lingayen bay. This was about the situation with reference to Lawton's division, when by Special Order 301, Headquarters 8th Army Corps, November 3, 1899, the writer was directed to join the general in the field for duty as chief surgeon on his staff. To begin with, I had to make certain essential preparations, to enable me to carry out my instructions, the first of which was to secure a proper mount for myself and another for my orderly. This done, I took passage from Manila by rail to San Fernando, from which point the rest of the journey was performed overland to San Isidro on the Rio Grande de la Pampanga, where the general's headquarters were then located. To recount the adventures and anxious moments of this ride of about fifty miles, through a country infested



GENERAL LAWTON'S LAST FIELD OF OPERATIONS.

with a treacherous and lurking foe, while every floodgate in the dome of heaven seemed to swing wide upon its hinges, for the rainy season was still on, might make a narrative as edifying to the reader as the state of mind and body they experienced was trying to two lone horsemen. But it is with the official duties to which he had just been introduced that the writer is now concerned. Under a sense of the responsibilities just devolved upon him, visions of diagnostic tags, first aid packages and stations, ambulance stations and field hospitals danced in fantastic parade before his imagination. To the veterans of '61-'65, the scenes enacted at Fair Oaks, Fredericksburg, Malvern Hill, Cold Harbor, Chickamauga, Gettysburg, will vividly recall the rush and bustle incident to those historic fields, where as of old, "when Greek met Greek, then came the tug of war." There stood two mighty masses of men facing each other for conflicts almost without parallel in the annals of war for dogged tenacity of purpose and bloody results, each in its organization like an immense machine, separate and distinct in its parts, but possessing a co-ordination and unity of action that can only be evolved out of long training and experience. Each and every man knew his part, while the medical department danced attendance on all. The theater of action, nature and scope of authority that belong to the general of brigade, of division, of the army corps, and the general in command are matters that seem to be of easy comprehension, even to the uninitiated, but that of the medical director or chief surgeon is but imperfectly understood or appreciated, strange to say, even by many officers of the line, whose zealous and intelligent co-operation and support are imperative in the interest of the troops and the cause they serve. With an army in the field there is a chief of artillery, there is a chief of cavalry, there is a chief of engineers, there is a chief of each army corps, each equipped with the paraphernalia and appointments that belong to the *tout ensemble* of every separate and distinct headquarters. But a medical director's vision must take in the whole army. It is not only the professional part, the mending of shattered limbs, the permanent or temporary dressing of torn and lacerated tissues and removal of the injured to points of safety, that must engage his attention. It is he who at the end of a day's conflict should be able, under ordinary circumstances, to tell his general before morning dawns how much the casualty list has reduced his fighting strength. He it is who, far beyond this even, must have in mind the complete and accurate recording, in prescribed form, of the name, regiment and company of every victim on that list, the exact anatomical location and extent of the injury sustained. In the hasty operations of military surgery, most probably while under fire, the

collection and classification of these data for further and more comprehensive record, involve a duality of labor, so to speak, of immense proportions, while its efficient performance calls for cool and collected bearing and the most perfect self-control. This is the role that belongs primarily to the regimental surgeons. It is to be assumed that the chief surgeon has taken every measure to see that his junior officers have been well instructed in and impressed with the importance of the foregoing requirements. The Pension Department at Washington has grown into such vast importance and commanding import in national affairs that it was deemed expedient to convert it, by congressional enactment, into a bureau, and to create an office commensurate with the dignity and extent of its operations, for its official head. For a long time this position was filled by a medical officer of the regular army, nominated by and exercising his functions under the supervision of the surgeon general, inasmuch as every disability occurring to any officer or enlisted man while in the military service must be accurately described, and attendant circumstances cited, in the monthly reports that are forwarded to the office of the latter, by all medical officers of the army serving with troops. Hence it is that the records of the surgeon general's office constitute the repository of all determinate factors in establishing claims for pension, and hence, too, in the "eternal fitness of things," it was wisely decided that the selection of an incumbent for the newly created post of chief of the bureau should be made from the surgeons of the regular army, and that his rank and pay should be that of a brigadier general. So much for the joint administrative and professional features that must enter into the acquirements and qualifications of a medical officer of the army.

Let us now return to the narrative where it stopped at San Isidro. The great von Moltke used to say that "Geography is half of war."[1] So self-evident is this proposition in every military problem that even without the sanction of so great a name it may be accepted as a maxim. For the purposes of this paper geography and topography, by virtue of their cognate features, will be considered as one. If then the reader will turn to a map or atlas of the island of Luzon, and, fixing his attention upon Manila for his initial point, run his eye along a little to the north of east, he will soon come to the tracings of a mountain chain. This is the great Caraballo range, which on a clear day is distinctly visible to an observer standing within the precincts of the city. Towering up in increasing altitude until it reaches its summit, its farther side slopes away to make a shore line for the Pacific, then it curves more to the northward, and again to the west across Luzon, until it reaches the vicinity of Lingayon bay. The continuation of a similar

ridge southward in the direction of the point from which we started completes a circuit which is suggestive of the confines of a vast amphitheatre, whose arena embraces a territorial area including the provinces of Bulacan, Nueva Ecija, Pangasinan, Tarlac and Pampanga. The eastern half of this territory was the scene of military operations conducted by General Lawton. To obtain a comprehensive view of the difficulties encountered, and to give them their proper value, in estimating with any degree of accuracy the abilities and qualifications of a general officer for command, the character of the country in which his operations have been conducted must necessarily figure as a factor in the calculation and should be accurately described. Under ordinary circumstances this is easily done. For example, the face of Europe is practically one vast garden spot. Beautiful landscapes and the most approved highways elicit the admiration of the tourist and furnish an even field for the camp or combat of hostile armies. The art of grand strategy and tactics has for centuries found here a chessboard on which kings and knights have marched and countermarched, from which the lessons deduced by Jomini, Hamley and others still afford instruction to the student of the military art. Bonaparte's skill, his energy, his tenacity of purpose, in accomplishing the colossal task of hewing his way across the Alps previous to his descent in the Piedmont, and the battle of Morengo, illustrate his genius no less than did his marvelous faculty of upsetting by the originality and novelty of his plans upon the field "the best laid schemes of his adversaries." Even in America there is scarcely a region in which a terrain cannot be found well suited to the maneuvering of vast armies en masse. But what were the conditions in Luzon? From Manila to Tayug and San Nicholas, the extreme northern points of the amphitheatre, that has been described, is approximately one hundred and fifty miles. The greater portion of the country is one vast rice paddy, here and there interspersed with expansive fields of sugar cane. Rice dikes interlace each other, often as far as the eye can reach, while the public highways but seldom reach above the level of the dikes, and during the rainy season are little more than floating bogs. Wide expanses of tropical jungle, impenetrable in their primeval lacework of running vines and interwoven undergrowth, flourish perennially beneath the shade of tropical trees of enormous height and rich and verdant foliage. From this jungle emanate damp and penetrating vapors, fatal to the health of the stoutest physique, while everywhere the surface water used for drinking purposes is but an infusion of organic material, loaded with micro-organisms that constitute the causative agents in the most destructive tropical diseases. Into this wilderness

plunged the First Division of the 8th army corps on a hunt after the wily Aguinaldo. Its general was a man of massive figure, tall, erect, and of commanding presence, cool and well balanced in his judgment and of inflexible resolution in the face of difficulties. He enjoyed the unqualified loyalty, confidence and support of his staff. All, in their several spheres, rendered him a service according to the fullest measure of their abilities, under novel, most difficult and trying circumstances. As his chief surgeon, I assumed my duties with many misgivings, for I already appreciated the fact that there was before me a task to which the lessons of my past experience would be little applicable. On their departure from the United States every regiment had its proper quota, three in number, of medical officers, medical and surgical equipment and personnel of the hospital corps, which, under usual conditions, would have been fully adequate for any exigency. But it was rarely that any regiment was handled as a unit after leaving the vicinity of Manila, the detached parts, consisting of battalions, companies, or even platoons, in some instances being separated from each other by many miles. The character of the enemy and the nature of the country made this fractional disposition of the troops a necessity. There followed therefore a constant division of the regimental medical supplies and equipment, until they were reduced to such quantities as the medical officers and members of the hospital corps unaided could carry on their persons. In addition to this, the problem was ever before me of how to convert each one of my surgeons into several, for in addition to the ever recurring "scrap" that multiplied surgical cases, illness and exhaustion were playing sad havoc in reducing the strength of every organization, whether large or small. The farther the command penetrated into the interior the more impassable the roads became. Many of the ambulances were soon disabled, and in some instances were abandoned, owing to the impossibility of extricating them, in their broken condition, from the deep mud into which it seemed as if they would entirely disappear. Between San Isidro, on the Rio Pampanga, and Tayug and San Nicholas, on the Agno, is a stretch of country, which, in the rainy season, would dampen the strenuous energy and cool the ardor of the boldest explorer, but General Lawton, with his usual tenacity of purpose, successfully traversed it with his command, and when he reached his ultimate point north. it is believed it had been pretty well cleared of every insurgent. An incident, serio-comic in character, relating to the writer, may be briefly narrated in connection with his ride across this belt. After a three days' march from San Isidro, and at a point not far beyond San Jose, where the bog was deepest and the jungle thick-

est, I was endeavoring, in company with Colonel Clarence Edwards, adjutant general of the division, and now chargé d'affaires of the portfolio of Philippine information, to pick my way forward along the treacherous highway, when my horse, veering somewhat from the main road, floundered up to his hips into a concealed basin, by which the life of both horse and rider were for a few moments placed in jeopardy. By a supreme effort I saved myself by vaulting from the saddle to firm ground, after which the horse finally succeeded in extricating himself from his perilous situation. But now comes the comic feature, to arouse my indignation, mortification and chagrin, for a family of monkeys that had been sullenly observing us as we passed by, from the tops of a group of immense mango trees, broke out into a chorus of laughter at my dangerous adventure. Without question I was *persona non grata* to these little aborigines of the archipelago, and no doubt their manifestation of ghoulish delight at my discomfiture was born of a fellow feeling for, possibly, a kinship, according to Darwin, with their little brown neighbors. But we will leave the solution of this problem in natural science to the reader. Throughout the whole movement with which we are concerned the steadily growing list of sick and disabled was a source of the greatest anxiety. It was imperative that I should at the earliest possible moment put myself in touch with every medical officer attached to the division, ascertain the extent of his supplies and equipment, and learn how far it was possible for him to divide himself up and minister not only to the wants of those of his command who were immediately about him, but to those that had possibly been detached for scouting duty or placed at various points as road guards. Happily, by virtue of the commendable energy of the signal corps, the military telegraph kept close upon our heels, though communication to the rear by this method was constantly subject to interruption by small bands of insurgents, who, adroitly escaping the vigilance of our videttes, not only cut, but in some instances carried off long loops of wire. All the maps I could put my hands on were brought into requisition, and though inaccurate and incomplete in many respects, they gave a very good general idea of the relative positions and extent of the different provinces, with location of towns, barrios, telegraph stations, etc. In this way a roster was quickly improvised, by which it was practicable to keep up with and note the constantly shifting situations of the troops as well as the surgeons that accompanied them. A daily report to the chief surgeon by wire, when practicable, was required of medical officers, indicating numerically the inefficiency list, with nature of the most serious cases, and instructions returned as to how and where the

disabled should be disposed of. At San Isidro the nucleus of a field hospital had already been established in an abandoned municipal building. This was expanded and made a base of medical supplies as well. The utter impracticability of promptly conveying the sick to the rear by wheeled vehicles is made obvious by the conditions that have been described, consequently as the army pushed forward in pursuit of the enemy, it became necessary to locate, here and there, a chain of sanitary stations, so to speak, at the most convenient and accessible points, as temporary expedients. At Cabanatuan, some twenty-five miles beyond San Isidro and higher up on the Rio Pampanga, a vacant convent was utilized, and soon assumed the aspect of an up-to-date hospital. Again at San Jose a regimental field hospital, part of the military assets of the Fourth U. S. Cavalry, was erected in some abandoned nipa buildings, which proved very satisfactory for the purpose to which they were appropriated. At each station a medical officer was designated to take charge, and a detachment of the hospital corps sufficient in number to serve as nurses, cooks, etc., ordered to report to him for duty, while the whole was, in every instance, guarded by a sufficient force under the command of a field or line officer. But as the column advanced beyond San Jose, the situation became more embarrassing. From that point to Tayug it is about a day and night ride for a well mounted trooper. Owing to the difficult character of the country, due chiefly to the rainy season, as well as to the known fact that as yet the enemy was occasionally in evidence along that part of the route, in small, scattered detachments, and even in the suspected guise of "muy amigo," it had not been deemed expedient to attempt the construction of a telegraph line beyond San Jose. The situation was badly hampered on this account, for the general, in order to convey his important messages to General Otis at corps headquarters in Manila, could do so only by despatching couriers to the nearest telegraph station at San Jose. The ride was never made by less than two mounted men together, and for greater safety usually performed at night. Up to this time the surgeon of the brigade that had been left in the province of Cavite continued to transact, though chiefly by wire, such official business relating to the medical department of that command as usually passed through my office, but I now instructed him to report directly to Colonel Alfred H. Woodhall, chief surgeon of the 8th army corps, who was nearby in Manila, until the close of General Lawton's operations in the field, or until circumstances arose that would admit of the first division being more united. On reaching Tayug it seemed the climax for the medical department had been reached. From every quarter, from line officers as well as

from medical officers, the cry went up for assistance for the men who, from illness or injuries, had fallen by the wayside, and in my endeavor to find measures of response to these appeals, I felt as if I had at last arrived at a post of impossible achievement. By reference to the map it appeared that the distance across the country from Tayug to Lingayon bay, on the western coast, was from thirty to forty miles, and it was learned that the road to that vicinity was a fairly good one, considering the season of the year. The only possible way to relieve the situation was to establish at the earliest moment a large general hospital at the nearest point in that neighborhood. I therefore framed a telegram, earnestly suggesting this, to the chief surgeon at Manila, and posted it off to San Jose. To my gratification a quick response came to the effect that the hospital ship Relief would at once be ordered to proceed by sea to that point with ample equipment of every kind to carry out the recommendation I had made. The law of compensation, in all things, was happily illustrated during this trying period, for though transportation by land to and from any given point was attended by almost insuperable difficulties, the high water in the river, in many places flowing far outside its banks, made it practicable for small flat-boats (cascos and bancos), something after the fashion of the American canal boat, but smaller, to convey supplies from Calumpit on the railroad to various points more or less convenient to the troops operating in the field. This method, however, was exasperatingly slow, inasmuch as the boats had to be "poled" along by the natives, who were neither very zealous in their service to the Americans, nor in their natural tastes and inclinations very energetic or enterprising. While there was sufficient depth of water their lack of motive power was supplemented by two or more small steam launches that were brought up from Manila for towing purposes. The incessant demand for dressings and medicines from every direction, coupled with a knowledge of the exceedingly slow process of bringing stores of any kind from Manila, created an apprehension in my mind that a shortage might occur in the stock on hand, consequently an urgent request was made by wire to forward additional supplies at the earliest possible moment, which arrived none too soon. The stream of sick and exhausted men was now given a new direction, and instead of flowing back to San Isidro, Cabanatuan and San Jose, according to the rendezvous to which they individually happened to be most convenient and nearest, they were pushed along in the direction of the moving column towards Tayug and San Nicholas. for ultimate conveyance to the general hospital, newly established at Dagupan on Lingayon bay. But the

reader may, naturally enough, be curious to know how the sick were ever able to reach any of the sanitary stations from the various points at which their illness, exhaustion or injuries, as the case might be, had overtaken them. To provide for this contingency it required an unceasing amount of vigilance, for I had not only to keep in mind the relative location of all the places from which cases of sickness were reported, but it involved discrimination in selecting those routes that were most practicable for land transportation, according to such information on the subject as was anywhere obtainable. Further, it required that I keep continually advised of the movement of every army wagon, its route and destination, so that medical officers scattered here and there could be promptly informed of opportunities for transferring by this method such cases as were no longer able for duty, on the march or otherwise, and whose condition was not such as to contra-indicate this mode of conveyance. Information relative to the movement of the wagon trains was always obtainable from the ever-courteous division quartermaster. Whenever it was considered at all practicable, and for the more serious cases, such number of ambulances as were still serviceable were brought into requisition. But in our extremity there was one factor that should never be forgotten—the Carabao! The ever memorable Philippine Carabao! Him of the meek and lowly countenance! What American in this day and generation has not heard of the "Society of the Carabao"? Whatever may be the place in the zoological classification that might be assigned to this remarkable animal, by a Cuvier or other student of natural history, his type is unique, and by the ordinary observer of his propensities and instinctive tastes, he could with propriety be fixed anywhere on a scale between a mud turtle and a hippopotamus. His amphibious habits admirably fit him for the sphere in which he lives and moves and has his being, while, entirely happy in the confidence that maintains between himself and his native master and even with the latter's family, he is all oblivious to the important part he is just now playing in the vital economic problems relating to our insular possessions.* For a consideration the natives would readily respond to invitations to furnish transportation for stores, for the use of the command, wherever required to be taken, and the long line of carts, each drawn by one, sometimes two, carabaos and attended by a half-naked, brown-skinned driver, presented many features, as it dragged

*While writing these pages I have seen it announced by cable from Manila that Governor Taft was negotiating for 10,000 of these animals to be brought from the Yang-see valley in China for distribution among the Filipinos on account of the ravages of rinderpest in the native herds.—*P.*

its languid length along over a country in many parts altogether impracticable for wagons and horses, resembling the rural pictures of ancient Egypt. Perched upon one of these carts of the most primitive design, already laden with boxes containing commissary stores, medical stores, personal effects and what not, was often to be seen a pale looking soldier, still clinging to his gun and equipments, as he waited with patient longing for the hour when he should be delivered into the care of his friends and comrades at one of the sanitary stations. And so it went on to the end; methods and measures being constantly adapted, without prescribed rules or principles, to circumstances as they arose. The dry season finally set in; the difficulties attending the care and transport of the sick had been successfully and satisfactorily overcome, Aguinaldo and his hosts had scattered to the mountains or elsewhere, and General Young, continuing his ride, had arrived at Vigan, the seacoast town far away to the north. With this favorable conjuncture of affairs, General Lawton struck his camp at Tayug, and with his staff retraced his steps on the road towards Manila, when, arriving at San Isidro, his former headquarters, it was reported that a large body of insurgents were off in the direction of San Miguel and were anxious to try conclusions with the Americans. In order to gratify them in their wish General E. M. Hayes, commanding the 4th cavalry, was dispatched over to the left to proceed along the base of the mountain range, while General Kobbe with the 35th volunteer infantry moved along the direct road. At Sibul, some six miles to the east of San Miguel, the 4th cavalry encountered the enemy in small force and suffered a few casualties, but after this he was no more to be seen. Being advised by the general that it would be expedient to have a hospital at San Miguel, I at once designated a vacated convent, admirably adapted to the purpose, and quickly had it equipped with sixty beds and all other necessary appointments. The capture, a few days later, of Biacnabato, a powerful natural fortress off to the southeast in the mountain fastnesses, where the insurgents had accumulated large quantities of supplies, arms and ammunition, and into which the Spaniards, in their operations against them, had never been able to penetrate, practically closed the campaign, and the ride of two days' duration to Malolos, where we took the train for Manila, was resumed. But who, for an instant, had a thought of the grim spectre that hung on our trail? With startling effect the announcement went abroad, in the early morning of December 19, 1900, but a few days after his return from his arduous duties in the field, that Henry G. Lawton, major general commanding the first division of the 8th army corps, had fallen at San Mateo, twelve miles out from Manila,

by a bullet fired from a rifle in an insurgent's hands.* The duties of the medical director, using an obsolete phrase, onerous and trying as they had been in the field, had been performed practically without clerical assistance, but now the occasion was favorable and required that the machinery of his office, as belonging to the head of a separate and independent staff department, be perfected and put in smooth operation with as little delay as possible. To this task I addressed myself in all haste, and with my best endeavors. In order to handle properly and methodically the volume of official matter that must necessarily pass through and be referred to that office, a well selected and competent clerical force, with each individual member assigned to a distinctly defined sphere, is indispensable. This was all accomplished in due season.

In consequence of the death of the lamented Lawton, the admirable gentleman and able soldier, Major General John C. Bates succeeded to the command of the first division on the following 4th of January, 1900. Steps had already been taken for the mobilization, equipment and concentration of an expeditionary force of six regiments of infantry and two of cavalry for the invasion of the section of country just below Manila, embraced in the provinces of Cavite, Laguna, Batangas and Tayabas, territory that up to this time had been in exclusive possession of the insurgents. The administrative features of this command during the active stage of the expedition were among the most important and difficult that had taxed the resources and energies of the medical department, individually as well as collectively, but in the results achieved demonstrated its capacity to meet almost any emergency, on reasonable notification, while out of it all were derived many valuable lessons for application on future occasions should they ever arise. As the command advanced and it became expedient at different points to station troops, in greater or smaller garrisons or detachments, as at Tayabas, Lucban, Majayjay, San Jose, Lipa, Taunaun, San Pablo, Santa Tomas, Indan, Silang, Das Marinas and Imus and so on, something after the fashion of what had been done in General Lawton's march through northern Luzon, provision was, in every instance, made for the proper care of the sick

*A vague story was, for a time, in circulation to the effect that the shot that killed General Lawton was fired by a deserter from our own ranks, but there has never been anything to confirm the report. It is generally held that he was killed by a Filipino sharpshooter, who sheltered himself in the belfry of a convent just across the river from the American line. The bullet that passed through the upper part of the chest and pierced the arch of the corto was evidently a Mauser.—*P.*

and wounded. The equipment in these instances ranged from a mere dispensary, with an acting hospital steward or private of the hospital corps, to a complete regimental outfit, its proportions being determined by the size of the command, its distance and accessibility to some more central amply supplied and definite strategical point.

The number of sick and wounded at these interior hospitals or sanitary stations was limited by orders from my office in Manila, the overflow being taken by ambulances to the bases, from which again, in case of crowding, they were brought by water to the general hospitals in the city. The dry season and fairly good roads favored the carrying out of these plans. In anticipation of the rainy season, when land transportation for wheeled vehicles is almost out of the question, medical officers at stations likely to be permanent, were ordered to prepare requisitions covering a period of six months, and in this way they became supply officers for the more interior stations. After April 7th, 1900, the First Division ceased to exist, and, instead, by orders from headquarters Eighth Army Corps, the department of Southern Luzon was created, and by the same order I became the chief surgeon. The character of the operations that had preceded the division of the archipelago into military departments had been very much in the nature of a "mix up," so that no well defined lines could be drawn marking off brigades, either by organizations or territorial limitations. In consequence of this there was an unavoidable incompleteness in the organization of the medical department which made it necessary for nearly all the regimental surgeons to report direct to the office of the chief surgeon of the Southern Department, thus imposing upon him an amount of work and undivided responsibility by no means light. But in natural sequence to the order creating departments, came an order from General Bates defining certain military districts and assigning a general officer over each, in other words, converting them into brigades. I then recommended to the general the assignment to each district commander, of a brigade surgeon, designating their names, and framed a circular of instructions for their guidance, as follows.:

"The functions of administration will devolve largely upon the chief surgeons of districts, who will at all times keep themselves in close touch with the chief surgeon of the department. They will constitute the channel of communication between him and the regimental surgeons, in all matters, except when emergency temporarily requires a departure from this rule. All reports and papers of a routine character required of the regimental surgeons must be rendered

with promptitude, and to this end telegraphic communication should be utilized freely. This applies particularly to the weekly sick report, forwarded by wire to the chief surgeon of the department, for the information of the commanding general. It is expected that the chief surgeons of districts will lose no time in putting the machinery of their offices in smooth running order in every detail comprehended in Regulations, the Manual for the Medical Department, and in Circular No. 13, headquarters Department of the Pacific and Eighth Army Corps, of February 22, 1900. Their good judgment, energy, and efficiency should insure order in administration and promote the well being of the command, and to this end periodical inspections of the personnel and equipment of the medical department and of the sanitation of the camps, constitute an important part of their duties."

While relating the foregoing incomplete history of my own experiences and services in the Philippines, it is but just to say that they are not unlike those of many other medical officers, who though perhaps not placed in positions embracing so wide a field for the exercise of every faculty of resource and energy, were, nevertheless, confronted at every step with many difficulties and "much tribulation." Mine were in many respects a reflex, but on a larger scale, of theirs. *En uno disce omnes.* We now return to Letterman. I have taken him as a type of medical officer eminently fitted for the highest and most responsible position in the military service. But how different the conditions that tried his qualifications from those that faced me and my *confreres* in the Orient! How easily on fields like Gettysburg, Frederickburg or Chancellorsville he could gallop from one end of the line to the other of the great conflict, personally familiarizing himself with every aspect of the situation, and by the contagion of his example and effect of his presence upon his subordinates, awaken them to the highest endeavor in coûrage, energy and discipline; or hasten forward, from his reserves, such additional number of ambulances, surgeons or hospital corps men as the severity of the firing at any given point might demand.

While what has been said in these pages is from the viewpoint of one whose entire service during our great war was rendered in the line and staff, in contradistinction to the medical department, and on that account might be said to be colored with a bias, it is believed to be accurate, and practical withal, in the conception of the nature of the duties, the qualifications and responsibilities of some of the chief actors in the tragedy of war. From 1861 to 1865, the writer followed the flag of the Southern Confederacy, through

all its varying fortunes. From Bull Run to the last gun fire on the field of Sharpsburg, he was an entered apprentice in the school of war, and though but a youth, stood in the ranks with the men behind the guns. From that time on to the end, as from his advanced position and wider field of observations, he watched and participated in the practical application of the maxims of the great captains, his first lesson was improved upon, the game became overpoweringly fascinating, and when by and by he found himself marching forward under the graceful folds of Old Glory, with swelling emotions of patriotic pride, then indeed did he realize that "truth is stranger than fiction."

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*PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF AN OFFICER IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.**

[IN the following paper we lay before our readers a very valuable historical narrative never before printed, which, while to a large extent covering familiar ground, is relieved from the dryness of a twice-told tale by the personal flavor it derives from being mainly the record of the writer's own experience. It has been faithfully transcribed from the original by the granddaughter of its author, Miss Emily Butler, of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, and is printed here just as it was written. A certain quaintness of style, which naturally inheres in it, will not detract from the pleasure of its perusal. Miss Butler, in transmitting the manuscript, gives us the following account of her Revolutionary ancestor:

"Deacon Samuel Richards, as he was always called, was for more than thirty years the postmaster at Farmington, Connecticut. His ancestor, Thomas Richards, was one of the Pilgrim Fathers who first landed at Plymouth, and in 1636 came through the wilderness with Rev. Mr. Hooker and made the earliest settlement at Hartford. As a young man he had entered the Revolutionary army, and had served through the whole of that eventful period 'which tried men's souls.' As a matter of course he was a member of the Cincinnati Society, and fondly cherished the remembrance of the honor of his companions in arms. His great delight was to talk of Washington, whom he seemed to almost worship, so great was his love and admiration for him. Active and useful, pure in morals, sound in principle, his manners combined the grace and neatness of the gentleman with the dignity and method of the soldier. Highly intelligent, with a remarkably retentive memory, pleasingly communicative, grandfather was a welcome guest to old and young. Age sat lightly upon him. Cheerful, full of anecdote, especially in respect to the events of the Revolution, his presence was everywhere hailed with delight. He was mild and amiable in character, but when talking of his military experience his blue eye would kindle, and he would draw up his small, spare form to its full height, as he described with enthusiasm Washington's appearance and language to his soldiers. From the time of his entering the army until his death, at the age of eighty-eight, he was in the habit of keeping a private journal, and now, after these many years, falling heir to his desk of old papers, and reading over his military notes, or 'Original Entries of Revolutionary Incidents,' as he has written on the cover, I am tempted to give them to the public, assuring my readers that every word is undoubtedly true. Reading these 'incidents' so many years after their occurrence from yellow, time-stained paper, and reflecting that the hand that penned them has been stilled in death for sixty years, they seem not only intensely interesting, but full of sadness and pathos."]

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*Reprinted from first series of UNITED SERVICE.

To my Son:

Recollecting how much I was entertained in my youth in hearing my father narrate incidents which occurred at the siege of Louisburgh, on the island of Cape Breton, in the year 1745, where he acted a part, I conclude it would not be less interesting to you to learn from me some of the many incidents with which I became personally acquainted during the revolutionary war, through which I served from the commencement to the end, and coming from an eye-witness in whom *you* can confide; leaving it to you to consult the many able historians for *general facts* and results as they arose in this eventful period, and which will be long remembered and passed down to posterity, and will lose none of their interest for many generations, but will rather expand with the advance of empire in this extensive republic.

In narrating incidents it will naturally be supposed that in many instances circumstances which led to them, as well as the results which followed, will necessarily be involved, in which it is my design to be as laconic as the nature of the case will admit; the field and the incidents are sufficiently ample without much digression or studied remarks. In the year 1774 I had arrived to the age of 21, and, of course, able in some measure to understand the accounts of passing events and to witness their effects on the public mind. The shutting up of the port of Boston after the destruction of the tea on board the ships, the arrival of an additional number of regular troops with the accompanying circumstances, as narrated by the historians of the day, sufficiently opened the drama to the view of common observers of a settled design of the British government to persevere in subjecting the colonies to a system of taxation, and an equally fixed design of resistance on the part of the colonies.

This system of taxing the colonies commenced in 1765, only two years after the peace of Paris in 1763. Reasons held up in the discussions in Parliament on the subject were principally that it was right that the colonies should help to reimburse the expenses of the war which was carried on principally for their defence and protection. The colonists objected, pleading their charter rights and the common rights of citizens and subjects that none are to be taxed without their own consent, and the colonists not being represented in Parliament could have no voice in the case. The stamp act of 1765, repealed in 1768, the succeeding duty on paper, paints, etc., and the strong effort by the duty on tea in 1773, were tests to try the right and power of the mother country to tax the colonies, and the resistance of the colonies

was in principle to oppose the right, as not existing. After the destruction of the tea at Boston, the British Parliament came to the strong resolution that they had a right to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever.

This was the climax at which the subject had arisen,—the British government persevering in these measures, and the *colonies* uniformly resisting. These things are fully treated in history, and are only inserted to keep in mind the foundation of the war of Independence and the separation of the colonies from the mother country. The firing of the British soldiery on the unarmed citizens of Boston, the burning of the Gaspée schooner, a government vessel, in the harbor of Newport, the constant custom of the British of impressing our seamen wherever found on the high seas, all served to keep up and increase the acrimony between the mother country and the colonies. One of our whale-vessels arriving in the harbor of Newport while the Gaspée schooner was lying there, one of her officers came on board and declared his design of impressing one of the crew. The captain made a mark in some salt, and declared to the officer if he passed that he would harpoon him. The officer, regardless of the threat, advanced, on which the captain thrust the harpoon at him, which caused his death.

The colonies received regular information of the plans maturing in Parliament during the winter of '74 and '75 for bringing the colonists to submission, of the reinforcement of the army in Boston, the appointment of Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne as lieutenant generals to command, of hiring 12,000 Hessian auxiliary, to be employed jointly with the British against us. In the autumn of 1774 and during the succeeding winter companies of *minute men* were formed in most of the towns and villages of New England, which were drilled and exercised with great attention. The news of the action at Lexington, which was on the 19th of April, 1775, operated like electricity on the public mind, already prepared for the bursting of the volcano. (The British march out from Boston to Lexington to destroy some stores of the Americans; they fired on a militia company; the fire is returned; the British made a precipitate retreat toward Boston, being fired on by the militia of the country; Boston is shut up; the men from the adjoining towns assemble in army and invest it; bodies of men hastily raised and formed around Boston to keep the British in.)

By the 5th of May, 1775, a company of 100 men, including officers, was enlisted in the town of Farmington, in Connecticut, to serve seven months, and in ten days were on their march towards Boston, which was then completely shut up. This company was composed principally of the sons of yeomen or farmers, who furnished their own arms

and clothing, and was commanded by Captain, afterwards Colonel, Noadiah Hooker. It was not necessary to urge any one to enlist; it was only to receive the most promising of those who offered themselves to complete the number. I hold this up as a sample of what was transacting in almost every town in Connecticut, and probably through New England, to show the spirit which pervaded the mass of the people; and I presume that female influence in society was never more evident than at this time. They appeared to vie with their brethren in sustaining the idea of a fixed and determined resistance to the tyrannic measures carried on against us. (This spirit was continued by them in a good degree through the war.)

The few days previous to their marching were occupied in preparing clothing and necessaries for the service. A few of the men had served in the last French war, and therefore could instruct their comrades how to conduct and manage in their new vocation. Previous to their marching a day was set apart for religious worship; the minister prepared and delivered an appropriate discourse to the company at the church. This, like all other public addresses of the day, was calculated to add a stimulus to those engaged for the service before them, to admonish and urge them, while persevering with firmness and fortitude, to put their trust in God for success in so righteous a cause. The last week in May the company began their march, and I accompanied them as a volunteer, with the same enthusiastic feelings of almost every one, a small proportion of tories excepted, and àmidst the benedictions of friends and connections.

The parting scene, the mutual adieux of connections, was very interesting and impressive. The men had a fixed expectation and a strong desire of meeting the British in real combat; those feelings absorbed the more serious ones. Two wagons were furnished to convey the baggage and the provision, which was abundantly furnished by families gratuitously. The first day carried them to East Hartford, fifteen miles, where they were received and lodged in the most friendly manner in the houses of the families, all striving how to best accommodate them. They marched about thirty miles a day, through Boston, North Coventry, Pomfret, Ashford, Thomson, Douglass, and Deadham, colors flying and music playing as they passed through a town, much, apparently, to the gratification of the assembled spectators, this being the first regular company passing to the scene of action on that road.

Arriving at Jamaica plains, a parish in Roxbury, they fell under the command of General Ward, of Massachusetts, who was stationed there to command and review the troops as they should arrive. This

company formed part of the regiment commanded by Colonel Wyllys, of Hartford, Conn., and, with the other companies on their arrival, were quartered in the houses and outbuildings of the inhabitants, who treated them with the greatest kindness and attention. The orders were for the troops to parade at daybreak and march to their alarm-post, the summit of the hill in the center of Roxbury looking towards Boston neck, there remain till about sun an hour high, awaiting the movement of the enemy; should he make any, then return to quarters for breakfast. This continued until the morning of the 17th of June, when the repairing to our alarm-post was hastened by information that the enemy was advancing across the neck towards us; on reaching our posts we saw them retreating back on the neck. They then opened a severe fire upon us from their batteries on the neck, which killing but one of our men, we moved back beyond the range of their shot. We being now informed of the real object and designs of the enemy, and placed on an elevated situation, could plainly see all their movements in crossing the ferry over to Charlestown, advancing through the town to Breed's hill, *since* called Bunker's hill.

Our troops having the previous night commenced a slight breast-work there, the enemy's object was to dislodge them, which occasioned the severe battle which ensued. This battle, being an important point or link in the great change of events which accompanied our arduous struggle for independence, deserves particular notice. It appeared that some time was occupied in crossing the ferry (an arm of the sea which separates Boston from Charlestown) and forming into order for battle. I saw their advance up the hill by the cloud of dust which was raised. In this interim, if it may be so called, the enemy kept up a constant cannonade upon our troops from a battery on Copp's hill, at the north end of the town of Boston and Charlestown (which is situated on a peninsula), on one side of which lay a British ship of the line—the Somerset, of 64 guns—and a tender, and on the other, or Mystic side, was placed several Gundaloes; from both of those a constant cannonade was kept up across the neck to prevent our troops from reinforcing the party on the hill.

You may judge in some measure of the intensity of our feelings while viewing the passing scene in all its complicated points, concentrating in the great conflict then commenced, though I am sure none but a soldier can fully realize those feelings to view our brethren in arms, momentarily awaiting the attack,—which I can assure you from experience is a moment interesting in the extreme,—to see and hear the roar of the musketry, which commenced about ten o'clock, to see the enemy fall back *twice* before the deadly fire of our musketry, and

then the dispersing of our troops, and the shout of the victors; the beautiful town of Charlestown in flames (I refer you to General Burgoyne's letter, that I subjoin, as giving a lively picture); and a counterpart of the scene on the British side will add to the impression, if not already arrived to a climax.

Extract of a private letter written by General Burgoyne:

"Boston is a peninsula joined to the main land only by a narrow neck, which in the first of the troubles General Gage fortified; arms of the sea and harbor surround the rest. On the other side of one of these arms, to the north, is Charlestown, or rather *was*, for it is now rubbish, and over it a large hill, which is also, like Boston, a peninsula. To the south of the town is a still larger scope of ground, containing three hills, joining also to the main by a tongue of land, and called Dorchester neck. The heights above described, both to north and south, in the soldier's phrase, command the town,—*i. e.*, give an opportunity of erecting batteries above any you can make against them, and consequently they are much more advantageous. It was absolutely necessary we should make ourselves masters of these heights, and we proposed to begin with Dorchester, because from particular situations of batteries and shipping—too long to describe, and unintelligible to you if I did—it could evidently be effected without any considerable loss. Everything was accordingly disposed. My two colleagues and myself, who, by the bye, have never differed in an iota of military sentiment, had in concert with General Gage formed the plan. Howe was to land from transports on one point, Clinton on the center, and I was to cannonade from the causeway on the neck, each to take advantage from circumstances. The operation must have been very easy. This was to have been executed on the 18th of June. On the 17th, at dawn of day, we found the enemy had pushed entrenchments with great diligence during the night, on the heights of Charlestown, were there in force, and we evidently saw that every hour gave them new strength. It therefore became necessary to alter our plan and attack on that side. Howe, as second in command, was detached with about 2,000 men, and landed on the outer side of the peninsula, covered by shipping, without any opposition; was to advance from thence up the hill which was over Charlestown, where the strength of the enemy lay. He had under him Brigadier General Pigot. Clinton and myself took our stand—for we had not a fixed post—in a large battery directly opposite to Charlestown, and commanding it, and also reaching to the heights above it, and thereby facilitating Howe's attack.

"Howe's disposition was extremely soldierlike; in my opinion it was perfect. As his first line advanced up the hill they met with a

thousand impediments from stone fences, and were much exposed. They were also exceedingly hurt by musketry from the town of Charlestown, though Clinton and I did not perceive it till Howe sent us word by a boat, and desired us to set fire to the town. No sooner said than done; we threw in a parcel of shells, and the whole was in flames. Our battery afterwards kept up an incessant fire upon the height. It was seconded by a number of frigates and floating batteries and one ship of the line. And now ensued one of the greatest scenes of war that can be conceived. If we looked to the right, Howe's Corps, ascending the hill in the face of entrenchments, and in very disadvantageous grounds, warmly engaged; to the left, the enemy pouring in fresh troops by thousands over the land, and in the arm of the sea our ships and floating batteries cannonading them. Straight before us, a large and noble town is one great blaze; the church-steeples, being all of timber, were great pyramids of fire above the rest. Behind us, the church-steeples, and heights, and our own camp covered with spectators of the rest of our army which was disengaged. The hills all around the country crowded with spectators of the enemy, all in anxious suspense. The roar of cannon, mortars, and muskets, the churches crashing down, ships on the stocks, and whole streets falling together in ruin fill the ear.

"The storm of the redoubt, with the objects above described to fill the eye, and the reflection that perhaps a defeat was a final loss of the British empire in America to fill the mind, made the whole a picture and complication of horror and importance beyond any it came to my lot to witness. I much lament Tom's absence; it was a sight for a young soldier that the longest service may never furnish again; and had he been with me he would likewise have been out of danger, for except two cannon balls, that went a hundred yards over our heads, we were not in any part of the direction of the enemy's fire. A moment of the day was critical. Howe's left was staggered; two battalions had been sent to reinforce them on the beach, running in embarrassment which way to march. Clinton, then all for business, took the part, without waiting for orders, to throw himself into a boat to head them. This reinforcement moved to our left, and poured their fire down through our entrenchments, which was the point on which the battle turned. Clinton arrived in time to be of service; the day ended with glory, and the success was most important considering the ascendancy it gives the regular troops; but the loss was uncommon in officers for the number engaged. Howe was untouched, but his aide-de-camp, Captain Sherwin, was killed. Jordan, a friend of Howe's, who came to see the campaign, a shipmate of ours on board the

Cerberus, and who acted as aide-de-camp, badly wounded. Pigot was unhurt, but behaved like a hero.

"You will see the list of the lost. Poor Colonel Abecrombie, who commanded the grenadiers, died yesterday of his wounds. Captain Addison, our poor old friend, who arrived but the day before, and was to have dined with me on the day of the action, was also killed; his son was on the field at the time. Major Mitchell is slightly wounded. Young Chetwynde's wound is also slight. Lord Percy's regiment has suffered the most, and behaved the best; his Lordship was not in the action. Lord Rawdon behaved like a charm; his name is established for life."

The above is copied from a London newspaper, and will be read with deep interest. It is well known that a soldier has nothing to do but to obey his orders. My position was a most painful one, being on the hill in Roxbury, from whence I could see all the general movements without the opportunity of sharing in the most active parts. Every *real soldier* knows the extreme solicitude felt on such an occasion. Colonel Grosvenor, who performed a very active part on that day, being in the heat of the battle, narrated to me many striking incidents which occurred during the battle. Major Pitcairn, of the British marines, mounting the top of the ditch, our works having arrived to no greater point than that, exclaimed, "Disperse, ye rebels!" when one of our men instantly shot him through, and he fell in the ditch. A soldier, just by the side of General Putnam, had leveled his gun at Major Small, aide-de-camp to General Howe, on which Putnam struck it aside with his sword, exclaiming, "Don't kill that man. I love him as I do my brother." Colonel Trumbull told me that General Small repeated this to him in London, with tears in his eyes, on inquiring if Putnam was still living.

I little thought on that day of the important results which the battle of Bunker's hill was to produce in this our beloved country, through Europe, and the whole civilized world, both in a political and a religious view. The British official returns stated their loss at 1,052 killed and wounded; our loss, as published, was between 300 and 400. During the whole day and the ensuing night the enemy kept up a constant discharge on us with cannon and mortars. The next day we heard a continued tolling of bells in the town from morning till night, while they were burying their dead who had fallen in the battle. Three days after this we received our tents, and pitched them on Heath's hill, a part of General Heath's estate, in the western part of the town of Roxbury, in full view of the town of Boston and the vicinity. Usual camp duty now became constant.

General Washington arrived a few weeks after the battle, and established his headquarters at Cambridge, where the greatest body of our troops lay. I occasionally saw General Lee, accompanied by his two hounds. On becoming known to General Spencer, he asked, and I accepted, his invitation to reside in his family as a private secretary. I here found Dr. Cogswell as one of the family and regimental surgeon. Here I first became acquainted with Captain, since General Henry Champion, and Dr. John Watrous, and my intimacy with them has continued through life. Many gentlemen from the interior of Massachusetts and Connecticut visited our encampment. I found Dr. Gorden, the officiating minister of Roxbury, a well-informed and talented man. He wrote a concise history of the pending war. Almost every night the enemy would open a cannonade from their batteries on the neck. The balls were 24-pounders, and almost every house in the center of the town was pierced by them or shattered by the bursting of their bombs.

Our advanced guards occupied some buildings near the gorge of the neck; the enemy, knowing this, directed their shot towards them. One night their fire was uncommonly severe towards one of the guard-houses, and, being informed that three or four of the guards were killed, I went in the morning to view the place. The bodies were removed, and where one man was dashed to pieces by a cannon-ball I saw pieces of his entrails, and the blood sticking against the adjoining wall where he was standing. We had a small, poor work raised of earth for the defense of our sentinels. When the enemy was firing briskly a soldier peeped over the parapet to look out, when a ball just pierced the edge of the parapet, and entered his body at the upper part of the breast-bone; its force being nearly spent, it remained in his body. I had just arrived, when two men took hold of his feet and raised him up, and the ball dropped out at the place where it entered. It appeared to be a twelve-pounder.

The almost constant fire of the enemy produced one effect probably not contemplated by them,—it hardened our soldiers rapidly to stand and bear fire. When their balls had fallen and became still, the men would strive to be the first to pick them up to carry to a sutler to exchange for spirits. At one time they came near paying dear for their temerity. A bomb had fallen into a barn, and in the daytime it could not be distinguished from a cannon-ball in its passage; a number were rushing in to seize it when it burst and shattered the barn very much, but without injuring any one. The barn was used as a barrack. Our guards now performed duty with the utmost vigilance, the patrols were alert, watching if the enemy was making any movement. The

capture by Captain Manly and Captain Mugford of the two enemy's vessels in Boston Bay by our seamen, loaded with warlike stores of almost every kind, proved a very seasonable supply to us, as we were very deficient in those articles. Captain Mugford was lost overboard and drowned.

In July the arrival of Captain, afterwards General, Morgan with his company of Virginia riflemen in their hunting shirts was rather a novel sight to us. About the middle of August we had erected somewhat of a regular fort on the summit of the hill in Roxbury, in which was placed three 24-pound cannon, which being all discharged at once carried their balls quite into the works of the enemy on the neck, and one at least must have taken effect, as I saw the next March where a ball had entered their guard-house, breaking and carrying away a beam, and I saw the marks of the blood around the place. This was the first instance of our showing the enemy that we had heavy cannon, and it gratified our men to see it.

The season passed on from this time without anything more than the ordinary occurrences of a siege. One day the enemy sent out two floating batteries upon the Bay, and advancing in full view towards our encampment, opened their fire; but their balls all fell short of us, much to our amusement. As the autumn advanced a large number of our men fell sick of dysentery, that scourge of camps, and some of fevers, but there was not a very great number of deaths, though some fine youths fell victims to those diseases.

In November and December, as the term our soldiers had enlisted for was about expiring, General Washington strongly persuaded them to remain in service a month or two longer until the militia, which were ordered in, should arrive. To this they reluctantly submitted. I will now, therefore, take a stride to the closing of the campaign, as it might be called. The beginning of December the troops abandoned their tents and occupied the various buildings which the inhabitants had left vacant as temporary barracks until February, when a line of slight barracks was completed as near the gorge of the neck as prudence dictated, just in the front of which stretched a narrow marsh, and the barracks placed on the rising bank just east of it, and partially covered by the bank.

The enemy, knowing our position, would almost every night open their fire from their batteries on the neck with shot and shells, which, generally passing over us, fell in the marsh, where the bombs bursting gave us much amusement, which, however, was sometimes interrupted by a ball passing through a barrack. One night a ball passed through my apartment in the barrack, a few feet over me as I lay in my berth.

Such things having become so common, we thought little of them. I was now serving under my first commission as a subaltern with all the ardor which I suppose is usually felt by ardent youth in similar circumstances. Our advanced guards were posted quite on to the Neck. No buildings were then standing there, and no fires could be kept up, as it would draw the enemy's fire towards them. The winter being severe, it was rather uncomfortable to pass a whole winter night there. But, without being accused of boasting, I think I may say that patriotism had its share in stimulating us. Our only way to avoid freezing was to be constantly walking, running, or jumping. Our immediate duty was to watch the movements of the enemy at the Neck, supposing they might make a sortie from there. We knew that any general movement would be by attacking at some point where we were not so well prepared to receive and oppose them. The planning, we knew, must be by our commanding officer of the army.

The eventful year of '76 now opened, and information being transmitted to us by our friends in England that very active measures were taking there for our subjugation, that the army and navy employed against us was to be greatly reinforced, that 12,000 German troops were hired to be employed against us, that in parliament, among other strong measures, a resolution was passed "That parliament had a right to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever." Such information, instead of disheartening us, served to nerve us for the struggle to maintain our charter rights or "die in the last ditch." In February things became more active with us: a large number of militia arrived from the country; parties were sent into the swamps to prepare materials and make up Facines. On the night of the 2d of March our batteries, both on the Roxbury and Cambridge side, commenced and continued discharge of shot on the town; some of the balls fell in the town, for after we had entered it, a gentleman, in whose house General Pigot had lodged, showed me the hole where one of our cannon balls had passed a little way over his bed where he was sleeping. During our fire, on the night of the 4th of March, a detachment from our army moved on to the heights of Dorchester point. This is also a peninsula joined to the main by a narrow neck. On this was placed, on the side looking towards the enemy, a line of bundles of pressed hay to defend our troops from the enemy's fire while passing it.

(March 3d a 14-inch mortar, which among other stores was captured in the ordnance-brig by Captain Manly, was burst in firing from our lines on the enemy in Boston. We had set a high value on it; called it the Congress; it wounded one or two in bursting, but killed none.) This detachment proceeded to the top of the hill, and immedi-

ately commenced making a redoubt, entrenching tools and Facines being carried there and ready. The next morning at eight o'clock a relief was sent on, of which I was one. In passing the neck, the tide having overflowed it, I found my boots filled with mud and water, but we had no dry clothes with us, nor any time or opportunity for changing. Of this event I think some remarks more than a mere passing notice are proper. In perusing the various histories of the Revolutionary War I have ever thought that the possessing of, and fortifying the heights of Dorchester by the American army in March, '76, was passed over in too summary and slight a manner. Readers of history generally seem to be looking for descriptions of bloody battles and counting the number of killed and wounded, but the real philanthropist must experience a higher gratification in contemplating a series of firm, prudent, and judicious arrangements tending to effect a great object without one of those sanguinary conflicts which so strongly interest the feelings of most readers. The facts and results now under consideration affords a striking exhibition of that foresight and arrangement alluded to.

Having carried you to the top of the hill on Dorchester Point, I was one of the 2d detachment, and which relieved the first in occupying and fortifying the hill. The safety of the troops in passing the narrow neck on the hill was secured by two lines of bundles of pressed hay, as if the General remembered the exposure of the troops in crossing Charlestown to Bunker hill the year before. On the summit of the hill I found a redoubt was begun well calculated for defence in case of attack. Outside the parapet were casks filled with sand and placed in the ditch without the parapet, so that a slight touch would set them rolling down the hill, which was very steep on every side, and thus break the rank of the enemy on their advance. On the afternoon of the 6th we very plainly saw the enemy in motion in the town. Dense columns of troops moving down the main street to the wharf and embarking on board the ships, which moved down the harbor and formed in a kind of crescent at some distance from the hill. Most of the next day was spent by those ships in beating up nearer to our port, the wind being ahead. We continuing our work incessantly in completing the redoubt, being urged to exertion by a full expectation of being attacked by the enemy's troops we had seen embark on board the ships. We had no time to spare for reflecting on and counting the cost of the issue of the expected battle. We did not work literally with our arms in our hands, but they were lying by our sides, and it is presumed that every one ardently wished for the opportunity of showing the enemy what freemen would do when contending for their

just rights. No one needed stimulating to the performance of his duty, as every one possessed the inclination.

As night approached an uncommonly severe southeast rain storm came on, with very high wind and in all its force, but the severity of the storm did not stop our work, which we pushed forward with the utmost alacrity. The next morning presented to the view of the enemy a regular fort far advanced to completion, and to *our* view three ships below apparently in a very disorderly condition. The day passed without anything worthy of particular notice. You may form some faint idea of our situation,—thoroughly drenched by the copious rain, exhausted by severe exertion and want of refreshment, and, of course, without cover. At evening we broke ground on Nook or Nuke Point, a small hill very near the water, opposite South Boston. The enemy could plainly hear the sound of our entrenching tools, on which they opened and continued an incessant cannonade, with a general direction towards this point. I counted the number of discharges up to about 1,500 during half an hour, and then left off counting. This firing was continued through the night, and the morning shewed a novel sight. The ground all around where the work had been carried on appeared as if it had been plowed irregularly, and a very great number of cannon balls were picked up; but, strange as it may seem, there were but three killed during the night,—a surgeon's mate and two privates.

By the enemy's inactivity for several succeeding days we concluded they had abandoned the idea of attacking our fort. This comparative inactivity continued until the 17th of the month, when the whole of our troops were paraded and commenced our march into Boston, it being announced that the enemy were evacuating the town and proceeding directly to Halifax. I had the gratification of being selected to carry the American flag at the head of the column, which entered from the Roxbury side. When arrived in the town numerous incidents crowded upon our view. I can particularize but few of them. The burst of joy shown in the countenances of our friends so long shut up and domineered over by an insulting enemy; the meeting and mutual salutations of parents and children and other members of families, having been separated and continued separated by the sudden shutting up of the town after the battle of Lexington; the general dilapidation of the houses, several churches emptied of all the inside work and turned into riding schools for their cavalry; all the places which had been previously used for public resort torn to pieces, and at the stores around the wharves groceries, particularly salt, were in a state of destruction. As I was the bearer of the flag I attracted some

attention, and was constantly pressed with invitations to "call in and take a glass of wine with me." I saw the last boat of the enemy put off and proceed to the shipping. It was generally understood that an informal, not an official, agreement was made between the British commander and the selectmen of the town that in case the troops were not in any way interrupted at their departure the town should not be burnt.

The next day I went to view Bunker hill, and the works appeared as if they had been dictated by *Vauban*, at least the plan. A variety of associations of ideas crowded on my mind on recalling the scenes of the 17th of June of the last year, too numerous and impressive to dwell upon as not coming within my present plan. The *next* day I went and viewed the works on Castle island. The enemy had endeavored to blow up every useful part of the works; in many instances they had succeeded, in others but partially. They had broken off the trunnions of all the heavy cannon, and, in addition, had spiked them. Everything was mutilated and rendered useless. I was invited to take lodgings at the house of a respectable widow lady, Mrs. C., and was treated with the utmost hospitality during the few days of my stay in the town.

On the 25th of the month the troops began their march by regiments towards New York, the inhabitants of which were in great fear, and were fortifying their streets under the direction of General Lee, and by the 4th of April twenty-one regiments had moved on, ours being one of the number, five regiments being left to garrison the town. We passed through Dedham and proceeded on the direct route through Attleboro, Seaconkplain, a sterile region, and arriving at Providence, enjoyed a pleasing view of that flourishing town at the head of navigation of that river. We proceeded on through a barren part of Rhode Island to the border of Connecticut, where the lands, buildings, and general improvements appeared much better. Arriving at New London, we found we had to wait for vessels to be provided to transport us to New York. Here we waited five days, still enjoying the hospitality of the citizens, but the men drawing their own rations and cooking for themselves. I was hospitably entertained during our stay at the house of a *namesake*. While at New London went on board Commander Hopkins' ship, he having returned from his expedition to the island of New Providence, where he seized a considerable quantity of military stores belonging to the British. The powder taken was peculiarly needed. Everything about the ship appeared in a forlorn condition, having had no repairs since a running fight she sustained with a British ship on her way home, she having succeeded in capturing the ship's tender.

The fifth day I went on board a sloop with about 100 of the regiment, at the beginning of a northeast rain storm, and were driven rapidly on through the sound. In passing through Hurlgate, or, as it is popularly called, Hellgate, our vessel *ran on the middle rock,* an unpleasant and dangerous circumstance indeed. As the vessel ran on at high tide, when it ebbed she slid off without sustaining any injury. On our arrival at New York we were at first canteened in the empty houses of the citizens, many of them having left the city to be away from the ensuing scenes. We were soon furnished with tents, and encamped on an open plot of ground called the Jews' burying-ground, given up for cows to graze upon. For two or three weeks we were actively employed in constructing fortifications around the city, on Governor's and Long Island, besides furnishing guards at the various points. Incidents were not wanting to occupy our attention. Being on guard one day, and walking in the front of a large sugar-house filled with British prisoners, recruits captured in a transport ship, seeing the sergeant relieve the sentry, I heard a female voice making a pitiful moan. I stepped to the door and asked the cause of her moaning. She replied that it was for the loss of all their farming tools on board the ship when it was captured. I asked what they were going to do with those articles had they kept them. She said that after they had subdued the *rebels,* and taken possession of their lands, they were going to work with them.

About the first of April, General Thomas arrived near Quebec, and found our army but a handful, and those, destitute of almost every convenience for subsistence, scattered twenty or thirty miles around on different guards. The reinforcements from different parts which he expected to find there had not arrived. The few who were really on the ground he set about collecting together, so as to form them into something regular; but while he was giving such necessary orders, and making proper distributions, he died of the smallpox after a very few days' illness. At this junction two or three of the enemy's frigates came in sight of the town from Halifax to reconnoitre, and find in what situation the garrison was, the town, and likewise to see if the river was clear of ice, so as to be navigable by larger ships. On their coming, in sight, our people, supposing they had brought a reinforcement for the garrison, and thinking also that there were more on their passage, agreed to retreat while they could with safety; accordingly, they collected together, conveyed what artillery and stores they had, and marched as far as the three rivers, and there made a fortification with a view to making a stand.

The fatigues our army underwent in this department through the

winter was very great. The detachment under Col. Arnold had to perform a march of six hundred miles, over a wild, inhospitable country, in October and November. When they arrived they found themselves destitute of almost every necessary of life, as well as warlike stores for attacking or blockading a city like Quebec, in a country where the cold is intense, the inhabitants unable and unwilling to supply them with provisions; nor has their been a post in America of that importance so neglected as that; for after the defeat our people were very dilatory in sending any kind of succour and relief, either in men, money, or provisions. Quebec was assaulted by General Montgomery, who had marched from New York, December 31, 1775; Montgomery killed, Colonel Arnold wounded. After the death of General Thomas the command devolved on General Arnold, who had moved with fifteen hundred men from near Boston, who held it but a short time. But to return to affairs nearer home. Five of our regiments were ordered to march and join the northern army under the command of Brigadier General Thomson, of Virginia, and in April six regiments more, under the command of Brigadier General Sullivan, of New Hampshire, marched to join the army in that department. On their arriving near there our people who were left at the three rivers met them near a place called the Cedars, informing them that the enemy had been reinforced at Quebec by General Burgoyne and about four thousand under him, and that immediately on their arriving at Quebec they pursued our troops to three rivers, and obliged them to retreat; large numbers of them were sick with the smallpox and in a dispirited situation. The number of troops now collected in this department amounted to about nine or ten thousand, and in a month's time near half of them were sick with the smallpox and the fatigue of their march. The enemy still pushed on, and arrived at the Cedars, while our troops retreated before them.

While the enemy were at the Cedars, General Thomson agreed to attack them; he accordingly went himself, at the head of about fifteen hundred men, to execute his plan, but his guides, missing the road, led them round about in swamps and morasses till they were discovered by the enemy, who were ready to receive them. A small action ensued, but our troops not being able to come on properly to the charge, by reason of the badness of the ground, General Thomson was surrounded by a superior number of the enemy and made a prisoner of, together with four field officers and about twenty or thirty men. At this time a party of about three hundred, under command of Major Butterfield, was attacked by about sixty regular troops and four hundred Indians and Canadians, at a small breastwork they had

erected, and surrendered without any opposition. Of this party a number were murdered by the savages under the connivance of the British officers. General Arnold found means to have those prisoners returned by promising to give as many more in exchange, and left four captains as hostages to bind him to the performance of his promise.

In the month of June General Gates was appointed major general and commander-in-chief in that department, and set off immediately. On his arriving there he found affairs in an unsettled, confused way. The army were sick and dispirited; fast retreating before the enemy, they made but a short stay at Montreal, Chamblé, St. John's, Isle Au Noix, etc., till they arrived at Ticonderogue. News arrived from Great Britain during the spring, by way of the West Indies, of the designs of Parliament. During the past Winter their whole attention seemed to be taken up about America; people of all ranks were inveterate against us, and viewed us as Rebels, while the most vigorous plan was adopted for our subjection, and the most experienced Commanders by land and sea appointed to command. Twelve thousand Hessian troops and fifteen hundred other Germans were taken into British pay, and sent against America. Levies were made in England and Ireland, and the land Army by that means augmented to thirty-odd thousand. Lord Howe was appointed to command the fleet, and his brother, Gen'l Howe, the land army. The plan of operation agreed upon was to send a part of their army to Quebec, a part to the Southward, and the main body to New York; in consequence of which Gen'l Burgoyne had been sent to Quebec with about four or five thousand, to be joined by a large number of savages and Canadians, and retake the fortifications on the Lakes, and penetrate through the country to the river Hudson, and go to New York and join the main army there under the command of Gen'l Howe, and by that means cut off the communication between the Southern and the New England Governments, and distress our back settlements.

General Howe, with the fleet remaining at Halifax, arrived at New York the 30th of June, with a large fleet of about twelve thousand troops. They came into the bay, and anchored under Staten Island shore, where they found a camp and landed a part of their men. Finding themselves too weak to attack us, they agreed to lie there, and wait for reinforcement of the foreign mercenaries, which they expected soon. I witnessed with pain the execution of one Thomas Hickey, a soldier who had been retained in the family of General Washington. He was convicted of being concerned in a plot either to take the life of the general, or to assist in taking him personally to deliver up to the enemy.

July 12th, being on guard on the grand battery, I saw two of the enemy's ships, the Phœnix, of 44 guns, and the Rose, of 28 guns, commanded by Wallace, with three tenders, get under weigh, and passing our batteries, proceed up the Hudson, not appearing to receive any injury from the shot from our batteries. They went up past Kingsbridge, as far as Tapan Bay, where they came to anchor. Their design was to reconnoitre and learn the position and strength of our works, and perhaps find the most convenient place to land their troops. During our firing on them we had a thirty-two-pounder burst, killing three men. The troops had been coming in and joining our army this fortnight, which now amounted to about thirty thousand; but as the enemy did not attack us immediately, as we expected, our militia, etc., drew off, and left the army to consist of about twenty-two thousand.

The British commissioners having arrived, with Admiral Lord Howe at their head, to propose terms of accommodation with the colonies. Being on guard at the battery, I saw a barge approach from the admiral's ship, and meeting our barge, deliver a package and return. This being the first step taken by the commissioners, it attracted much notice. They were a submission on our part; on their part offers of pardon for the past, and a pacific arrangement to take place between the British government and the colonies. This being published in history, I need not go into detail. Independency was now declared by the Congress on the 4th of July. I used frequently to go on board the fire-ships, small vessels preparing with a design to blow up or destroy some of the enemy's ships.

On the night of the 3rd of August five of our row-gallies proceeded up the river, under the command of Colonel Tupper, and commenced an attack on one of the enemy's ships, but without much effect. The 15th, the adjutant-general of the British army asked and obtained a conference with General Washington on the subject of exchanging prisoners. The Congress now came to a resolve that if the enemy should commit any more inhuman murders on our soldiery whom they should take prisoners, that retaliation should be made on them. On the night of the 16th our fire-craft succeeded in burning one of the enemy's armed vessels in the North river, in which Sergeant Smith, of Connecticut, after applying his match to the train, jumped overboard to one of our boats, but was so severely burnt that he died of his wounds. The efforts of our fire-crafts here ended, and operations on a greater scale commenced. The enemy on Staten Island now set vigorously to fortifying, and laid out very large works. The general officers of our army held a council of war to consult whether to attack them or not; but it was still concluded best to act on the defensive. A

proclamation from Lord Howe was published offering pardon and protection to all who should lay down their arms and implicitly submit.

Of the landing of the enemy on Long Island, on the 22d of the month of August, and the general succeeding transactions consequent on it at this important crisis, the historian has been copious and undoubtedly correct, so far as he goes; yet a sufficient number of incidents remain to occupy the attention. Probably no period of our revolutionary struggle was more critical than this. It is well known that at no place had the *enemy* concentrated a more numerous or better-appointed army than now, their foreign mercenary as well as their own regular troops having all arrived and landed and begun their operations. General Howe was at the head of the British army. General Washington was himself there, with the flower of our army.

The day after the landing of the British, the 22d of August, our regiment, among others, was ordered on. The part falling to me to act was one of the detachment of 2,400 posted at the woody heights of Flatbush, about five miles from Brooklyn ferry, and overlooking the plain where the enemy lay; we were sent to intercept them. This detachment was posted in three bodies, and occupied the three passes through the hills on the north of the village of Flatbush, where the enemy would most probably attempt to force their way. They occupied the plain southward, and their advanced guards were posted so near as that the shot reached us from their German rifles. They also annoyed us with grape-shot from their field-pieces. The soldier well knows that when the smoke from the muzzle and the vent of the gun is seen in the same line with himself the piece points directly towards him. I recollect that, seeing the flash of the discharge of a gun, the smoke from the muzzle and vent being in a line with me, I stepped behind a tree while the grape passed, one of which I noticed struck the tree. Those being the only passes through which the enemy could approach directly, and our force so posted was viewed sufficient to defend them, both bodies remained in that position until the night of the 26th. I well remember that all the fore part of the night their front guards appeared very active, frequently passing and repassing in front of their fires, probably to attract our attention, and to serve as a cover for their main object; for at dusk they pushed a large body from their right, and by forced march all night by the Bedford road they came in the rear of our troops just at daybreak, and the first we knew of it was by their firing on our posts, which had completely drawn our attention in front, which was soon repulsed; and almost at the same time we were attacked in our rear, on which a retreat was ordered, and a scene most disastrous to us ensued. Those from the three posts, retreating sepa-

rately, were met by the enemy in a solid body and driven back alternately on either body of the enemy.

During the night another strong body of the enemy landed on the western side, which moved and joined the first assailants, by which our troops were hemmed in and their retreat cut off, excepting about seven or eight hundred, who made their way through the enemy's fire to our main body entrenched at Brooklyn, of which number I was one. The remainder joined General Lord Stirling on the right, he acting as brigadier-general of the day. He collected Huntington's and Smallwood's Connecticut regiments, which, with the stragglers who joined, made a body of about one thousand, being part of the twenty-four thousand of the main body, the rest having effected their retreat, which took place on an advantageous ground, and received the enemy's attack with the utmost firmness, repulsing them and making a number of prisoners. The enemy's main body coming up to the combat, our troops seeing it in vain to make further resistance, surrendered. We being called rebels, the most barbarous treatment was inflicted by the enemy. Captain Jewett, of Huntington's regiment, an officer much respected and beloved, of elegant and commanding appearance and unquestionable bravery, was murdered in cold blood. Having surrendered his sword when demanded, the officer, on receiving it, instantly plunged it through his body. Our wounded were mostly put to death by the bayonet. We were indeed hardly pressed by the enemy. One of our soldiers near me fired on one of those murderers and brought him down. Leaving his own black gun, he seized the new bright one of his fallen foe, the bayonet of which was bloody more than half its length.

Our loss on that day you will see stated in history. As I at setting out informed you, my narration should be of *incidents* not mentioned by the general historian, and although he has been somewhat particular in describing the several points of attack by the enemy and the general results, yet the scenes of this memorable day were so complicated that enough remains to be told to occupy an inquisitive mind. No mention being made of the wounded, it is presumed that they were dispatched by the bayonet. No one unused to such scenes can form any just idea of the confused and mixed scenes of that day. In the flight, numbers plunged themselves into a mill-pond rather than to fall into the hands of the enemy, and were either drowned or shot down. The loss on our side amounted to about one thousand, which included those captured and the slain. Those of the advanced body who escaped joined their regiments, and the main body formed on a swell of

ground at Brooklyn, facing the enemy, and behind a slight body of earth hastily cast up, and rails placed on end, as at Bunker Hill.

Between nine and ten in the morning the enemy approached in force. The front column advanced within about twenty or thirty yards of the center of our line, their flanks firing on our right, and a general attack was momently expected. At this interesting crisis General Washington having arrived, rode slowly past our rear, animating and encouraging our troops. While passing the place where I was posted he said, in an animating tone, which I distinctly recollect, "Remember what you are contending for." The bulk of his speech at this time I did not hear, he being too far on my right to be heard. The enemy, instead of commencing the attack, moved to their right, and were soon obscured from our sight by a small hill. I never could conceive of any good reason for General Howe's retrograde movement, as it appeared by his official letters that he commanded in person through the day, except his recollection of the Bunker Hill battle, our troops being similarly situated to receive him, and his known tenderness of the lives of his men added to a confidence of his ultimate success.

Let me go back a little. News had arrived from General Lee, at Charleston, S. C., that the enemy had been repulsed in attempting to land. The particulars are that on the 2d of July two fifty-gun ships and six frigates came over the bar, and came close up to the fort on Sullivan's Island, and there commenced a most furious fire on the fort; our people returned it with equal spirit, and had the satisfaction to see the fleet almost entirely destroyed thereby; as they were within half musket-shot from the fort almost every shot did execution. During the cannonade the enemy attempted three times to land at the end of the island, and were as often repulsed. During the action the enemy had one hundred and twenty-two killed and wounded. On our side were ten killed and twenty wounded. A plan was in the Spring adopted to fix a number of fire-ships, and attempt thereby to destroy some of the enemy's fleet. A number of vessels and Chiveaux-De-frizes were made and sunk in the channel of the river to stop the ships from passing they are now vigorously preparing. August 3d five of our row-galleys went up the river and attacked the two ships of the enemy's. After a brisk cannonade of about three-quarters of an hour our galleys made off, by order of Colonel Tupper, who commanded, with the loss of nine killed and wounded. Seven shot had gone through the Providence galley, as she lay nearest the Phœnix, which was within musket-shot; the whole was conducted with regularity and coolness and the enemy much damaged.

On the night of August 16th we had the good fortune to burn one

of the enemy's tenders in the North river. On the 18th, very early in the morning, the shipping came down the river through a brisk fire from our batteries. The whole of the enemy's reinforcement now arriving except five thousand Germans, the Southern army after their defeat joined the Grand Army. The enemy opened the campaign in this department by landing a large body of troops on Long Island, and marched up to Flatbush, about five miles from New York ferry; this was on the 22d of August. A detachment of our army was accordingly sent to intercept them, consisting of twenty-four thousand, who were posted at three different places, where the passage was very narrow between the hills; they were the only places where they could approach directly from their encampment towards our lines; sufficient to defend those passes had the enemy approached that way. Both armies appeared silent almost until Monday, the 26th, when the enemy, just at evening, decamped and filed off from their right, and by a forced march all night they came round the left wing of our guards, and just at daybreak of the 27th they appeared in the Bedford road between our outguards and the lines. Just at the time of their coming in sight a considerable body of them attacked us in front at each post, for a diversion to us to prevent our discovering those in our rear, at the same time another body landed from the fleet between our outpost and our lines, and met those who came round our left; as soon as we perceived their design orders were given for us to retreat to the lines, but in attempting it we found our retreat nearly cut off; about seven or eight hundred cut their way through, the remainder joined General Lord Stirling, who commanded on the right, in consequence of his being brigadier of the day; the remainder of Huntington's and Smallwood's regiment reinforced him, so that his little army consisted of about a thousand men, when, after possessing the most advantageous ground, he received the enemy's attack with the intrepidity that becomes heroes, and repulsed them; the enemy being strongly reinforced, renewed the attack, and most of those brave men were killed and wounded or imprisoned, only about one hundred and fifty or two hundred got to our army, some by the way of Hull Gate, going round the enemy, and some going through their guards. It was then expected the enemy would attempt forcing our lines, which were well manned, and marched a column within musket-shot of them, but retreated without attempting them.

The state of our army through the day and until the night of the 29th, when our retreat took place, is justly detailed by the historian. Things lay apparently still for the two succeeding days. On the 29th of August, just at dusk, we commenced our memorable retreat across

from our position at Brooklyn to New York, and an interesting and busy scene it was as we brought off most of the stores; but from the regularity and order which was preserved, no untoward accident occurred. Governor's Island was evacuated the same night. A dense fog arose early in the evening and continued all night and till late in the morning, and it appeared afterwards that the enemy knew nothing of our movement until it was completed. Removing the stores and artillery from New York was the next step to be taken, as the enemy then possessed our front and both flanks; the army was therefore posted so as to favor a good retreat from the city and evacuating it. While we were thus preparing to evacuate the city, the enemy were preparing to land above us and cut off our retreat; the movements and maneuvers of both armies were therefore calculated to favor their designs. The enemy moved up and encamped opposite Hornshook, erected a battery there, and played briskly on our batteries, which was returned as briskly.

The British having landed on Long Island, General Washington wanting to find out their real position, after due inquiry Captain Nathan Hale, of the Connecticut line, was selected to be employed as a spy, and having proceeded on to the island, pursued his discoveries, taking plans, etc., was returning, and fell into the hands of the enemy near Brooklyn. The next day he was examined by some board of the enemy and convicted as a spy, condemned, and ordered to be executed in two hours; was denied his request for an opportunity and time to write to friends, and the sentence was carried into effect. He was of Glastenbury, Conn., aged twenty-four or five, educated, and of high promise. On the evening of the 14th of September the greatest part of our troops marched out and encamped opposite the enemy, along the bank of the East river, just below Kipp's bay, about three miles from the city, and made lines at the most defensible places. We were posted behind a slight intrenchment recently thrown up, opposite and near which lay five ships. The general designed to leave the city, beginning at seven o'clock in the evening, and at three the guards were to march off, but by the solicitations of his other general officers he ordered that at three in the morning of the 15th we should repair to our lines and to begin our march at daylight. The enemy, perceiving by our movements that the critical time was come when they were likely to lose the opportunity of hemming us in on the island, drew up two fifty-gun ships and two thirty-six-gun frigates close under the shore and opened a most furious cannonade on us, which almost levelled our lines, as they were only proof against musketry. Favored by this cannonade they landed about three thousand of their best troops

about a mile below Turtle bay or Kipp's bay. The boats, when they had come within about half a mile of shore, turned their course and rowed around a point of land which projected out, and carried them about a mile above where we expected them to land, and met with no opposition. As we did not in the least expect them here, our lines were not as well manned, for our force was mostly opposite the shipping, and the fire was so surprisingly hot that we could not shift our post. The firing from the ships being continued, our slight embankment was fast tumbling away. Orders were then given for us to secure a retreat, which was done with as much regularity as the situation would admit of, but not without the loss of some men and baggage. The loss was inconsiderable, however. We then marched and took possession of the heights of Harlem, and immediately flung up lines for our defence.

The enemy next morning marched on after us, and encamped at the extremity of the plain, about three miles distant from us, our regiment, with some others, being ordered on the Bloomingdale road, to march towards Kingsbridge. The weather being unusually hot for the season, the men suffered severely from thirst, not finding any water until we arrived at a spring near Kingsbridge. On passing by the body of the enemy on the hill road, they opened a sharp fire on us with their field-pieces, but they being on higher ground than we, their shot, as usual in such cases, passed over us. Arriving at the spring, I found a great number around it contending for the water. I was shown a man lying dead, who, I was told, had died from drinking the water. He proved to be Captain Crosby, of the militia, from Connecticut. Seeing by the side of the fence a man who they said was dying or was dead from drinking the water, I had him raised up and thoroughly rubbed, his mouth pried open—his jaws being set—and some brandy poured down his throat. I left him recovering, my heart glowing with the reflection that I had been the instrument of saving a fellow man from immediate death. We were employed the succeeding night in throwing up a slight entrenchment on the brow of the hill at Harlem Heights, in full expectation of being attacked by the enemy in the morning. When the sun arose I saw the enemy in the plain below us, at the distance of about a mile, forming in a line. By accounts afterwards their number was said to exceed twenty thousand, and they indeed made a brilliant display by the reflection of the sun's rays on their arms.

The sharp action which took place that day under the command of Colonel Knowlton is so well detailed by the historian I need not repeat it. The enemy sent a detachment of about five thousand along the

bank of the North river, which our people attacked with spirit and about an equal number, and drove them back to their main body. The loss on our side was about thirty killed and sixty or seventy wounded. The loss to the enemy must have been more than that, as we repulsed them after a warm fire of three-quarters of an hour. Here I first saw Lieutenant James Munro; he had volunteered to go to the attack on our right under the command of Colonel Knowlton. The next day I had a mournful duty assigned to me—the command of a covering party over the fatigue men who buried the dead which had fallen in the action the previous day. I placed myself and party on a small eminence, so as to see the men at their work, and to discover the enemy should they approach to interrupt them. There were thirty-three bodies found on the field; they were drawn to a large hole, which was prepared for the purpose, and buried together. One body of a fine-limbed young man had been brought into the camp with a bullet-hole in the breast near the heart. I was struck with reflection on the force of habit to see those fatigue men performing this duty with as little apparent concern as they would have performed any common duty.

The two armies went now to strengthening their lines; we made our line so good across at the Height that the enemy dare not attempt to force them by storm. The British having a small guard of about one hundred on Monterures Island, it was proposed to take them off. Accordingly, a detachment of First Lieutenant Cott, one major, four captains, eight subordinates, and two hundred rank and file were sent to attack them going in boats down Harlem creek. At daybreak they had orders to land, when only one boat out of the six landed, with forty-six men, who, after a most obstinate struggle, were driven off; the other boat's crew were so cowardly they dare not land; so those who landed fell a sacrifice to the enemy, all except eight. Among those who fell was Major Henly, and Major Hatfield taken prisoner. This happened on the 3d of September.

Two of the enemy's ships, a 44 and a 28-guns, were lying in the strait, just south of Hurlgate; a detachment of artillery, with two pieces of cannon, was ordered to go in the night and post themselves abreast of them, they lying within the range of cannon-shot from our shore. The artillery opened their fire on them as soon as light, which was briskly returned by the ships. I had the command of a covering party of thirty-five men, taking our station on a knoll a little above the artillery, so as to watch the motion of the enemy in case of landing. The enemy's fire being brisk, we lay flat on the ground, their cannon-balls passing over us. As we lay at the foot of a large rock, one of their balls struck the rock above our heads, and fell down just by me,

and within my reach. When it became still I felt of it, and found it very hot; it was a twenty-four-pounder. The two ships fell down with the tide and hauled around behind Blackwell's island, out of the reach of our shot. We did not know the damage we did to them. As they lowered down a boat and filled it with men, one of our shot capsized the boat, and the men were thrown into the water. We could plainly discover that our shot told against the sides of the ships, but we did not learn the effect. Captain afterwards Colonel Crane received a slight wound in his heel from one of their shot, which was all the injury we sustained. In the hasty retreat from New York our tents were left behind, and for some time we lay without cover. I was ordered with a small detachment to take charge of sixteen Hessian soldiers, who had been captured a few days before, and crossing the North river into Jersey, proceeded down to Fort Lee, delivering the prisoners to the care of General Green. Those were well-built young men, very athletic. They were the first Hessians we had taken. As we passed along the road they attracted much attention, and procured for me many civilities and some substantial refreshment.

On my return I found the battle of White Plains had taken place, and much to my regret I could act no part in it. On the 12th of October the enemy landed a body of their troops on Frog's point, in East Chester, and another body landed on Rodman's point. In marching up from the point they were opposed by three regiments, which were posted behind a stone wall near East Chester Church, who repulsed them three several times, but they having a strong reinforcement, our people left them the ground, with the loss of only three men. The whole of the enemy reinforcement, which consisted of about five thousand Germans, now arriving, they took the field with a strong army of nearly twenty thousand effectives, and our army retreated back to the White Plains and possessed themselves of the most advantageous heights. The enemy took the heights opposite them, and there lay in sight of each other. A detachment of our army, consisting of about four hundred, left Kingsbridge to secure that pass, but as the enemy were posted between them and our army across the North river, and that party being judged too small to defend the post, they were ordered to retreat to Fort Washington, which they did, after burning the barracks and removing the artillery and stores, leaving the enemy masters of East and West Chester, and all New York island except Fort Washington, which had a good store of provisions, a good artillery, and strong garrison.

Skirmishes happened now almost every day between the two armies, but they were mostly very small, and the successes various. A

party of Rogers' Rangers attacked a party of ours, but were repulsed with a number killed and thirty-six taken prisoners. On the 28th of October the enemy began their maneuvers early in the morning, and showed us that their design was to attack us. Accordingly, they posted a large number of field-pieces opposite our right wing, where was posted General McDougle's brigade, and opened a brisk fire on them, while their infantry advanced in two columns to the attack. Our troops were formed on an eminence, and while one column of the enemy advanced and attacked in front, the other marched around to gain our right flank. As the enemy were superior in number, and during the action, which lasted with musketry about half an hour, they were twice relieved with fresh troops, we having suffered considerably by the artillery, and no reinforcement or relief coming up, our troops left the ground to the enemy, after losing in killed and wounded about one hundred and fifty. The loss of the enemy was not known, but as our troops behaved with coolness and spirit, the enemy's loss could not be less than ours.

At the time of our retreating General Putnam was coming up with a reinforcement of five thousand, but I suppose his orders were to keep the enemy from advancing any farther, and so to cover the retreat of General McDougle's men, and not to join them in the attack, which, if he had, must have drawn on a general action, as both armies were in spirits and confident of their strength and good disposition. But our general, in consequence of the directions of Congress, was obliged to shun a general action if it could possibly be avoided with honor. Nothing more of any consequence happened between the two armies in this field. They marched, countermarched, and maneuvered, the enemy looking for an opportunity to attack us at a time when we were unguarded. As they had no opportunity for that, they decamped the beginning of November and moved towards Kingsbridge, burning and destroying everything in their way. Our regiment was left to cover the country and repel any small foraging parties of the enemy, the main body of our troops moving southwards toward Philadelphia.

(*To be continued.*)

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

By HENRY ROMEYN, Brevet Major, U. S. A.

CHAPTER XV.

THE death of his father, which had taken place about two years previous to the events narrated in the preceding chapter, had left Lieutenant Paul Du Puis, of His Majesty's Guards, the sole possessor of a house in the capital city, and of enough other property to enable him to live a life of elegant leisure, had he so desired. But from earliest times of which it had any records, some of the men of the family had held commissions in the armies of France; and, very naturally, his desires led him toward a military life; and he had scarcely reached his teens, when, through influence at court, he was given a commission in the Guards, and attached to the person of His Majesty. In such a relation, he was frequently employed on confidential missions, to which men of more mature years at times aspired, but which would, from their nature, have presented to them temptations which at his age would be less liable to affect him. With money enough to provide for all his wants, and without avaricious desires, he was above bribery, in an age when simony pervaded the church, and its counterpart every branch of civil or military service; and he had become known as one whom neither flattery or substantial inducements could swerve from what he considered his line of duty.

His family had not at first embraced the reformed religion, but, coming under the influence of one of the foremost of the Huguenot ministers of the city, the grandfather of the young officer had cast in his lot with the persecuted sect, and had inculcated its doctrines in all his descendants. In addition to parental influence, the young guardsman had that of the beautiful, talented daughter of Simon La Tour, a prominent member of an eminent family, whom he had known from childhood; and to whom, as has been stated, he was at the time of our story, betrothed.

While conscientious in the discharge of his religious duties, as well as in those of his official station, he had not impressed his con-

victions or views on any of those about him at court; and although his absence from all the exercises of the then dominant religion might have attracted notice, it had not drawn especial attention to him, till the father confessor saw him emerging from the gate of his uncle's premises.

The suspicions of the crafty priest were aroused. "Whom does he visit there? He is not given to affairs of gallantry. It must be that heretical meetings are held there. The matter is worth examining. I may unearth a band of heretics there if attention is at once paid to the matter;"—and before the close of the day a spy was put at work on the case, with orders not to let any of the movements of the officer escape notice.

Owing to the preparations for departure from the home of his kinsman, no more devotional meetings were held there; and all the visits were made openly and during the day; and the spy had nothing suspicious to report from that quarter; till after the flight of its inmates, and then he could only say that the males of the family had apparently gone on an ordinary business journey, and that the house was closed. He had, however, shadowed the officer to the dwelling of Monsieur La Tour, where he went every day, remaining, at times, after nightfall; and when he did so there were always other visitors of both sexes; and he was certain that heretical meetings were held there.

The priest made preparations for arresting the parties frequenting the place. But he made one error.

Acting as secretary for the person having authority to issue the order of arrest, was one who had always known all the members of both families; and while he was too discreet to manifest any feeling in the presence of his chief, he was shocked when directed to draw up the paper for signature; and on one pretext or another, managed to have the matter postponed until the next meeting of the council, several days later; meaning meanwhile to have the intended victims warned of their danger. In this he was anticipated.

On several occasions, when leaving the La Tour mansion, the young man had encountered a loiterer in the street, seemingly having no pressing business in that locality. At first no notice was taken of the man, but when the meeting had taken place the third or fourth time, the officer became suspicious and ready to counterplot. Selecting one of his own servants on whom he knew he could rely, the man was directed to play the part of sleuth for a lady who was jealous of the young guardsman and anxious to know by whom he was being enticed from her side. The employe of the churchman

was a novice in his business; and the other, by pretending to give up his secret, obtained those of his opponent, after but few meetings.

When notified of their danger, the friends ceased holding religious meetings; but the visits of the officer were continued, as he thought himself safe from arrest, if not found in any Huguenot congregation; and relied also upon influence of friends at court.

However, not a month had elapsed after the flight of his uncles, when the young man was visited in his own home by one of the priests attached to the royal household, who, after some desultory conversation, led it to the subject of religion, and his host saw the same gulf opening at his feet which had swallowed up so many of his friends.

"Why is it, my son, that you are never seen at services in His Majesty's chapel?"

The questioned man mentally braced himself for what he divined was coming—the test of his faith—and promptly replied:

"Because, sire, my duties have never called me there."

"Do you mean by that answer your official duties?"

"I do."

"But your religious duties. Where are they performed? What priest connected with the court is your confessor?"

"None."

"Do you never attend service, or the confessional?"

The officer felt that his crucial hour had come; and, while from his heart there arose a prayer for strength and guidance, he looked directly into the face of the questioner as he replied:

"I do not."

"Then it is true that you are allied with that heretical sect which is setting the church at defiance and causing so much trouble in all His Majesty's dominions?"

"It is true that I have never served Rome, and I have never attended at confession. That my father, and his father before him, became Huguenots, is well known; why then should it be thought strange that I should follow where they led? I acknowledge no man's authority over my conscience, and no man can absolve me from sin. I am responsible to God only, in spiritual matters; in those of mere temporalities, I have never broken any law of the kingdom. Why, then, should I kneel to a mere man, of like passions with me, and depend on his intercession with my Maker, when He has declared that the way is open to any who choose to come? I have never done so, and as God is my helper, I never will."

"But, my son! think better before you take such a sacrilegious

vow. Your sect has cast aside, as far as it can, the authority of the church, and in doing so, has brought ruin to thousands, and bloodshed, not only to France, but to half Europe. The patience of His Majesty and that of His Holiness have become exhausted, and more severe measures are sure to be soon adopted against the schismatics. Be warned in time. Come back into the fold. Preferment awaits you in your chosen profession, and wealth from confiscated estates of recusants; and there are beautiful women in France, any one of whom would gladly wed a man with such prospects as you may have, for mere conformity with the demands of the mother church."

Both had been seated during the conversation, but at this point the one addressed arose, and with a dignity beyond his years, and a look of solemn determination in his eyes, said in reply:

"I do not doubt your word. And I know more. I know that within the past month one of my blood has gone to the galleys for life, with no opportunity to bid farewell to wife, children, or friends; not for any crime, but simply because he believed in freedom of conscience, and refused to kneel to the Host, as it was carried past him. I know that in unhappy France the church has control, largely, over the bodies of men, as well as over the souls of those who submit to priestly dictation. Wealth, honors, the possession of fair women, have always been temptations to evil. They are not such to me. I have wealth; honors I can gain; and I am"—here he made an error by divulging his secret—"affianced to one of my own faith, whose love I would not exchange for a kingdom. Rome has sent my kinsman to a lingering death. It has sent others, beggared, into exile; while its minions have fattened on their abandoned goods. I know all these things, and yet"—his slight figure seemed to the astonished, even awed priest, to grow in height, and to expand, as he, with raised hand, and ringing voice, said: "May God do so to me, and more, also, if I let such things move me from my stand for Him and His truth."

After this bold and plain confession of his faith, nothing more was said except that as he left the room the priest remarked, unguardedly, in his anger: "It will be best, both for you and for your friends, that you reconsider your action, and recant."

He was not left long in doubt as to his meaning. So well had his servant acted his part, that he had become possessed of the entire confidence of the spy of the enemy; and was told, a few days after the above colloquy took place, that he could tell his mistress that she was to have her revenge, for on going to make his report, and receive further orders, he had seen, lying on the table in a room in which

he had been left for a few moments alone, not only an order for the officer's arrest, but also for that of all the inmates of the house they had been watching, and if his mistress wished still to save the object of her affections, she must act promptly, as the order might be carried into effect at any moment.

"I will at once report," said the other, "and instant action will, I am certain, be taken;" and he hastened to his master with the information.

For a moment, that individual stood aghast. The gulf into which he had looked a few days before, as he conversed with the priest, yawned again before him, wider than before, and seemingly bottomless—waiting not for him only, but for his fiancée and all her family. But, in a moment, his courage rose, and as he belted his sword and passed into the street, he sketched in his mind a plan, which, if the attempt at arrest was not made before midnight, he was certain could be safely carried out.

CHAPTER XVI.

His information carried consternation into the heart of every member of the family. The invalid wife and mother, who had not left the house for months—what could be done with, and for, her? The father could make his escape if alone, but could not abandon her. "And I," said the beautiful daughter, as, with blanched face and distended eyes, she stood enfolded in the arms of the lover,—"what can I do? I cannot abandon my mother to her fate, nor will I be allowed to remain with her, if sent to prison."

"Flight, and at once, is our only resource. If we are not arrested before midnight, we can be out of reach. Your mother must be assisted to a boat, which I will cause to be in readiness at the foot of the garden, and secreted for a time in the house of some friend in a distant part of the city, and we must enlist Pastor Bondet* in our cause, be married by him, and with my servant Fanueil, who has acted as my spy on the spy of the priests, we must leave the city mounted, you dressed as my servant."

"But how will you pass the guards at the city gates?"

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*For sketch of Pastor Bondet see Baird's Huguenot Emigration to America, Vol. 2, p. 256.

"Thank Heaven, my passport will enable us to do that," and he produced it.

"These to all our trusted officers, commanding parties or garrisons of our army or any cities of our kingdom:

"Paul Du Puis, an officer of our Guards, has authority to pass without interference or hindrance to and from any point in said kingdom, singly, or at the head of an escort, as duty may call him, during our pleasure.

"Done at Versailles. this first day of May in the year 1675, and of our reign the thirty-second. LOUIS."

"That will pass us through the gates, even at night. Once outside, those who may attempt to follow must ride fleet horses."

There was little time given to the discussion of the plan. Minutes were precious. At any moment the minions of the church might demand admittance in the name of the king—then, the galleys for the males of the group,—prison or enforced immurement in some convent for the females. With a courage not at all singular in her sex when perils are to be faced, the invalid seemed to gain new strength, as she prepared for flight. True, there was not much preparation to be made. The flitting must not be hindered by any bulky impedimenta. A small purse of gold, her jewels,—to be converted into money if necessity demanded,—her psalter, and the record of her marriage and of the birth of her daughter, torn from the ponderous Bible, were all she was to carry from her well-furnished, if not luxurious home. For the husband, his cloak, sword, and what money he could lay hands upon at the moment. For the daughter—nothing but a small purse, scantily supplied, and some jewels which could be readily concealed under her disguise. Her lover at first insisted that she should carry no money, but yielded the point when shown that if separated from him, if only for an hour, an emergency might arise in which it would be needed.

Some of the servants knew a boatman who was to be trusted, and he was engaged, to be at the foot of a near-by garden, immediately after nightfall, and a password was agreed upon for purpose of recognition. The gardens communicated by doors, concealed by shrubbery, and it was thought best not to have the means of escape at the foot of that of La Tour:—if at any other, it would not be noticed if any party to the proposed arrest was set to watch that possible avenue of escape.

The young officer had been popular with many of the representatives and attaches of foreign courts, and having a passion for fine horses, had been presented with two elegant "barbs" by a Spanish

officer returning to his own country; and, in addition, his own stud contained others, of the best blood in France.

Returning to his home, he summoned his servant:

"Faneuil, I must leave Paris to-night. It will be best for you to leave, also. You must go armed, and in the uniform of the Guard. As soon as night has fallen, you will equip for the road Roland, The Moor" (his Spanish horses) "and such other horse as you may choose for your own use, and crossing the river ride down to:—" naming a point on the right or north bank of the Seine, where an arch of a bridge afforded a place of concealment,—"and wait my arrival. Remain mounted, that you may be able to escape if any attempt should be made to arrest you. If I have not arrived at midnight, return home, and await orders. But you will, in that case, receive them from others, for I am determined not to submit to arrest; or see my betrothed arrested, peacefully. As well die at once, sword in hand, as lingeringly at the oar of the galley. If not arrested, Mlle. La Tour and I will be married before we leave, and The Moor will carry her, disguised as a servant. Secure a suit of clothing from Jacques, the stable boy, as he and Mlle. La Tour are nearly of the same size, and carry it to the house of her friend, adjoining her own, that it may be delivered through the gardens, safe from observation. Draw from my steward an hundred louis, to pay for a horse—if he asks any questions—and hasten, for the day wears away, and time is precious."

He walked through all the rooms, looked for the last time at the portraits of his parents, in the room which had been his father's (his mother had died at his birth, and his father had not re-married), sat for a moment in his chair at table, drank wine from his father's favorite glass, knelt for a short time in prayer at his father's bedside: then, carrying his sheathed sword in his hand, passed for the last time from the only home he had ever known, going forth, as did thousands of the best citizens of the country, a wanderer for conscience sake.

He did not pass directly to the house of his betrothed. He walked through many of the streets, greeting such of his acquaintances as he chanced to meet, made two or three appointments for the morrow, called at the door of Pastor Bondet, to be certain of his presence at a later hour, and cautioned him not to come directly to the place, in order not to attract attention; and, at the usual hour for the evening meal, presented himself at the La Tour home, and was at once admitted.

When the door had closed behind him, all signs of leisure vanished, and every faculty of his mind was pressed into action. He assisted the owner of the premises to arrange for the care of his property, if it would be allowed after his flight, remembered, and provided for, some members of his own household, who had been overlooked while he was still in his own home, giving the money and instructions to a faithful female servant, for delivery, as soon as the flight was begun; and, as soon as the disguise for his bride was delivered, suggested that it be at once assumed. There was some hesitation on the part of the lady.

"Why should I assume it now? It is not beautiful, and will not be comfortable."

"If not donned now, you may not have time to put it on when you need it, and you must accustom yourself to it, if possible, or your want of familiarity may cause mistrust when delay will be awkward, if not fatal."

Carrying the disguise, the lady left the room; to return a few moments later, and, covering her blushes with her hands, walked hesitatingly into the outstretched arms of her lover, only to burst into tears as they enfolded her. Nor did her weeping cease at sight of her mother.

"How *can* I wear it?" she cried. "I cannot face any one, in this disguise. I shall surely betray both Paul and myself, and bring ruin upon both."

But there was no time to waste in tears. All preparations were complete, and they waited only the arrival of Pastor Bondet, to hear the words spoken which should bind each to the other, and that done, bid adieu to home and parents, and fly—whither?

When the good pastor was ushered into the room, he gazed in astonishment at the strange figure which blushingly greeted him. But for a moment, only. So many of his friends had been forced to assume disguises, in order to successful flight, that the one presented was but an addition to a number he had ceased to enumerate; and a moment later, with the parents and the household as witnesses, the words were spoken which could not be withdrawn; and bound the dearest tie known on earth,—those of the simple marriage service of the Huguenot church.

Night had come, and every moment of delay increased the danger of arrest. The abandonment of home was like the breaking of heart-strings for all; and especially was it so in the case of the mother and daughter. Every real mother experiences feelings of solemnity akin to sadness when giving her daughter into the keeping of her newly

wedded life-partner;—added to this was the consciousness that in the parting, which could not be delayed, she was looking for the last time on the features of her only child; and the weeping pair clung to each other, till separated by the husbands, with the warning that they must begin their hegira.

The tension was too severe to be borne by the invalid, and as she crossed the threshold of her once happy home, consciousness left her, and she sank into the arms of her husband. But there was not a moment for delay. Even as he lifted the senseless form in his arms, the fugitives heard the demand at the door leading to the street—"Open! in the name of the king!" and passing behind the verdurous screen which hid the connecting door, passed through it, and then the two others, before changing their course toward the waterside. When that was reached they found their craft drawn into what would by day have been shadow, and pushing off at once in silence, without any light, and with muffled oars, were, for the time at least, safe from pursuit.

Fortunately, the night was one of inky darkness, rendering it impossible to discern any object at the distance of a boat's length; and the officer, who had a seat at the bow, was several times compelled to speak in a sharp whisper to the oarsman to avoid collisions with other craft. The hiding place selected for the older couple was far down the stream, nearly across the city, from their starting point; and with a family of their friends; but the rendezvous, where the others expected to find their horses, was not far away. When the boatman thought it had been reached, he drew to shore; but, to the dismay of all, found that he had passed it; and was forced to grope his way back to it. Much time was thus lost; and when it was found, the information given by the servant was startling in the extreme. He had been seen and recognized as he was mounting his horse, and questioned as to his destination at that hour; and though he had made wide detours, and, he thought, thrown any pursuers off the scent, they might communicate with the party sent to arrest him, and the guards at the city gates be ordered to seize him, if he attempted to pass out.

The final tearful farewells were spoken, and the fugitives separated—never to meet again. The older pair were discovered at their hiding place, a few days later, and taken to prison, with those who had sheltered them; where the mother soon died, and the father died a prisoner on a galley in the Mediterranean.

Mounting in haste, the other party pushed on as rapidly as possible toward the nearest gate. The officer on duty there was suspicious

and disposed to question the travellers, but the passport served the purpose intended, and orders were given to open the gate. But even as it turned ponderously on its hinges, a horseman galloped up, and recognizing Du Puis, placed himself between him and the portal, and ordered the guard to arrest him as a fugitive. Fortunately, the armed retainer and the supposed servant were nearest the opened gate, and, seizing the reins of The Moor and touching his own steed with the spur, they passed quickly through. To parley, meant arrest. Driving spurs into the sides of his powerful animal, his forward leap overthrew that of his would-be captor, and leaping over him, and accompanied by his companions, the Guardsman was flying into the darkness before the astonished guards could fully comprehend the situation.

All through the night their good steeds carried them northward at a pace which made successful pursuit impossible, and morning found them many leagues from Paris. The monarch's signature was authoritative and compelled attention to requisitions, and forbade questioning, save in one instance, where an officer rallied the leader on the good looks of his servant. About noon of the third day of their flight, the fugitives crossed the border—never to return, and in another day were with the family of Nicholas Du Puis at Arras.

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Two years had passed since those whose course we have sketched had left France. Nicholas Du Puis, with wife and three children, after one year spent at Arras, had carried out his intention of emigrating to the New World, and was settled, with scores of co-religionists, in the colony of New York.* His nephew had crossed into England, and in company with about fifty of his fellow-exiles taken ship; their destination the colony of Carolina. The voyage had lasted more than a month, and they were still hundreds of miles from the desired haven, when a furious storm drove them off their course, and so disabled their vessel that all control was lost, and the captain's only course was to run before the wind, hoping to reach the harbor of New York. The fury of the elements seemed to have exhausted itself, and hope was reviving in the hearts of the passengers and crew, when, about midnight, the lookout heard the sound of surf breaking

*For account of arrival of Nicholaes Du Puis (spelled also Du Pui, Du Puy, De Pu, De Pue, Depue) and his wife, Catrina De Vos, with three children, see Hist. of Staten Island, N. Y.

on the shore not far away, and a few minutes after the ship struck. Fortunately, the land was the sandy south shore of Long Island, and when morning dawned, the shipwrecked ones were able to reach the shore, near the village of some friendly natives, who gave the women and children shelter; and, a few hours later, the cry of a new-born babe was heard in one of the wigwams, and the first of the name of Du Puis to be born in the western hemisphere had been ushered into the world.

To be Continued.

*POST GARDENING.**

GARDENING, in its highest sense, is both an art and a science. It has arrived at this estate by gradations, slow compared with the development of many other pursuits, but that is consequent upon the complex nature of its parts. The development of a knowledge of geology, chemistry, meteorology, vegetable physiology, and botany—indeed, something from all human learning—has gone to perfect the science of Agriculture and Horticulture,—pursuits affording as wide a range of research in their ramifications as any topic occupying the mind of man, and as important in their results as any occupation of man. Agriculture, though pursued in early days without any correct knowledge of cause and effect, was always held in high esteem. Columella, contemporary with Virgil, wrote, "The art of husbandry is so necessary for the support of human life, and the comfortable subsistence and happiness of mankind have so great a dependence upon it, that the wisest men in all ages have ascribed its origin to God as the inventor and ordainer of it, and the wisest and most civilized nations, who have best understood their true interests, have always endeavored to promote and improve it, and have never failed to acknowledge and honor as public benefactors all such as have contributed anything towards the same." In colonial days our forefathers were almost entirely dependent upon agriculture. Washington, in his agricultural correspondence with Sir John Sinclair, wrote, "It will not be doubted that, in reference either to individuals or to national welfare, Agriculture is of primary importance." Webster, of our own generation, wrote, "Agriculture feeds us, to a great extent clothes us; without it we could not have manufactures, and we should not have commerce. These all stand in a cluster, the largest in the centre, and that largest is Agriculture." Agriculture is indeed the most fruitful source of the riches of a country, and of the welfare of its inhabitants, and only as the state of agriculture is more or less flourishing can we judge of the progress of a people.

Gardening, which is agriculture upon circumscribed spaces, has ever shared with the latter the esteem of mankind. Socrates said, "It

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is the source of health, strength, plenty, riches, and honest pleasure;" and an eminent English writer said, "It is amid its scenes and pursuits that life flows pure, the heart more calmly beats."

Agriculture refers to the tillage of the earth over broad fields, as for the raising of cereals, grass, or tubers. Gardening, on the other hand, refers to the culture of small inclosed spaces. This application of the latter term was quite correct originally, but it is now common for mere vegetable gardens to equal the area of ordinary grain- and grass-farms, requiring in their cultivation a degree of skill and an amount of activity, implements, and labor exceeding that expended upon any grain-farms in existence. Such a cultivation, to be successful, must be to some extent scientific. The cultivator must possess a knowledge of the facts and principles that underlie his art, or he will certainly fail.

The development of field and garden culture to its present condition is the result of the union of theory and practice. The greatest expansion has been in a chemical and physiological point of view, and this development, strange as it may seem, dates back not farther than forty years. Agriculture and Horticulture before that time may be said to have been conducted under a Virgilian system, cultivators adhering more to blind custom than to reason. In the year 1795 the first book in English upon the relations of Agriculture and Chemistry was published, and, though containing some truth, its teachings are ridiculous under the light of the present day.

The first accurate analysis of a vegetable was not made till the year 1810, and so late as 1838 the Göttingen Academy offered a prize for a satisfactory solution of the question whether the ingredients of ashes are essential to vegetable growth. The last forty years have placed Agriculture upon a scientific foundation, and the strides of development have been wonderful. The investigations of all scientific men in their particular pursuits have served to dispel ancient theories and develop the intricate system of germination, subsistence, and growth.

Viewed in the light of the present age how ridiculous the directions of the ancients appear! Take Virgil's Georgics, for instance,—he, the prince of Latin poets, possessing at once the highest intelligence of his day, experience as a husbandman, and the stimulus of a royal commission to revive the decaying spirit of husbandry with the insinuating charms of poetry, how crude his teachings pertaining to the laws governing the development of nature in the vegetable and animal kingdoms! Charming to read even now, and correct still in many practices, we are continually jarred by directions the opposite

of scientific teaching and experience. The ancients were ignorant of vegetable physiology. Virgil, Pliny, and Columella taught that any scion might be grafted on any stock; Pliny mentions the effect of grafting the vine on the elm, and other ridiculous unions. Notwithstanding the numerous superstitions of the Romans, they had acquired many facts pertaining to husbandry; they pruned, watered, fenced, forced, and retarded blossoms and fruit much as we do. Cato, in the second century before the Christian era, writing upon Agriculture, said, "What is good tillage? first, to plow; second, to plow; third, to manure. The other part of tillage is to sow plentifully, to choose your seed cautiously, and to remove as many weeds as possible in the season." Thus, it will be perceived, quite a practical view of Agriculture was taken two thousand years ago. The ancients too took pleasure in country life. Virgil says,—

"Happy the man who, studying Nature's laws,
Through known effects can trace the secret cause,
His mind possessing in a quiet state,
Zealous of Fortune, and resigned to Fate!
And happy too is he who decks the bow'rs
Of Sylvans, and adores the rural pow'rs;
Whose mind, unmoved, the bribes of courts can see,
Their glittering baits and purple slavery."

The same poet gives directions for the making of a plow, as follows:

"Young elms with early forces in copses bow,
Fit for the figure of the crooked plow.
Of eight feet long a fasten'd beam prepare;
On either side the head, produce an ear;
And sink a socket for the shining shear;
Of beech, the plow-tail, and the bending yoke
Of softer linden harden'd in the smoke."

This style of plow could not have been much ruder than that of the early Britons, whose laws directed that no man should guide the plow till he could make one, and no animal should draw the plow but the ox; the horse being sacred to war and the chase. It may be interesting just here to note that the first record of the employment of the horse in Agriculture is noticed in the tapestry of Bayeux, woven in 1066.

Despite the teachings of the ancients, Agriculture has for centuries been weighed down by ignorance, prejudice, and imperfect action. The force of custom in every country has held the farmer in chains; and such still is, alas! too often the case even in this land of progress.

But to what better pursuit can an able mind turn than to Agriculture? Without it men would live wandering lives, disputing with each other for the possession of such animals as they could catch, and for the spontaneous fruits of the earth. Without Agriculture there would be no bond of security, or love of country; it is in all countries the purest source of public prosperity.

Cowley quaintly says, "The first three men were a gardener, a plowman, and a grazier, and if any man object that the second was a murderer, I desire he would consider that as soon as he was so he quitted our profession and turned builder."

Of what does gardening consist? Of obtaining from the earth vegetables and fruits for man; and the perfection of the art is to obtain the greatest possible product at the least possible expense. From the earliest times gardening has advanced, and receiving always the first attention, it has in each succeeding generation become more perfect than in the one preceding. No occupation affords a more agreeable result than that of gardening. Labor in dealing with inanimate objects has not that enticement and recreation about it which is ever present to him who, aiding nature, witnesses the results of daily toil in living plants changing their forms and colors day by day. Thus there is a deal of enjoyment to be derived from the different operations of gardening, independently altogether of the health resulting from the exercise.

One of the greatest of all the sources of enjoyment resulting from the possession of a garden is the endless variety which it affords, both in the processes of vegetation as it goes forward to maturity, dormancy, or decay, and in the almost innumerable kinds of plants which may be raised even in the smallest garden. Add to it a small greenhouse—what a source of pleasure and instruction does it not hold out to the amateur!—exactly in proportion as the out-door work becomes less urgent the in-door operations become more numerous. The amusements and the products which a small glass house affords in the hands of an expert or an ingenious amateur are almost without end.

The influence which a taste for gardening and its attendant studies has upon the minds of children is calculated to make them better citizens, by encouraging a depth of thought, and a desire to possess a spot of mother-earth as a home, about which they can practice their culture of fruits, flowers, and vegetables. The farmer and land-owner is always a conservative man in politics; he is slow to be carried away by influences affecting the population of our towns and cities; he is our safeguard in the hour of danger.

Good example, fortunately, as well as bad, is contagious. Government gardens devoted to vegetables and flowers will assuredly demonstrate the capabilities of soils and climates before the eyes of settlers, and stimulate them to like attempts. Unquestionably it will pay to establish at every post upon the frontier a large, well-appointed garden under the care of experienced men; and it is to be regretted that the United States Department of Agriculture has not taken this in hand long ago. Such a garden should be laid out upon liberal principles, and furnished with all the appointments to work it thoroughly. To the members of the garrison it would be a source of pleasure to the mind and eye, of comfort to the inner man, and in a hygienic view of high importance. To the settler it would be a *kindergarten* of just the sort to suit his tastes, and one which he could not even look upon without having some of its features impressed upon his mind.

A man with some experience as a gardener can be found in every garrison, and under his direction others can be broken in to the work. Why should not the government enlist a sufficient number of expert gardeners to send one to every important frontier post? Surely the people's money is spent often to less advantage.

Good gardening consists in the execution of a well-digested plan based upon the capabilities of the location. It would be vain to attempt impossibilities; for instance, to raise Egg-Plants in an out-door garden in Oregon, or to grow profitable crops of Beet-root of high saccharine quality along the seaboard of the South Atlantic. Nature must be consulted both as to climate and soil; this done, success is assured if the mechanical operations are well performed. It may be asked, How are army officers to know what the soil will produce till they try it? Quite true, but let the questionable crops be simply in the form of small experiments as a guide for a subsequent year, not a blind rush into the culture of everything in the catalogue of seeds to the waste of time, labor, and money, vexation, and the ridicule of others; but first a judicious selection of varieties likely to succeed, and these supplemented by others of such questionable character as would dictate merely experimental plantings. The post would, in fact, become an experimental station, and what so proper?

How should a post vegetable garden be constructed? The site should be the best obtainable with reference to soil, exposure, and topographical features. The area should be large, and everything done upon liberal and practical principles. The seeds should be all sown in drills or rows so as to be adapted to horse culture—hand labor is the dearest of all, and should be avoided. The land, if circumstances will

permit, should not be of a less length than seventy-five yards, and may with advantage be extended to two hundred, according to the quantity of vegetables required. Long lands, where animal power is used, are much to be preferred to short fields, as much time is saved in turning; for example, a plow-team in a journey of eight hours, plowing land seventy-eight yards long, spends four hours and thirty-nine minutes on the headlands, whereas were the furrows two hundred and seventy-four yards long, the time spent in turning would be but one hour and nineteen minutes. The tillage of the garden should be with the most approved labor-saving implements,—wheel-hoes for hand use, scarifiers and cultivators for horse; the seeds should be sown with hand-drills, and fertilizers of the guano class applied with similar apparatus.

It is fortunately the case that every soil holds more or less of the essential parts to vegetable growth. We will briefly enumerate them as *sulphates, phosphates, nitrates,* and *chlorides* of *potash, lime, magnesia,* and *iron.* Those that are deficient in quantity can be readily manufactured at a military post,—the stable, the kitchen, the sewage, all afford matter which, when collected, will astonish by its quantity and excellence. Every post, every community, however large or small, affords enough fertilizers to most liberally manure an area of ground greater than its requirements for gardening purposes, so there need be no hesitation about fertilizers. An important question is here solved, —manure, the main-spring to success in the garden, is at hand; nothing more is needed to possess a garden than the determination to have one.

It would be out of place here to enter into the minutiæ of gardening operations. Scores of experts have written upon this subject, their works principally describing the methods as pursued by the market gardeners near New York, Philadelphia, Boston, London, and Paris. In these works full directions can be found for the more delicate methods of culture as pursued in the raising of Cauliflower, Broccoli, Egg-Plants, Celery, Mushrooms, etc. Though the situation and surroundings of market gardeners in the suburbs of great cities, expensive land, dear labor, high-priced fertilizers, excessive rent and taxes, do not apply to such gardens as we are considering, it may still be interesting to dwell a moment upon the subject of Market Gardening.

Such gardens in the vicinity of Philadelphia and New York range from a fraction of an acre to twenty acres in area, and employ about a man to the acre. The working capital of those best managed is not less than three hundred dollars per acre, and sometimes very considerably more. The expenditures per acre in producing some of the crops

run up to over six hundred dollars for labor, manure, rent, seeds, and sale; which outlay is oftentimes doubly covered by the receipts.

The profits on well-conducted market gardens are such as warrant the rental of land of the assessed value of many thousands of dollars, suburban fields being most desirable by reason of limited cost of transportation. In view of such facts, what grand opportunities are presented to the officers at Military Posts, where the land, labor, and fertilizers cost nothing!

But, the Post-Garden offers as compensation for its culture something more than the mere return of vegetables. In the words of Rossmüller, "Mother-earth, with her materials, powers, phenomena, and forms of life, is to us what we call Nature. This Nature is our home, to be a stranger to which brings disgrace and injury to us all. In this conception Nature is the grand work of human culture and morals."

In the Garden an interest in the manifestations, charms, and treasures of Nature is awakened, increased, and refined. Investigation into any one of the principles of vegetable growth will develop into another, and they in time will be found so intimately connected with all the allied branches of natural science as to create a desire for further knowledge of what before were mysteries, but which the intelligence of the present age has developed into science. A well-cultivated Post-Garden will awaken inquiry, and start trains of thought and study which otherwise would not be pursued. The close observer will desire to make microscopic observations of the germination of plants, of the growth of fungi, of insect life; and here we pause, for there is opened a volume of nature new to most men, and a source of unexpected pleasure. At the beginning of this century any investigation into the agency of insects, for good or evil, in connection with vegetation, was scarcely considered as belonging to gardening,—their eggs passed unnoticed, and the ravages of the larvæ were looked upon frequently as atmospheric blights beyond control. Now the entomologist is consulted every day by the agriculturist, and no section of the museum of the United States Department of Agriculture is more interesting than that devoted to entomology. Countries of temperate climates in an undeveloped condition support a limited number of species of insect life, and they generally harmless to vegetation, but under culture conditions favorable to their increase are presented. One of these conditions is the wanton destruction of birds, after which follow the myriad tribes of insects which feed upon vegetation,—species not alone native to the country, but brought in the course of commerce from all parts of the world. For example, the Hessian Fly was brought here

in the hay used by the Hessian troops during the Revolution. The Cabbage Miller was brought first into Montreal in cases of crockery from Holland. In ten or twelve years it has extended from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande.

The intelligent culturist will be brought to notice the effect of various forms of potash, nitrogen, and lime; he will gradually be drawn into geological research, for he must study the peculiar features of the soil. Finally, he will find that the birds are all his co-partners in the garden, and the common tomtit or sparrow will no longer be looked upon with a careless eye by reason of his dull colors, but each one welcomed as the destroyer, annually, of millions of injurious insects. Even so the bat, ugly and of nocturnal habit, will no longer be driven away or looked upon with disgust, but regarded as a most useful ally, —thus goes on a ceaseless round of investigation till all nature is a study.

But, turning to the plants themselves, we find two forms,—the *wild* and the *cultivated*. From the earliest periods man has subjected plants to domestication, and has brought about changes in their characteristics by removal from one soil and climate to another, and by hybridization one with another. All plants, even in their natural condition, possess an inherent tendency to vary, but under domestication variability has been still further induced, and man has perpetuated such desirable forms, or *sports* as they are termed, as have come under his notice. Wild plants, unfortunately, are much more easily established in a new country than cultivated ones, and their seed possesses a remarkable vitality. Domestication, as in the case of animals, weakens their constitutional vigor, and their further existence in desirable forms is entirely dependent upon the efforts of the agriculturist.

Plants out of place are termed *weeds*, and wherever man goes he finds himself beset by such interlopers in his garden or fields; indeed, experience has demonstrated that civilized man cannot go from one country to another without taking in his train the weeds of his native soil, which soon find a habitation among those native to the new location. The agriculturist, while presenting the most favorable conditions to the development of his crops, offers the same stimulus to the growth of weeds; and they are always ready to spring, as it were, miraculously into existence, and to grow faster than his most cherished plants. By force of circumstances he becomes interested in these pests, and two questions are constantly presented to him concerning weeds: how they got into his grounds? and how to get them out? The seeds of noxious weeds appear to be especially provided with conveniences

to facilitate their distribution, some having wing-like appendages and downy coverings that the wind may waft them as it does the thistle bloom, others provided with barbs to adhere to the coats of birds and animals. The prolific character of weeds is astonishing; it has been calculated that a single plant of Purslane will in two generations produce one million million seeds. Weeds can only be eradicated by persistently fighting them. They must not be allowed to breathe; without leaves, which are the lungs of a plant, the roots will surely succumb.

Cultivated plants, on the other hand, need all the attention that we can give them; they are sports or outgrowths from other forms, and continually show a disposition to revert to a form of nature. In the day of barbarism, man, through pressing necessity, was forced to live upon such wild grains and fruits as were tempting to the eye and palate,—in fact, at times, on anything he could chew and swallow. Observation soon developed which were nutritious and which were poisonous or medicinal. Little, however, is known of the early history of cultivated plants. De Candolle, in a list of one hundred and fifty useful plants, is able to trace the origin of one-half, and even this is doubted. It is a curious fact that not a single desirable vegetable of high development has been obtained from Austria, South Africa, the lower half of South America, or from any uninhabited island; thus clearly showing that to observant races of men are due the selection and development of useful types. In the days of the Romans the advantages of selection were well understood, though their physiological inferences were far from correct. Virgil says,—

> "I've seen the largest seed, tho' viewed with care,
> Degenerate, unless the industrious hand
> Did yearly cull the largest."

How much pleasure and valuable instruction could be imparted to the rising generation attending our public schools in the rural districts if the principles of agriculture were taught! and how practical in the development of our country would be the establishment of Government Gardens at the frontier Army Posts! In Europe they do some things better than we, nothwithstanding our boasted practicability, and foremost among their advances is that of public instruction. To-day, in Austria and Sweden, there are many thousands of Public Schools having gardens attached, where are taught botany, vegetable physiology, and sometimes the whole range of science and art so necessary to a thorough understanding of vegetable growth and development. Sweden alone possesses *two thousand public-gardens*, and there, as

in Austria, the system has become so popular that all new school buildings have one room set apart as a *School-Garden Room,* where are assembled herbariums, works on agriculture, geology, agricultural chemistry, and physiology, and apparatus used by the teachers in their lectures upon plant-life.

The Public School law passed in Austria in 1869, provides that "In every school a gymnastic ground, a garden for the teacher, according to the circumstances of the community, and a place for the purposes of agricultural experiment be created." The school inspectors of each district are instructed "To see to it that in the country schools school-gardens shall be provided for agricultural instruction in all that relates to the soil, and that the teacher shall make himself skillful in such instruction." The general law declares, "Instruction in natural history is indispensable to suitably-established school-gardens. The teachers must therefore be in a condition to conduct them." Contrast this thoughtful care with the system, or rather want of system, for the finer instruction of the mind pursued in the public schools of our rural districts! In Austria the village school is the pride of the people; its surroundings are made cheerful by embellishments of trees, shrubbery, and flowers; its interior filled with a thousand things never seen here. With us, on the contrary, the rural public school is in appearance generally a disgrace to the age we live in,—shelterless, unpainted, a mere barrack, cold and forbidding in its aspect; a prison rather than a place of instruction and pleasure.

Desirable as the European system may be, it will be long before its adoption in this country; though, as an agricultural people, we need such instruction more than any other. The War Department, however, could act promptly, and in a few years establish a series of *experimental stations,* at once of national importance and of hygienic advantage to each garrison. A Post-Garden is practicable at any military station; of course, under so great a variety of conditions as presented to the soldiers of an army, each garden would differ from the other in some particulars: some upon mountain slopes, others in valleys, on plains both fertile and arid,—all influenced by meteorological conditions of widely different effect.

Such gardens would have to conform to circumstances, and the more difficult these circumstances may be to surmount, the more pleasure in the results, both in a gastronomic and intellectual view. The labor costs nothing; enlisted men will be well employed in the garden, and they will themselves feel an interest in its perfect culture, if they see their officers and the ladies of the Post earnest students of plant-

life, whether the object be a Cabbage in its homeliness, or a bed of Petunias or Portulaca in dazzling brilliancy. In view of the manifold advantages resulting from Post-Gardening, would it not pay the government to enlist capable gardeners, and detail them for permanent duty?

A well-arranged and cultivated Post-Garden would soon have a wide reputation in the vicinity; settlers would view the capabilities of the soil, see successful methods of culture, labor-saving garden implements, and be thus induced to establish gardens which would minister to their comfort, making life more enjoyable, and, if flowers be introduced, elevating the thoughts and refining all who look upon them. The children of the garrison and vicinity would become lovers of nature,—the friends of trees, fruits, and flowers,—and be put on the road to be better men and women than they otherwise would. New and practical thoughts would be diffused among the people, and rational pleasures take the place of idleness and vice.

The time has come when every farmer must possess some knowledge of natural history; he must prepare himself, if he expects to follow his pursuit successfully, as much as does the mechanic or the professional man. Why should not the government establish Post-Gardens upon the most liberal scale? There is plenty of room, plenty of time, and the cost nothing as compared with results.

We trust we have shown how Post-Gardens can be made to pay; the compensation being not alone in satisfying the palate, but in educating the mind, instilling there those refining influences which seldom fail to lead on to higher thoughts and the noblest impulses.

BURNET LANDRETH.

BLOOMSDALE.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

AN analysis of the contents of the principal military periodicals, systematically classified under a few general heads for the convenience of the reader and student, comprising extracts and comments, in which special attention is given to the most important and valuable articles.

ORGANIZATION, ADMINISTRATION AND MOBILIZATION.

A casual survey of the articles in this field indicates the usual variety, but most of these articles relate to our own army, that of Great Britain and (because of the war clouds in the far east, no doubt), those of Russia and Japan.

They are all of considerable importance this month and some are of special interest.

1. The Army General Staff.—*Army and Navy Register*, August 15.
2. American Cavalry.—*Volunteer Record*, July 15.
3. European Appreciation of American Cavalry.—*Jour. U. S. Cav. Asso.*, July.
4. The National Guard.—*Same.*
5. A Plea for an Imperial Army.—*Unit. Serv. Mag.*, August.
6. Australia and Naval Defence.—*Same.*
7. Fiscal Policy and Imperial Defence.— *Same.*
8. An Australasian Army.—*Army and Navy Gazette*, August 1.
9. Regimental Districts.—*Unit. Serv. Mag.*, August.
10. A System of Local Guides for Home Defence.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, July.
11. Russia.—*Unit. Serv. Mag.*, August.
12. The Russian Cavalry.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, July.
13. The Cossack.—*Jour. U. S. Cav. Asso.*, July.
14. Notes on a Japanese Cavalry Regiment.—*Same.*
15. Organization of the Batteries of Rapid Fire Field Artillery.—*Jour. U. S. Arty.*, July-August.
16. Army Transportation on Land and Water.—*Jour. U. S. Cav. Asso.*, July.
17. Changes in the World's Armies.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, July.

The first four of these articles relate to our own army, and pertain

to the General Staff, the Cavalry and the National Guard, the three military subjects of paramount public interest here at present.

The General Staff, Secretary Root's grandest achievement for the army, has attained a material existence, and has been entered as a factor in our system of military administration.

The *first* article above referred to contains the order publishing additional regulations for the army necessitated by the new organization An excellent editorial on the subject, in the same number of the *Register,* is here quoted entire:

"The General Staff Corps, created by legislation enacted last February, comes into the full and formal exercise of its functions to-day. The details of this administration of military affairs are set forth in revised and in entirely new paragraphs of the army regulations, the text of which is embodied in two general orders which appear elsewhere in this issue.

"It will be seen that the provisions made for the general staff corps are in exact conformity with the law of February 14, creating that separate and distinct staff organization with supervision, under superior authority, over all branches of military service, line and staff, save such as are exempted therefrom by law or regulations. The enumeration of duties devolving upon the general staff corps will be found, also, to offer no violence to those statutory provisions. Apprehension, if such existed anywhere, of an impairment of the rights, prerogatives and responsibilities of special staff corps and departments, must be allayed, if not entirely dissipated, by the assurance given in the general orders of yesterday that the assignment of duties to the general staff corps does not involve in any degree the impairment of the initiative and responsibility which those corps and departments now have in the transaction of current business.

"This does not mean, however, that the general staff corps, and especially the chief of staff will occupy an inconspicuous place in the administrative affairs of the war department. This does not mean, either, that the chief of staff is to be a figurehead or that his advisory functions are to be perfunctory. This new element in Army administration, as introduced by these amended regulations, makes the chief of staff an influential intermediary between the special staff corps and departments and the secretary of war. The chief of staff, therefore, will be on many occasions, doubtless, the secretary of war, and in any event the law of February 14 and these regulations based upon that statute assign to him the duty of supervising the troops of the line and all special staff corps and departments. The line and the special staff corps, therefore, will hereafter go to the chief of staff instead of the sceretary of war, and to that extent the general staff corps becomes a real factor in Army administration. It takes upon itself an element of the executive in that its advisory duties will be discharged with influence and effect. The general staff must necessarily possess that attribute or it will not realize the hope and intention of its authors that the new organization shall achieve the 'co-ordination and harmonious co-operation' of all branches of the military service, line and staff, except such as are exempted from the general staff corps supervision by law and regulations. This co-ordination and harmonious co-operation make the best argument which has been put forth in behalf of this measure and any failure in that result would be a declaration of the failure of the system.

"The officers who have been engaged in the preparation of these regulations have shown a spirit of fairness, sagacity and conservatism. The results as disclosed in these new or revised paragraphs of the regulations afford the best evidence of the sincerity of the assurance that the general staff corps has no inimical designs upon any older branch of the Army. The fairness of the authors of these regulations is indicated by the incidents of their heed of the obpections to the original proposition that members of the 'general staff serving with troops' should have, regardless of rank, authority over other officers on staff duty. There is every evidence, therefore, that the general staff corps starts with the intention of confining its operations to the provisions of the law which created it. It may be doubted whether observers yet appreciate to what extent, following that line still, the general staff corps may concern itself with Army administration. It may develop that the interest and influence is much more potent than is generally understood at present. But with the general staff constituted as it is, there need be no fear of maladministration. It will be an infinitely better system than that which it succeeds.

"The inauguration of the new general staff corps is propitious. It remains to be seen whether it will accomplish all that is expected of it."

The *second* and *third* papers relate to our cavalry and are recent European opinions of great importance These were brought forth directly by the excellent essay on the subject by Brigadier General Wm. H. Carter in the July number of THE UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE, but, naturally, the visit of Major General Baden Powell to this country, his remarks on our cavalry, and the remarks of Lord Roberts in his memorandum on cavalry armament have all had an effect in drawing attention to the subject abroad.

We quote a few extracts from the article in the *Indian Volunteer Record*:

"Special attention has lately been directed to the Calvary of the Army of the United States of America in British military circles by the visits to the States of Lord Roberts and Major-General Baden Powell. In America opinions which have been attributed to either of these distinguished soldiers have called forth the paper on American Cavalry from the pen of Brigadier-General Wm. H. Carter, U. S. A., which appears in the current issue of the New York service journal, UNITED SERVICE, and which we reproduce in this issue.*

*The entire article of General Carter is reprinted in this publication.

"The conditions of service which frontier warfare imposed on the American cavalry evolved a type of horse soldier which all who have ever come in contact with Uncle Sam's forces (either in peace or war) will unconditionally acknowledge to be most excellent. To this type the conditions of war in South Africa forced the British cavalryman to conform. Starting with the traditions of close order, charging squadrons and shock tactics, the power of rifle fire compelled the adoption of loose formations, and the resort to fire tactics as far the most *puissant* in the operations of cavalry. The lesson, however, could have been learnt before, if we had eyes to see, for similar conditions had already evolved the type in America."

The article in the *Journal of the Cavalry* quotes the opinions of a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* supposed to be General Négrier, the well-known military authority.

A brief quotation will illustrate the drift of the article:

In discussing the value of dismounted fire action and the importance of arming the cavalry with a good fire-arm, the author, after discussing the work of the German cavalry in 1870, continues:

"In America, on the other hand, the cavalry leaders very clearly recognized the increase of power to be gained by arming their men with a rifle in addition to the saber. Their tactics against both cavalry and infantry were a combination of fire and shock, and their achievements were far more brilliant than those of the Germans in 1870. * * * Compared with the Germans, who made very little use of fire action, the Americans were far more independent, more dangerous in attack, and strategically, owing to their capacity for defence, distinctly more effective."

It is remarkable that Europe profited so little by our experiences in 1860-5, but it must be a matter of great satisfaction to our cavalry of today that *its present effective condition* has compelled the highest European authorities to acknowledge the value of our cavalry in the Civil War.

The *fourth* article is a very fair commentary on the National Guard, its defects and its strong points, the importance of the new militia law, and the best way of making it effective in producing a good reserve for the country. Every point made by the author (a national guardsman himself) is well taken, and if the militia will take his advice to heart there will be no trouble about producing a National Guard commanding respect and trust by all.

The six following articles relate to Great Britain and the army at home and in the colonies.

The fifth is an able article by Major Silburn, of the Permanent Staff, Natal, and argues for a truly *Imperial* army, in which all the colonies shall have full share. A few paragraphs have been selected to ilustrate his line of reasoning:

"The vexed problem of the so-called Imperial Army has been, for the last four years, prominently before the British public. It has been discussed by papers of every shade of opinion the Empire over; the House of Commons has pulled it to pieces over Mr. Brodrick's scheme, and it has been turned inside out at the mess and club; yet how rarely within the United Kingdom has the army been prefixed by the term 'Imperial.'

"That very able writer of those articles to the *Times* entitled 'The Problem of the Army,' articles brimful of common sense, containing suggestions which every well-wisher for imperial safety prays may be adopted, approaches his subject from the Englander's point of view only. More is the pity; for how ably his pen would have treated it, if considered from the broader aspect, can

well be imagined. He gave in those articles but little force to the fact that in the late war the Colonial resources were barely tapped.

"It is still a sore point with the Colonials that, prior to the outbreak of the South African War, the Intelligence Department at home should have so grossly under-estimated the number of Colonials available for service abroad; but even now, in face of the fact that *one-eighth* of the Imperial troops employed were Colonials, how few service men in high places are aware that these contingents were but slight indications of the dormant Colonial strength. * * * For the reasons cited above, then, these great recruiting grounds for an Imperial Army are to be left untouched for fear, perhaps, that it may lower the standard of discipline in the service, as that service is known in the United Kingdom.

"When the British taxpayer learns that if the Defence Bill now before the Federal Parliament of Australia is passed into law 974,000 men will be liable for defence purposes; that Canada can, under its existing Act, place over a million men in the field, should the necessity for self-defence arise, and that the other Colonies of the British Empire likewise have Acts by which their manhood can be compelled to defend their several parts of Empire, what an unfair anomaly it will appear to him that he has to keep an army costing as much as the navy upon which his very existence depends.

"In view of the ever-increasing needs of the navy in men and money, it calls for little foresight to see that, if an army is to be provided for Imperial needs by the United Kingdom upon anything like the present scale, the limit to both navy and army is not far off. It means that the former, the very life of the Empire, is being starved for what is of very secondary importance, and for what could and should be provided by the Colonies. * * *

"As has already been shown in the past, the stumbling-block to a truly Imperial Army was the undue importance placed upon high training. That stumbling-block was rather rudely thrust aside by the totally untrained Boer farmer at Magersfontein, Colenso, Spion Kop, Vaal Krantz, Stormberg, and quite a number of smaller engagements where numbers and training were no match for common sense and initiative. These rude reverses, quite contrary to text-books, brought back to the unbiased military student incidents in previous wars, where success lay with that side which, untrammelled with fixed ideas of principle and detail, was therefore able to grasp more rapidly the peculiar requirements of the situation. It is to be hoped that a standard of training will be fixed, that will keep automatic pace with the time, and of such a nature as to enable partially paid forces to become an integral part of the Imperial Army. * * * * *

"With the institution of an Imperial Council of Defence, consisting of men selected for their intimate knowledge of Imperial defensive requirements, and not by reason of any official position they may hold (for more often than not such is obtained by influence rather than by merit), a new era will undoubtedly begin in the relationship of the Colonies to the United Kingdom. Annual or bi-annual conferences of delegates from the Colonial Councils of Defence will draw nearer the bonds already existing between the Colonies and the mother country; and an intimate acquaintance with each other's needs, each other's resources, and each other's plans will result. Thus, when the trying time of war comes, there will be increased confidence among the units of the Empire,

joined together by a mutually owned navy, and supported by a truly Imperial Army."

The *sixth* article is on a closely related subject; namely, the part the colonies should take in keeping up the British navy.

The *seventh* article is on the same subject as the fifth, and the great importance of this matter, particularly to Great Britain, but also to the rest of the world, justifies us in quoting further:

"Congratulations are due to Major General Sir Edward Hutton on the success of his scheme for the creation of an Australian Commonwealth Army. General Hutton did not disguise when he set out for Melbourne two years ago that he was entrusted with a mission, that mission being to pave the way for a reorganization of the local forces. But he admitted that he had doubts as to whether the reorganization would come in his time. Things have moved rather more rapidly than the gallant commandant-general anticipated, for not only has he found himself in position to submit the scheme of reorganization which he drew up lately, but the Federal Executive Council has regarded it with sufficient favor to recommend it for adoption. The main features of the reorganization may be summarized as follows: It is proposed to raise a mobile field force, well equipped and capable of undertaking military operations at the shortest notice wherever the Commonwealth desires; and a garrison force, not necessarily mobile, for the protection of pre-determined strategical points and places of commercial importance to the Commonwealth. General Hutton explains that the field force will comprise eighteen regiments of light horse organized in six brigades, twelve regiments of infantry organized in three brigades, and complete artillery and departments. This force will consist entirely of Militia. The troops will number 13,911 men with 60 guns, but may be increased in time of war to 27,753 men with 84 guns. The garrison force, which will include the small local reserve, will consist largely of volunteers, and will number 11,896 men and 26 guns. Thus there will be available 25,807 men and 86 guns, which number could in time of war be increased to 39,649 men and 110 guns. The garrison force does not include the rifle clubs.

"The guiding principle of General Hutton's scheme, a telegram from Australia says, is that the permanent troops shall form a nucleus of artillery garrisons for fixed defences, a *personnel* for the maintenance of forts and mine-fields, and an instructional force for the technical military instruction of the whole militia and volunteers. The militia are to be available for active field operations within the limits imposed by the Defence Bill now before Parliament, while the local or State defence will be left primarily to the volunteers. There can be no doubt as to the practical character of General Hutton's ideas. What Australia wants, first of all, is a cheap, mobile force, so drilled and organized as to be able to take the field, if necessary, at short notice. Here we have it. One important feature is the preponderance of mounted men —light horse. There was one thing the South African War proved to demonstration—the excellence of the Australians when working as mounted infantry. They are essentially horsemasters, and, as such, are specially valuable for scouting purposes and mounted infantry work. The eighteen regiments of light horse provided by General Hutton's proposals should, therefore, be an important asset."

The *eighth* article is practically on the same subject, but contends that:

"To arrive at conditions under which Great Britain and her Colonies will consent to co-operate, as one nation, to defend the honor of their common flag, it is needful that a single government formed of representatives of all the territories concerned shall first have been established. Or, in other words, we must first obtain an all-British confederacy, adopted by the absolutely unanimous desire of all the contracting States, before we can profitably attempt the organization of the various forces, home and colonial, under any single authority. The question, then, is: How shall the brotherhood of blood be induced to form itself into a joint-stock company on terms of unlimited liability?"

The *ninth* article advocates certain duties to be performed by the officer commanding a regimental district (in addition to their present duties), which would make him more useful and effective; for example, he should be required to obtain and furnish to the Intelligence Department accurate information on the following points:

1. Suitable positions of camping grounds, and numbers that could be encamped thereon.
2. Capabilities of billeting troops in any town in his district.
3. What buildings in any town could be made available as barracks, and what number of men could be housed therein.
4. The locality of all blacksmith's forges.
5. The location of all horses subsidized by government and liable to service.
6. All questions of supply within his district.
7. If the regimental district has a sea-board, accurate information as to the possibilities of embarking or disembarking troops, etc., at any point on the coast.
8. In seaport towns, what class of vessels and how many at a time can be berthed at the various quays, etc.

The importance of this information is sufficient to indicate its value at any infantry or cavalry regimental or any artillery district.

The *tenth* article is of particular value to England, but it will also find application in our own country, and it is wise to consider it now, so that if war should ever come we could quickly take advantage of similar means:

"Any scheme of home defense logically involves the idea of invasion; actual or attempted.

"To those who are officially interested in such a scheme, the question necessarily arises: Are we taking any steps to prevent panic, to supply the population with food, or to organize the enormous reserve of manhood which this country undoubtedly possesses? If you wish for peace, you must prepare for war, and von Moltke tells us that 'War is the practical adaptation of the means at hand to the attainment of the object in view.'

"The reserve strength of the country is enormous; but for the purpose of home defense it is practically effete for want of proper organization.

"Under the voluntary system, considering the money that is spent, we do not always attract the right kind of man to the colors at the present rate of pay. Besides which, there is a large class who contribute in no way to the defense of their country. * * *

"In October, 1901, I found myself in some degree responsible for the defense of the coast-line of the N. E. district, from Berwick-on-Tweed to the Wash.

"On my first inspection of the coast defenses, what struck one was, not so much the want of preparation as regards the armaments and position of the actual forts, or the composition and training of the mobile columns told off to resist raids, but the difficulty in case of attack of dealing with the mass of colliers, artisans, and fishermen who form the population, and of guarding the network of railways which run close to the sea. One felt that unless, in peace-time, steps were taken to organize local guards for these lines, to keep in hand and, if necessary, withdraw the inhabitants from positions exposed to shell fire to where they can be housed and fed inland—the best laid military plans would stand a chance of being upset through congestion of the railway traffic, and panic among the civil population.

"There is no greater danger to a civilized country, when vigorously attacked, than a large non-combatant population. * * * We have got the local machinery, why not use it for national defense?

"The only expense necessary would be local rifle ranges, and a bonus to each 'guide' or 'town guard' who passes in marksmanship.

"Each borough and county council division might be given so many stand of arms, which would be of value both for training in peace and use in war.

"Local levies could guard the railways in war time.

"Kimberley, Mafeking and other towns amply prove what assistance civilians can supply to a small body of formed troops efficiently commanded.

"In this way, without working a railway or other transport, wherever a commanding officer of a formed body found himself, he would be joined by the best local men to supply information, to guide detached parties or transport, and to carry messages on horseback, by bicycle, or motorcar. This means a great deal in a country so intricate as ours. It was this system alone which made the Boer resistance possible. They had the most perfect intelligence department. There was not a district in the Transvaal or Orange River Colony which was not under a local commandant, who maintained a system of observation posts throughout the length and breadth of his district, and who had the means of conveying to some central organizations early intelligence of the movement of every British column.

"This was the manner in which they utilized their less valuable fighting material.

"If commanders of army corps are given real decentralization and are able to act on their own initiative, there is no reason why the defense of the country should not be really localized in a few years time. Every gun with a trained detachment of local men, hundreds of thousands of the best manhood of the country enrolled as 'guides' or 'town guards.' Such a body, in conjunction with a sound system of local rifle clubs and affiliated to the cadres or local corps, would be a valuable addition to our forces if called on to 'mobilize' for home defense."

The paper was read before the Royal United Service Institution, and discussed by some of the most prominent army and navy officers, and received enthusiastic approval by all.

The *eleventh* article, a continuation of a series of articles on Russia, is devoted to army organization, particularly the Russian General Staff. The author concludes in these words:

"Considering, then, the comparatively low standard of the average Russian officer, it must be clear, owing to the vast numbers of the men, and also their low intellectual standard, that here arises the most difficult question with which the Russian war minister has to deal. Brave, loyal, and devoted as are both the officers and men, they would, with the exception of the guard, the cavalry perhaps, and the rifle regiments, find in their opponents of European armies officers superior to them in attainments, and men in whom initiative and responsibility have been cultivated to an extent not possible at present in Russia. Those who have followed the ordinances of Kouropatkine, or the writings of Dragomiroff and other distinguished Russian officers, have perceived how well they understand these facts, and how steadily their efforts have been directed to lessen the gap which in this separates Russia from other European nations. And I have myself observed, and, what is of more importance, I have heard distinguished foreign officers remark, how great has been the improvement in the military education and preparation for war in the Russian army since the days of the Green hills before Plevna."

The *twelfth* article is on Russian Cavalry, and the *thirteenth* relates to that interesting part of it, the Cossack.

The other articles under this head are all interesting and valuable.

MILITARY EDUCATION AND TRAINING.

The articles under this head relate mainly to the instruction and training of soldiers in target practice, etc., to drill regulations and to maneuvers. They comprise the following:

1. A Public Service Medical School.—*Jour. Asso. Mil. Surgeons,* July.
2. The Modern Japanese Soldier.—*Revue du Cercle Mil.,* July 25.
3. Individual Instruction of the Sharpshooter.—*Same.*
4. Garrison Artillery Training.—*Unit. Serv. Mag.,* August.
5. The New French Infantry Drill Regulations.—*Revue du Cercle Mil.,* July 11, 18.
6. Manual of Drill and Fire Direction of 12-inch B. L. Motors.—*Jour. U. S. Arty.,* July-August.
7. International Rifle Match—Palma Trophy.—*Mil. Mail,* July 17.
8. Combined Maneuvers of 1903.—*Army and Navy Jour.,* August 1.
9. Notes on the German Maneuvers.—*Jour. U. S. Cav.,* July.

10. A Field Battery Firing Under Conditions Simulating War.—*Kriegstech. Zeit., 7.*

We select a few of these articles for special comment.

The *first* is by the well-known and enthusiastic medical officer, Lieut. Col. J. Van R. Hoff, who has long been interested in various important matters of organization, training and education pertaining to the Medical Department.

The *fifth* is a continued article on the new French Infantry Drill Regulations, and one well worth reading.

The *sixth* is a valuable contribution to Coast Artillery Drill Regulations.

The *seventh* is an interesting account of the International Rifle Match, which we give here in part:

"The extra day added on to the Bisley meeting this year in order that the Palma International Trophy might be shot for proved an unqualified success. The weather was of the most glorious description, and a large number of interested spectators followed the day's proceedings with the keenest possible interest.

"The start took place later than the scheduled time, it being after 9:30 when the first shot was fired, this being a bull by one of the French team.

"Through some slight misunderstanding the Australians were late, and, after a few sighting shots, it was ten o'clock before they commenced in earnest. It was much calmer in the morning than during the latter part of the day, and experts held heated arguments as to how a change in the weather would affect the competitors from the various countries.

"So soon as the shooting got into full swing, many good scores began to be put on. Sergeant-Major Wallingford, for example, opened with a succession of bulls. Three of the Canada team emulated this performance, and then followed rapidly others who sighted well. It was very interesting to watch the competitors from the various countries, and compare their evident dispositions. For instance, the Australians evidently meant business—with them it was more than a trip on pleasure bent—they were in real, grim earnest, and wavered long over every shot, gauging the breeze and awaiting opportunities.

"On the other hand, the Norwegians were most impatient, and no sooner had they sighted than the rifle was discharged. A comparison of the scores of the two teams should prove an object lesson so far as Norway is concerned.

"The shooting all round was excellent, the men to most distinguish themselves being Sergeant-Major Wallingford and Quartermaster-Sergeant Keogh of the American team. They tied at 206 in the grand total, but the Englishman may, without egotism or favoritism, be said to take the place of honor as, with a difficult wind on the long range, he put on 68 against the 64 of Quartermaster-Sergeant Keogh.

"The chief interest was, of course, centered in the 1,000 yards firing, though at 900 yards some excitement was noticeable, and, as the final shots were coming on, the scene was very animated. Private Cook, of the United States, was unfortunate in not making a possible at 800 yards, but when it was seen that

his aggregate at the distance was 74 a loud cheer went up, and he was heartily congratulated by the numerous Americans crowding on the range. This, however, was eclipsed by Armorer-Sergeant Martin, shooting for Great Britain, because, like Cook, he only dropped one at 800 yards, but at 900 he scored 66 against the American's 63.

"In the end the American team gained the day by fifteen points, thus regaining possession of the trophy, and avenging the defeat they sustained in Ottawa last September. That they shot well the scores indicate, and none can begrudge them their win, and we can only hope that on some occasion we shall be able once more to turn the tables on our American cousins.

PALMA TROPHY (INTERNATIONAL MATCH).

Fifteen rounds each at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards.

WINNERS OF TROPHY.

	800	900	1,000	Ttl.
America.				
Quartermaster-Sergeant Keogh	73	69	64	206
Private Cook	74	63	68	205
Lieutenant Casey	67	68	60	195
Lieutenant Holcomb	66	61	67	194
Corporal Short	69	66	59	194
Corporal Winder	71	63	59	193
Lieutenant Wells	65	59	68	192
Sergeant Doyle	66	66	59	191
				1,570
Great Britain.				
Sergeant-Major Wallingford	72	66	68	206
Armorer-Sergeant Martin	74	66	63	203
Lieutenant Miller	70	62	66	198
Color-Sergeant Lawrence	71	68	[illegible]	198
Quartermaster-Sergeant Fraser	69	61	[illegible]	196
Color-Sergeant Davies	65	60	61	186
Private Ward	65	62	[illegible]	186
Corporal Paterson	68	[illegible]	55	182
				1,955
Canada.				
Captain King	69	67	65	201
Sergeant Hayhurst	70	63	61	194
Corporal Stuart	70	59	63	192
Captain Jones	63	66	61	190
Serpeant Whyte	69	54	65	188
Private O'Brien	63	64	61	188
Private Peddie	63	62	61	186
Sergeant Simpson	69	59	51	179
				1,518

AUSTRALIA.				
Private Bradley	64	61	68	193
Private Howitt	68	65	60	193
Private Mathison	66	59	67	192
Private Dawson	64	68	60	192
Private Carter	68	62	61	191
Private McElwel	59	60	63	182
Lieutenant Ison	65	59	57	181
Private Soden	65	59	57	181
				1,501
NATAL.				
Trooper Laatz	61	57	67	185
Trooper Phipson	68	55	62	185
Sergeant Cadinhead	61	60	54	175
Sergeant Simpson	61	61	53	175
Private Godbeer	67	60	48	175
Sergeant-Instructor of Musketry Paterson	67	48	59	174
Corporal Faine	61	54	50	165
Petty-Officer Franklin	67	52	46	165
				1,399
NORWAY.				
Skatterbox	62	60	55	177
Skymon	56	57	59	172
Moller	65	51	49	165
Ootensen	56	54	53	163
Helgeried	67	47	46	160
Koom	55	42	56	153
Glmner	53	53	27	133
Trandum	33	44	41	118
				1,241
FRANCE.				
Violet	61	57	61	179
Merillon	56	50	57	163
Py	56	56	47	159
Lardin	58	51	49	158
Paroche	51	47	50	148
Lecoq	55	49	42	146
Fouconnier	52	42	49	143
De Boigne	51	52	30	133
				1,230

"As Major the Hon. T. F. Fremantle, the captain of the British team, pointed out in proposing the health, on Saturday night, of the winners of the Palma trophy, the conditions of the shooting match which resulted in a victory for the representatives of the United States, are essentially military. Each team fired with the weapons of their own country, exactly in the form in which it is

supplied to the troops; while at the same time every refinement of invention is brought to bear on the charge fired, so that much is to be learned from this annual competition open to the armies of the world.

"To read a description of the manner in which the American team fired at Bisley is to get some idea of the deliberate methods employed. Their tactics, as one correspondent explains, although scrupulously fair, were far more effective than those of our own men, who had not the advantage of the wind gauges. More than once they were ten minutes without firing a shot, and then when conditions were favorable they 'pumped in the bullseyes one after another as quickly as possible.' All are agreed that the United States representatives were magnificent shots. They had been selected by a committee of officers appointed by the War Department, and the result was, according to their captain, that they were 'positively the best eight rifle shots to be found in the United States.'

"The following telegram has been received by Mr. Jones, secretary of the American team, at Bisley: 'Accept my heartiest congratulations for the American victory.—Theodore Roosevelt.'"

The *eighth* is a statement of the problem in the combined navy and army maneuvers. The rules, as arranged by Major Harrison, A. C., and Lieut. Bristol, of the navy, are excellent this year, and should lead to interesting conclusions.

The *tenth* describes a most interesting practice of a field battery. The first target was a battalion of four companies in column of sections, represented by 1,040 standing figure targets, the range being medium, or about 2,800 yards. In all forty-eight shots were fired in fifty-two seconds, and 420 of the 1,040 men represented were hit.

The second target was a regiment deploying from column of sections. Each section was represented by a target of proper dimensions. The range was about 4,350 yards, and in eighty seconds 3,681 hits were made, 2,423 of which were fatal.

The third target was a battery, at a range of about 2,700 yards. The ranging was effected in one and one-half minutes, and the effective firing lasted one minute, in which time the entire personnel of the battery was hit with, in all, sixty-nine bullets.

The entire paper is worthy of careful study, as it is the first published result of the proper method of employing the latest rapid-fire field guns in action. These were the latest model of Krupp guns with shields, and the experiment took place near Bukarest in presence of the King of Roumania.

MILITARY HISTORY, STRATEGY AND TACTICS.

1. A French View of the Boer War.—*Unit. Serv. Mag.*, August.
2. The Conquest of Java.—*Same.*
3. Campaigns Against India From the West.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, July.

4. The American Cavalry in China.—*Jour. U. S. Cav.*, July.
5. The Battle of El Caney.—*Same.*
6. The Flag of El Caney.—*Same.*
7. Another Spanish View.—*Same.*
8. The Capture of San Mateo.—*Same.*
9. Sea Power and the Principles Involved in It.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, July.
10. Sea Power.—*Nauticus*, 1903.
11. Submarine Attack.—*Kriegstech. Zeit.*, 7.
12. Strategy and Tactics in Mountain Ranges.—*Unit. Serv. Mag.*, August.
13. The Influence of Artillery Fire on the *Morale* of Troops.—*Revue du Cercle Mil.*, July 11.
14. Smokeless Powder and Entrenchments.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, July.
15. A Military Problem and a Solution for It.—*Jour. U. S. Cav.*, July.

The first of these articles is by Captain Fournier, of the French General Staff, and is exceedingly interesting. We can quote but a fragment of his conclusions here, although the entire article (well translated by Lieut. Col. Maude, late Royal Engineers) is well worth careful study:

"Influence of the New Factors on the Approach of the Infantry.—To sum up, the two most important factors revealed are the increased fire powers both of Artillery and Infantry, and the difficulties of reconnaissance resulting from the use of smokeless powder.

"In spite of the coolness of the Boers and their exceptional qualifications as marksmen, the increased power of the rifle has not been more strikingly manifested in South Africa than in previous campaigns with the breechloader. The smaller number in the fighting line counterbalanced the greater skill of the riflemen. Nothing justifies the opinion enunciated after the first encounters as to the crushing effects of the modern weapons; the examination of the tables of losses shows conclusively that this position is untenable.

"But in a European campaign one will have to take into account both the numbers of the combatants and the nature of their arms. We shall see brought into action a Q. F. artillery markedly superior in power to that employed by either side in South Africa.

"People have talked much of a revolution in tactical ideas as a consequence of the perfection of modern weapons, because it is the custom to consider improvements as benefiting principally the defense. To show how erroneous these opinions are we have but to refer to the new regulations for the British army, which embody the experience of this last campaign, over the signature of Lord Roberts, himself an expert on these matters, and this regulation asserts the definite opinion that the offensive possesses the material superiority. This opinion is of particular value, coming from combatants who in practice have not known always how to apply its sane ideas.

"The increase in fire-power will oblige infantry, that wishes to advance in open ground against an enemy whose aim has not been blinded by a sufficient preparation, to employ widely extended formations and progress almost by creeping. This is expressed by the English Regulations in the following words:

" 'The ground for 1,000 yards in front of a line of infantry, *if the latter are steady enough to take careful aim,* is so completely swept by the bullets that it is practically impossible to move troops across it in other formations than in lines of skirmishers at wide intervals.'

"Employment of Artillery.—We have endeavored, in the foregoing pages, to sketch the new conditions under which infantry nowadays fights in battle. Its immediate auxiliary at every movement of the action is the artillery.

"Undoubtedly, the South African campaign gives us no data as to the use of Q. F. field artillery.

"The few pieces of this nature in the possession of the Boers were employed individually under very special circumstances. The British field-pieces, similar in type to our 90-mm. gun, is not a true quick-firer, but merely an adaptation of the ordinary B. L. to admit of more rapid discharge.

"The infinitesimal results obtained by the artillery show, however, that neither good material nor technical instruction avail anything without sound tactical employment. The most heroic efforts of the British artillery, the most highly trained and most distinguished corps of that army, were reduced to nothing, because there was a failure to understand the fundamental principles of the combination of the efforts of all three arms, and in particular of close co-operation with the infantry, whose duty it is to compel the enemy to disclose his positions.

"Incapable of engaging the enemy's artillery, to which they were liable to find themselves exposed without defense, the machine gun did not distinguish itself particularly in South Africa, and its employment under European conditions seems hardly to commend itself. With cavalry it cannot replace horse artillery to open a road for the squadrons, or to prepare for their action by long-range fire, or to molest columns on the march. At most it may replace a dismounted squadron, without, however, possessing either its mobility or independence.

"The war has confined the possibility of employing heavy artillery in field combats. The British had batteries of five-inch howitzers, naval 4.7-inch, and twelve-pounder guns mounted on improvised carriages, *very rustic,* but very heavy. These latter sometimes needed teams of thirty-two oxen. They were, however, present in almost all actions, not only in the Free State, but in the mountainous rgions of Upper Natal.

"Similarly the Boers dragged with them wherever they went such heavy 155-mm. guns as they had at their disposal.

"Emplayment of Cavalry.—Except after the action of Elandslaagte, where the British pursued energetically, the war offers no characteristic example of the employment of this arm in battle; but do not let us, therefore, jump to the conclusion that such employment is impossible. The study of the events shows that during the engagements the cavalry always remained inactive, either because it had not received the necessary impulsion from the commander of that arm, or because it sought, above all things, to avoid losses. The casualty returns are the surest proof of its inaction. When it did act, it always did so by mounted combat."

The *fourth* article is a very interesting one by Captain W. W. Forsyth, 6th Cavalry, and there is much useful information to be derived from its perusal.

The next four articles are important additions to the history of our recent war.

The *ninth* article is the Revised Memorandum submitted to the Colonial Conference, 1902, by the Admiralty. Some of the principles set forth are here given:

"The importance which attaches to the command of the sea lies in the control which it gives over sea communications. The weaker sea power is absolutely unable to carry to success any large military expedition over sea. The truth of this is shown by reference to the history of the past.

"To any naval power the destruction of the fleet of the enemy must always be the great object aimed at. It is immaterial where the great battle is fought, but wherever it may take place the result will be felt throughout the world, because the victor will afterwards be in a position to spread his force with a view to capturing or destroying any detached forces of the enemy, and generally to gather the fruits of victory, in the shape of such outlying positions as the New Hebrides, Fijis, Singapore, Samoa, Cuba, Jamaica, Martinique, the Philippines, Malta, or Aden, which may be in possession of the enemy, his shipping and commerce, or even to prosecute such oversea campaigns as those in the Peninsula and South Africa.

"Stress is laid on the importance of the great battle for supremacy, because the great development of the navies of France, Germany, the United States, and Russia, indicates the possibility that such battles may have to be fought in the future. It is the battleships chiefly which will have to be concentrated for the decisive battle, and arrangements with this object must be made during peace.

"The geographical conditions and the varied interests of the maritime powers prevent such complete concentration in modern times as was practicable in the past. Thus Russia divides her battleships between the Baltic and Pacific; the United States between the Atlantic and Pacific; both Germany and France have concentrated in European waters, where also the greater part of the British battleships are massed.

"Our possible enemies are fully aware of the necessity of concentrating on the decisive points. They will endeavor to prevent this by threatening our detached squadrons and trade in different quarters, and thus obliging us to make further detachments from the main fleets. All these operations will be of secondary importance, but it will be necessary that we should have sufficient power available to carry on a vigorous offensive against the hostile outlying squadrons without unduly weakening the force concentrated for the decisive battle, whether in Europe or elsewhere.

"The immense importance of the principle of concentration and the facility with which ships and squadrons can be moved from one part of the world to another—it is more easy to move a fleet from Spithead to the Cape or Halifax than it is to move a large army, with its equipment, from Cape Town to Pretoria—points to the necessity of a single navy, under one control, by which alone concentrated action between the several parts can be assured.

"In the foregoing remarks the word *defense* does not appear. It is omitted

advisedly, because the primary object of the British navy is not to defend anything, but to attack the fleets of the enemy, and, by defeating them, to afford protection to British dominions, shipping, and commerce. This is the ultimate aim.

"To use the word *defense* would be misleading, because the word carries with it the idea of a thing to be defended, which would divert attention to local defense instead of fixing it on the force from which attack is to be expected

"The traditional rôle of the British navy is not to act on the defensive, but to prepare to attack the force which threatens—in other words, to assume the offensive."

The *tenth* article is on the relation of Political Power and Sea Power, with special reference to the German navy and its relations to the position of Germany among the world's great powers, and hinges on the maxim:

In International Policy that Power that possesses the strongest navy will have the predominating influence.

The article appears in the German naval annual called *Nauticus*, which is noted under the Books Reviews.

The *fourteenth* article, by Lieut. Col. Alsager Pollock, is of special interest, although the subject has been thoroughly discussed during the past ten years. We venture to quote a few remarks from this paper:

"The introduction of smokeless powder conferred obvious advantages upon the defenders of a position, and very naturally the application of such advantages to the system of placing and constructing field entrenchments received attention in the service papers of this country, and of others. Yet it is somewhat remarkable that although the Boers in the late war displayed a clear understanding of the simple expedients by which the use of smokeless powder might be turned to account by forces acting on the defensive, the British not only failed to employ these themselves, but also ignored the possibility that the enemy might not neglect to make use of them. That the exercise of a very moderate amount of common sense should have sufficed to indicate what ought to be done goes almost without saying; but actually the failure to realize the truth is particularly inexcusable, because the whole matter had been discussed so long ago as 1892. The fact is, however, that it was then, as it is now, quite useless to ventilate ideas in the service press with any hope of attracting serious notice to them, no matter how important the subject. Cassandra in vain warned the Trojans of their impending dangers, and in the same way the British army hearkens not to the voice of the prophets unless they happen to be great—and not always even then, as Lords Wolseley and Roberts can testify."

The author then quotes from an article, written by him in 1892, and printed in the *Broad Arrow*, on this same subject, indicating the proper course for the defense, and showing that what he then stated as the proper system was practically what the Boers did in the late war, especially with reference to the location of their firing lines and intrenchments. He then closes in the following words:

"The lessons that seem to me to have been brought home to us, in reference to the disposition of troops for the defense of a position, are (1) a portion at all events of the shooting line should be placed where the enemy is least likely to detect its presence; (2) the shooting line must have head-cover, to provide concealment certainly, and protection when possible; (3) the supporting troops require protection rather than the concealment of their positions, and may sometimes best serve the defense by freely exposing themselves thereon until obliged to get under shelter; (4) when time admits, sham entrenchments can be constructed with advantage; and (5) the general aim should be to lead the enemy to suppose that the immediately active defenders are where they are not and are not where they actually are.

"There has been much said and written about the 'lessons of the war'; but actually no lesson was taught by the South African campaign that should not have been theoretically familiar to us many years ago; and I believe that there is only one which had not actually been pointed out in the Service journals. There was, in fact, but one genuine revelation; and this was the true immensity of the power of 'bluff' conferred by smokeless powder upon an astute commander opposed to a less competent adversary. As Captain Fournier of the French General Staff has so ably pointed out in the preface to the second volume of his 'La Guerre Sud-Africaine,' we lost battles at the commencement of the war because we made frontal attacks without proper reconnaissance and unsupported by turning movements; whilst in the later stages of the campaign we failed to win decisive victories because we made turning movements unaccompanied by frontal attacks. Generally speaking, it is to be feared that the British army, as a whole, has acquired from the Boer War a considerable volume of heresies, but only a very slender amount of really practical knowledge. Even in the matter of entrenchments, with which this article is primarily concerned, what has chiefly resulted in a tendency to press the application of certain theories, in season and out of season, rather than to employ memory, sagaciously, as the valuable aid that it so often may be to the exercise of common sense for the solution of each particular problem."

The *fifteenth* article is on the important subject of ammunition supply on the field of battle, and deserves careful consideration.

ARTILLERY MATERIAL AND FORTIFICATION.

1. Sea Coast Ordinance.—*Jour U. S. Arty.*, July-August.
2. Projectiles, Fuses and Primers.—*Same.*
3. Investigation on the Loss of Work of the Powder Gases in Guns.—*Kreigstech. Zeit.*, 7.
4. Smokeless Powders.—*Scien. Amer. Suppl.*, July 25.
5. The Storage Battery and Its Relations to U. S. Fortifications.—*Jour. U. S. Arty.*, July-August.
6. Capped Shot and Armor.—*Same.*
7. Capped Projectiles.—*Kriegstech. Zeit.*, 7.
8. French Rapid-Fire Field Artillery.—*Jour. U. S. Arty.*, July-August.

9. The Swiss Field Artillery Material.—*Kreigstech. Zeit., 7.*
10. Is Field Artillery Obsolete.—*Unit. Serv. Mag.*, August.
11. Mountain Artillery.—*Same.*
12. Machine Guns, Rockets and Torches.—*Kriegstech. Zeit., 7.*
13. Continuous-Reading Range and Azimuth Finder and Predictor.—*Jour. U. S. Arty.*, July-August.
14. The Hagood Tripod Mount for Telescopic Sights.—*Same.*

This is a most remarkable collection of articles, the most important being from the current number of the *Journal U. S. Artillery*, perhaps the best number ever issued.

The *first* article is by Major Rogers Birnie, Ordnance Department, the army's authority on gun construction, and is a calm, thorough and most interesting presentation of the subject. It is comprehensive and perfectly modern, and contains all data most valuable to the artillerist to-day.

The *second* is by Captain Beverly W. Dunn, Ordnance Department, another authority, whose work with fuses and explosives has attained for him an international reputation. This article and the preceding should be studied and re-studied by every artillery officer, until their contents are thoroughly familiar facts to him.

The *third* article is by the instructor at the Artillery and Engineer School near Berlin, and constitutes a valuable addition to interior ballistics.

The *fourth* article offers nothing new on smokeless powders, but it may be of interest to some to quote a few paragraphs:

"Although the manufacture of smokeless powder has lately made enormous progress, the subject is yet in the experimental stage. Both chemists and practical workers must still make great efforts to obtain the best possible results. The fact is not to be ignored that the powder mills of the United States produce daily from 12,000 to 18,000 pounds of smokeless powder, whose quality has been acknowledged satisfactory by the Army and Navy Departments. Certainly excellent results have been attained, but does this powder satisfy all the conditions resulting from prolonged storage and climatic changes? All that can be affirmed at present is, that there is no proof for a negative answer.

"The more recent history of smokeless powder dates from 1886, when Vielle prepared in France the B powder. The powder of Captain Schultz made its appearance about the same time. In 1882 Reid & Johnson had tested in England the powder C. E., which has been adopted for the artillery. The ballistite of Nobel was patented in 1888. Since that time numerous compositions have been proposed, of which, nevertheless, the majority have not been attended with the good results expected.

"The term gun-cotton employed above to designate all the varieties of nitrated cellulose is not quite exact, since by this term is generally designated the most highly nitrated cellulose insoluble in alcohol-ether. Consequently the

term nitro-cellulose will be employed as corresponding better with the facts and designating both the soluble and insoluble varieties.

"The smokeless powders known at the present time can be assigned to three classes.

"CLASS I.

"The powders composed of nitro-cellulose, either with or without the addition of salts, capable of being freed from oxygen or inert organic substances.

"This class comprises several sub-divisions, according to the degree of nitration and of the solubility of the nitro-cellulose.

"CLASS II.

"Powders containing nitro-glycerine in combination with nitro-cellulose.

"This class may likewise be divided into subdivisions according to the kind of nitro-cellulose employed and the presence or absence of oxygenized salts and of inert substances.

"CLASS III.

"Powders into whose composition enters picric acid, the picrates, or the nitro substituted products of the aromatic hydrocarbons in combination with one or several of the substances enumerated in classes I. and II.

"Nitro-cellulose, soluble or insoluble, apparently lends itself better to the preparation of a smokeless powder, satisfying all the conditions. This substance enters into the composition of almost all the smokeless powders at present known, and the ballistic results obtained are very satisfactory, whether the nitro-cellulose is mixed with other substances, or employed in the form of a simple colloid of nitro-cellulose. The nitro-cellulose, in combination with nitro-glycerine, likewise gives very good results. This combination constitutes the English cordite, composed of 58 per cent. nitro-glycerine, of 37 per cent. trinitro-cellulose, and of 5 per cent. of vaseline.

"But, on the other hand, a certain number of compositions containing nitro-glycerine, in relatively slight proportions, in combination with nitro-cellulose, soluble or insoluble, have not given good results, and it is still unknown whether this is due to the composition or to the granulation, or to both.

"Nitro-glycerine, constituting a chemically stable combination, seems to be best adapted to the preparation of smokeless powder. The action of nitric acid on glycerine produces a compound which, purified by repeated washings, is homogeneous and stable.

"Nitro-cellulose, although perfectly stable, cannot be considered as a chemically definite compound. It consists of a mixture of nitro-celluloses in different degrees of nitration."

The *fifth* article is very timely and will be of immense service to the coast artillery, where so much depends on the proper care bestowed on the storage batteries.

The *sixth* (from Brassey's Naval Annual) and the *seventh* are interesting articles on capped projectiles; and the *eighth* is a continued article, the present installment describing the methods of firing in use by the present French field artillery, an excellent translation by Captain Hero, and a very valuable study.

The *tenth* article, by Captain C. Holmes Wilson, Royal Field Artillery, an authority of wide experience, is deserving of the most careful study and attention. We therefore quote freely from it:

"It may be inadvisable to place too much reliance on some of the issues of the recent war; at the same time, after considering what actually happened, and under what circumstances, it may be possible to conjecture what should be provided for in the future. The late war showed us that effect could only be produced by a concentrated fire; but it also proved that different natures of guns were required for different circumstances, and that one equipment could not cope with all contingencies. The question, then, is: How can the possible multiplication of the equipments to be used be simplified? What is to be retained, and what is to be discarded? The factors that influence such a discussion are the mechanical improvements that have modified artillery *materiel* in the past, and the possibility of other improvements modifying it further in the future. Accurate fire has led to a greater use of cover, long range guns have introduced new issues hitherto unheard of, and the increased range of the rifle has forced artillery to keep away from infantry. Under these circumstances, what is the gun of the future to be? Is it to be a field gun, a heavy gun, or a howitzer? Or are we to have all three, and horse artillery besides?

"The first lesson learnt in the war was the inutility of Field Artillery fire when used against entrenchments. It kept the enemy down, but did no more. It was not the case of firing against wooden dummies, who could not duck their heads when they heard the shell approaching. It was a case of men in holes, who were inaccessible to all but howitzer shells. It was a case of firing at newly turned-up earth, in the hope that the shells would keep the enemy from molesting the attacking Infantry so long as the guns continued firing. Such a means of fighting must have been unsatisfactory to all except the enemy. How, however, was the enemy to be touched? Direct-firing guns could not hit him, the Horse Artillery could not enfilade him. Shrapnel bullets pattered like rain on the sheets of corrugated iron with which he had covered his trenches. Even had his trenches been enfiladed, the resultant damage done would have been small. In addition to this we must remember that enfilading trenches now is a difficult matter when the range of the rifle has increased, and even a small army occupies a front of several miles. How, then, is Field Artillery, firing shrapnel, to act? Is it merely to keep the enemy under cover, and wait in the hope that he may eventually come into the open to be shot at? Such a procedure seems unlikely from the defenders' point of view, and undesirable from that of the attacking Artillery. For what, then, is Field Artillery to be maintained? It is too heavy, as horsed now, to act continually with mounted troops. A lighter and more mobile equipment could, however, move with cavalry, and repulse a direct attack if the enemy showed himself in the open.

"The accuracy of firearms, and the retaining power of the rifle, will lead to the employment of entrenchments on a large scale. Such positions will only be captured by turning movements. A turning movement to be effective must, however, be rapid, consequently, if the troops attempting it are to be accompanied by artillery, the latter must be light. The rapid advances of the recent war proved that Field Artillery were unsuited for such work. If, however, they have to move with the Infantry, they will do so at a walk. But if the pace is to be a walk, might not the guns transported be heavy ones? If the Field

Artillery have to move at a walk, the targets they will be asked to fire at will generally be men under cover. But if they cannot hit men under cover, why should they fire at them? A lighter gun could meet a direct attack if such was made, and a lighter gun could take part in a rapid turning movement, when a heavy gun could not. Thus the heavy field gun is at a disadvantage, again, when compared with the light or mobile Horse Artillery gun.

"Then, again, another curious complication has arisen of late. A system has recently been introduced by which batteries can fire from behind cover at an enemy under cover. If, however, the declivity the enemy has taken cover under happens to be steep, he cannot possibly be reached by direct-firing guns. Consequently, the tenor of all the recent changes seems to be a plea for the more general use of howitzers. Howitzers can fire from behind cover at targets under cover. Howitzers can search trenches, and howitzers can be made as mobile as field guns. We must, however, have direct-firing guns, and we must have mobile guns.

"The problem consequently comes to this. A light or mobile Q. F. Artillery is required that can act with mounted troops. This Artillery should be armed with a direct firing equipment, and should be able to deal with troops in the open. In addition to this it would be just as effective as a heavier field gun against men under cover, since it could keep there as easily as the latter. We now have our mobile arm, and what we want next is a gun that can search cover. This should be a howitzer, and should be mobile enough to keep pace with the infantry, and to trot on occasions if required. It should be a 'quick-firer, capable of rapid firing once the range and fuze have been found. Behind these would come the heavy guns of large calibre, drawn, possibly, by traction-engines.* In all cases the range of the piece would have to be long.

"The alterations sketched may seem far-reaching, but they could easily be carried out. The Field and Horse Artillery must soon be re-armed. Instead of re-arming the Field Artillery with a new gun, convert half of it into Horse or Light Artillery, and give the remainder an effective howitzer. The expense would be no greater than that likely to be incurred by any other plan. It is, however, probable that the suggested change will only be reached by a series of successive alterations extended over a lengthened period at a considerable cost."

The *thirteenth* article is of special interest to the coast artillery. It is a description of an instrument invented by Lieutenant Meigs (formerly of the Navy) designed to do mechanically, accurately and quickly what is now done slowly and tediously in the Coast Artillery Position Finding Stations. The system involves a *horizontal* base, which has many advantages over a vertical base system, and promises to be a valuable addition to our equipment.

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* I believe that it is desirable to employ traction-engines to draw *all* classes of Artillery on the line of march, keeping the teams close at hand ready for use whenever the occasion required—crossing difficult ground or going into action. The cost of the engines would be made good by the saving of horseflesh With, say, one engine attached to each Brigade Division, the horses of each battery in turn might be relieved from labor. To arrange suitable gear for "coupling" a road-train of Artillery would probably be difficult, though I do not think impracticable.—Ed. U. S. M.

The *last* article is also on a new coast artillery instrument, which is designed to teach gunners *accurate sighting*. The value of such an instrument cannot be doubted.

WARSHIPS.

1. Guns and Armor.—*Army and Navy Gazette,* July 25.
2. The U. S. Squadron at Portsmouth.—*Same.*
3. The Navy under Lord Selborne.—*Same,* August 1.
4. The Disposal of the Wounded in Naval Warfare.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.,* July.
5. The German Navy.—*Nauticus,* 1903.
6. The Progress of Foreign Navies.—*Same.*
7. Changes in the World's Navies.—*Marine Rundschau*; *Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.,* July; and *Nauticus,* 1903.
8. New German Battleship Zaeringen (illustration).—*Jour. U. S. Arty.,* July-August.

The *first* article is of considerable interest and contains points of importance:

"The distribution of the armament in battleships is a problem which must, in the last resort, be governed mainly by tactical considerations. Yet nothing is more difficult than to draw just and exhaustive comparisons between the tactical efficiency of different types of ships. Of late years there has been a tendency to regard with apprehension the relative weakness of British armaments.

"We may refer our readers to an article on the 'distribution of guns in battleships,' which appeared recently in *Page's Magazine.*

"So far as armaments can be compared by the enumeration of guns and their aggregate weight of discharge, Mr. Leyland's article presents the facts up to date. Thus our *King Edward VII.*, with an addition of four 9.2-in. guns in separate turrets, is slightly superior in weight of discharge to the French *Republique,* whose secondary armament consists of twelve 6.4-in. guns. In weight of discharge she is outclassed, however, by the U. S. ships *Georgia* and *Connecticut,* especially by the latter, whose weight of discharge is 7,380, as against the *King Edward's* 5,920 lbs. Both American ships mount eight 8-in. guns, but whilst the *Georgia* carries the usual twelve 6-in., the *Connecticut* mounts an equal number of 7-in guns. The German 'H' class, with 3,000 tons less displacement than the *King Edward,* will mount four 11-in. and fourteen 6.7-in., four of the latter in turrets. In this case the weight of discharge is 4,400 lbs., but the German type compares more closely in tonnage with the Russian *Borodino* and the Italian *Vittorio Emanuele.*

"It is evident that the new tendency is to afford better protection to the secondary battery, besides increasing the calibre of the guns."

The *second* article contains some complimentary remarks about our squadron, and illustrates the present cordial feeling existing between Great Britain and the United States:

"The visit of the American squadron, under command of Rear Admiral C. S. Cotton, to Portsmouth is a most gratifying and significant event, and it would have attracted even a greater share of public interest if it had not coincided with the sojourn among us of the august President of the French Republic, which, on political and national grounds, has so largely engrossed the attention of English people. Yet, viewed in the larger light which properly belongs to it, the visit of the United States squadron is not of any lesser importance, and the warm welcome it has received, and the hospitalities which have been offered to the officers and ships' companies, are an indication that the coming of the squadron is rightly appreciated and understood. It is surely not without significance that while Admiral Cotton's ships are at Portsmouth the British North American Squadron has arrived at Bar Harbor, and has been met by the United States battleship *Texas*, Rear Admiral Sands commanding, representing the United States Navy. There also a round of entertainments was arranged, and the twin events are a new expression of the strong bond of international feeling which grows stronger year by year. When Commodore Tatnall used those pregnant words, "Blood is thicker than water," he did not realize what a large international interpretation they were yet to bear. At the present time the sentiments of the two nations are as one in relation to all international concerns, and most of all to the affairs of China, where the Americans are as fully resolved as ourselves and the Japanese to maintain the 'open door.'

"Admiral Cotton has his flag in one of the most interesting battleships in the world. The *Kearsarge*, whose sister ship, the *Kentucky*, bears the flag of Admiral Evans in China, embodies in a marked form that dominant characteristic of American ships, a heavy armament."

SMALL ARMS AND EQUIPMENTS.

1. Cavalry Bits.—*Jour. U. S. Cav.*, July.
2. The Revolver and Its Holster.—*Same.*
3. The Saber.—*Same.*
4. The Bridling of Our Horses.—*Same.*

MILITARY GEOGRAPHY.

1. The Corinthian Canal.—*Scien. Amer. Suppl.*, July 25
2. The Canal des Deux-Mers.—*Rev. du Cercle Mil.*, July 11, 18.
3. Russia.—*Unit. Serv. Mag.*, August.
4. The North Atlantic Powers.—*Marine Rundschau*, August-September.
5. Developments in China.—*Nauticus*, 1903.

MILITARY HYGIENE.

1. A Public Service Medical School.—*Jour. Asso. Mil. Surgeons*, July.

The National Physique.—*Army and Navy Gazette*, July 25.

The *second* article we desire to quote from:

"The report of the Director-General, Army Medical Service, on the physical unfitness of a large proportion of the men offering themselves as recruits is melancholy reading. There exists the undoubted fact that at the present time an alarming proportion of the young men of the country, especially in the towns, are physically defective and unfit for military service. Fortunately this is not the case as regards the entire population, but only those of the poorer classes. It is from the latter, however, that the bulk of the men desiring to be soldiers come. Owing to the advance of sanitary science, and to the encouragement of athletic sports, the general physique of the upper and middle classes is improving rather than deteriorating. These classes, however, do not, in any appreciable numbers, enter the ranks of the Army, and in the absence of any form of compulsion they cannot be tapped to furnish their quota of defenders of the country.

"During the decade 1893-1902 nearly 250,000, being no less than 34.6 per cent. of those medically examined, were rejected on various grounds; practically rather over one man in three. In addition, many were so manifestly unfit that they were turned away without medical examination. Of their number no record is kept, but it is surmised that these might swell the total of rejections to as much as 60 per cent., or three out of every five. It is a deplorable fact that in wealthy England some 6,000,000 of the people, dwellers in overcrowded towns, are in a state of actual poverty. The bulk of the men seeking enlistment belong to this category. It is no wonder, therefore, that difficulty, rapidly becoming insuperable, stands in the way of the maintenance of the Army in a state of completeness and efficiency."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wireless Telegraphy in Ship Reconnaissance.—*Marine Rundschau,* August-September.

THE NEW REGIME AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

THE army has watched with keen interest, and, in some instances, with grave concern, for the inauguration of the General Staff Corps, whose duties began on August 15th as provided by the act creating that corps. At its very inception the proposition for a General Staff Corps for the American army came under fire and received adverse criticism at the hands of some of those from whom had been expected at least friendly interest, if not active partisanship in its behalf. The friends of the measure realized that it was necessary to explain as fully as possible the workings of the corps, for the very vagueness which permeated the minds of many who as yet had formed no convictions for or against the proposition indicated the urgent need of a full, fair and free discussion of the merits of the proposed reform. That the measure was discussed thoroughly and from a high standard goes without saying; those who watched the progress of the legislation through the two houses of Congress were made well aware that there was no concealment in any of the arguments made in behalf of the measure. The campaign which ended in the establishment of the General Staff Corps will ever be characterized as one of the most successful efforts in the varied career of the Secretary of War. Efforts were made to retard the passage of the bill, which was characterized as an attempt to Germanize our army. On the contrary, it is a plain business proposition, with the end in view of Americanizing the methods of the army of the United States. The friends of the measure claim, as they believe with entire justification, that our methods are not up-to-date and do not compare favorably with those which are responsible for the success of many great American corporations.

There was never the slightest suggestion that the administrative officers of the War Department and of the army in general were lacking in ability, fidelity to trust or personal honesty in the conduct of the business affairs of the government. Successful accomplishment of great purposes has come under the old system, and there is not the slightest intention of interrupting that system in any particular, unless it is plainly evident that improvement can be made. The new regulations recently approved and issued by the President's direction established this intention beyond question. The initiative in all the

various bureaus of the War Department remains with them still, but it becomes the duty of the General Staff to work in harmony with the bureaus with a view to bringing them together in such portions of the business as require joint action. The practical methods of accomplishing this are quite well set forth in the recently published regulations.

The greatest change effected in the army on the 15th of August was the substitution of the chief of staff for the lieutenant general commanding the army. One does not require much familiarity with the conduct of the War Department business to recognize that little or no important duty remained to be performed by the commanding general of the army in recent years. At no time has the commanding general ever had the power to control the business of the various staff bureaus of the War Department. The General Staff regulations now in effect eliminate the office of commanding general of the army in ordinary time of peace and provide that the President may, in his discretion, assign officers to command separate armies, and, whenever he may deem wise, to assign one to command the whole army. The one great change which took place in the administration of War Department affairs with the inauguration of the General Staff Corps, August 15, was the installation of the chief of staff, who now stands between the Secretary of War and the whole army. The new regulations give him ample power, which is thoroughly backed by the provisions of the law, to watch over the interests of the entire army. This will be effected practically by consultations between the chiefs of bureaus and the chief of staff, instead of the previous practice of having all business requiring approval taken direct to the secretary. When a secretary of war and his chief of staff shall have worked together a sufficient length of time to enable them to arrive at a complete understanding as to how business is to be done and what principles shall govern under varying situations, precedents of action will become established and the chief of staff will be thus enabled to adjust and expedite a large amount of business which was hitherto delayed in waiting opportunities for presentation to the over-worked secretary for his personal consideration.

If it were merely the substitution of the chief of staff for the secretary in adjusting the business of the department, there would soon be the same clogging of the wheels that sometimes arose under past conditions; the new system does not, however, depend upon the chief of staff alone, for there has been wisely provided a group of selected assistants, ranging in grade from major general to lieutenant, to examine into and report upon the questions brought before the chief of

staff, and concerning which he may require expert opinion and analytical examination. This system has been tried for several months with good results through the medium of the provisional general staff, consisting of the officers detailed in the new corps and the members of the War College Board who have been performing general staff duties for a year past. This system of investigation has been the means of adjusting a number of important questions affecting the business of the War Department which may result in an increase of efficiency and a corresponding economy of service in the future. Much of this provisional work has been ordered and personally directed by the Secretary of War, and the results have fully justified his expectations.

A good example of this work is a recent study of the whole question of the stations of troops within the limits of the United States, having special reference to expenditures from year to year for the construction of barracks and quarters. Any one familiar with army administration must recognize and admit that expenditures for military posts in the past have in many instances resulted in a waste, if not entire loss of public funds. No particular administration is responsible for these conditions, of course. A great many posts have been established along our frontiers which were necessarily abandoned as soon as a sufficient number of settlers were grouped together in the vicinity to take care of themselves. The army in such cases moved on to the more sparsely settled portions, there to begin constructing cantonments and posts, and this process of establishment and abandonment continued until there no longer existed an Indian frontier. It is not to such establishments that the remarks are directed. The provisional staff has planned, so far as practicable, for stations likely to be occupied as permanent posts and for future improvements, so that construction may follow a general scheme and not the whimsical lines which have seemed heretofore unavoidable. It would be Utopian to expect that this scheme will follow a cast iron rule and not be subject to any influence or change. It is believed that the scheme arranged by the War College Board and approved by the Secretary of War will count for much in the future administration of the army and will stand out as an example of the good effect of treating the whole subject of barrack accommodation from a broad business standpoint rather than as isolated instances to be decided upon local influences.

The practical employment of the General Staff Corps is provided for in the recent regulations by the division of the corps into a "War Department General Staff" and "The General Staff Serving With

Troops." The first group serves directly under the Chief of Staff and the second group on the staffs of general officers having territorial or tactical commands. The duties of general staff officers are prescribed in the organic law, but the regulations recently promulgated serve to fix more definitely their place in the military system of the country. Some friction had been anticipated because of the necessary interruption of long established methods, but the prevalence of kindly feeling, even with those who are deprived of some prestige and power, seems to justify the expectation that the new method will be given a fair trial. The only business taken completely from any established bureau is the division of military information of the adjutant general's office, which has been transferred bodily to the General Staff Corps. This creates no disturbance, for the work of collecting and arranging military information has been performed, heretofore, almost wholly by line officers detailed as military attaches or attached for duty in the adjutant general's office. The work is strictly within the limits of General Staff employment and should be done in close connection with the other business of the new corps.

As relates to other bureaus, it is specially stated that the assignment of duties to the General Staff Corps does not involve in any degree the impairment of the initiative and responsibility which special staff corps and departments now have in the transaction of current business. To facilitate the performance of its duties the War Department General Staff will be arranged in divisions, each under the direction of an officer of the General Staff Corps, to be designated by the chief of staff. Each division will be sub-divided into such number of sections as may appear necessary to the chief of staff. The distribution of duties to the several divisions and sections is regulated by the chief of staff.

The supervisory power vested in the chief of staff covers primarily duties pertaining to the command, discipline, training, and recruitment of the army, military operations, distribution of troops, inspections, armament, fortifications, military education and instruction, and kindred matters, but includes, also, in an advisory capacity, such duties connected with fiscal administration and supply as are committed to him by the Secretary of War. Proposed legislation and regulations affecting the militia and estimates for appropriations for its support are considered by the chief of staff, who communicates his recommendations to the Secretary of War.

Orders and instructions emanating from the War Department and all regulations are issued by the Secretary of War through the chief of staff and are communicated to troops and individuals through

the adjutant general. In the performance of his duties and in representation of superior authority, the chief of staff makes investigations, issues instructions, and exercises all other functions necessary to proper harmony and efficiency of action upon the part of those placed under his supervision.

General Staff officers serving with troops are employed under the direction of the commanders thereof upon the duties prescribed for them in the regulations and the act of February 14, 1903. They are not to be assigned to other than General Staff employment, except by special authority of the Secretary of War.

The form of orders from Washington has for many years recognized the military fiction involved in having a "commanding general." All orders issued through the adjutant general's office, even though personal directions of the Secretary of War, were published to the army by command of the lieutenant general. The practical abolition of the office of commanding general necessitated a change in the form and method of publication of orders. The new method communicates orders and instructions by order of the Secretary of War with the signature of the chief of staff, the order being made official by the adjutant general. The first two orders of the new series which began with administration of army affairs by the chief of staff are:

GENERAL ORDER, No. 1.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, August 15, 1903.

In compliance with the instructions of the President announced in G. O. No. 117 A. G. O., August 8, 1903, the undersigned relinquishes command of the army and assumes the duties of Chief of Staff.

Official:
W. P. HALL,
Acting Adjutant General.

S. B. M. YOUNG,
Lieutenant General, Chief of Staff.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 2.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, August 15, 1903.

I. The following assignments of general officers of the General Staff Corps are announced:

Assistants to the Chief of Staff.

Major General Henry C. Corbin, Adjutant General;
Brigadier General William H. Carter;
Brigadier General Wallace F. Randolph, Chief of Artillery.

The officers named will perform such duties as may be assigned them under the law by the Chief of Staff.

II. The field officers and captains of the General Staff Corps will be assigned to duty and stations as the needs of the service may require.

III. The War College Board appointed by paragraph 2 of General Orders, No. 64, Adjutant General's Office, 1902, is hereby dissolved, and hereafter the duties assigned to said board by paragraph 4 of General Orders, No. 155, Adjutant General's Office, 1901, will be performed by such section of the War

Department General Staff as may be designated for the purpose by the Chief of Staff.

Until further orders the college shall be governed and its work directed, subject to the instructions of the Chief of Staff, by a board consisting of:

Brigadier General Tasker H. Bliss, president;

Colonel Alexander Mackenzie, Corps of Engineers, General Staff, and Major William D. Beach, 10th Cavalry, General Staff, directors.

IV. Colonel William P. Hall, assistant adjutant general, is announced as Acting Adjutant General of the Army.

BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR:

Official:

W. P. HALL,
Acting Adjutant General.

S. B. M. YOUNG,
Lieutenant General, Chief of Staff.

It should be remembered that orders were heretofore issued to the army "by command of" the lieutenant general, although but few of the orders were prepared actually by his direction or command. It was really a mere form of announcement to the army through the lieutenant general in pursuit of the fiction that he actually caused the orders to be made by reason of his office.

In a letter of December 29th, 1875, the late General Sherman said: "I have no hesitancy in saying that if the Secretary of War has the lawful power to command the army through the adjutant general, then my office is a sinecure and should be abolished. Instead of being useful it is simply ornamental and an obstacle to unity of command and harmony of action." This view gradually forced itself upon the minds of public men who studied the situation and resulted in the substitution of the present form of army administration At the present time the modification in certain War Department methods and the command of the army through a chief of staff constitute the only important changes The various territorial divisions and departments continue without disturbance; and only such General Staff officers as may be necessary to perform the functions prescribed in the act creating the General Staff Corps will be assigned to them. The establishment of the new corps is a revolution in our military system, but the subject had been considered with such care and from the viewpoint of not interfering with or interrupting established methods which satisfactorily accomplish their work, that the new regime bids fair to start without friction. That the usefulness of the new corps will constantly increase and that its methods will commend themselves to public esteem is the just expectation of the Secretary of War and all those who have been associated with him in bringing about this desirable change in our military system.

WM. H. CARTER,
Brigadier General, U. S. Army, General Staff.

THE PRIVATEERS OF 1812.

By an act of Congress of the United States, approved by President Madison June 18, 1812, he was authorized to issue to private armed vessels of the United States commissions or letters of marque and general reprisals, in such form as he should think proper, and under the seal of the United States, against the vessels, goods and effects of the governments of the same United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the subjects thereof.

It is well known that the privateers and letters of marque, sailing under the authority of the United States by virtue of the above section of the act of Congress above referred to, were the great thorn in the side of our inveterate enemy, that they harassed and annoyed their adversaries in every quarter of the globe, and even at the entrance of their own ports in old England itself. They fought and captured ships and vessels off the North Cape, in the British and Irish channels, on the coasts of Spain and Portugal, in the East and West Indies, off the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, and in the Pacific Ocean. They harassed and annoyed British trade and commerce wherever a ship could float; they took and destroyed millions of property, and were the happy instrument, under God, in bringing about a permanent peace with our adversary.

When war was declared the United States had but a few fast sailing clipper vessels suitable for privateers and letters of marque. There were, however, a few in several Atlantic ports, namely, at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and, perhaps, others. These, together with the pilot boats of our principal ports, were turned into assailants of our enemy, and, as far as possible, were at once fitted for sea. These pilot boats were fitted only for short cruises, say, in the Gulf of Mexico and among the near West India islands. Others were sent out from Boston, Salem and other Eastern ports to cruise along the coast of Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and among the Windward Islands in Caribbean Sea. A Baltimore newspaper of July 4, 1812, remarks that several small, swift privateers will sail from the United States in a few days. Some have already gone to sea and will be followed by others of a larger class, better fitted and better equipped. These assailants generally had one large centre gun, commonly called Long Tom, a most deadly article in warfare, and were manned by a crew of fifty to sixty men, who were furnished with

muskets, sabres, boarding pikes, etc., and there was no British merchantman in the early stage of the war that could contend with Long Tom and its auxiliaries. In four months after the declaration of war New York city had twenty-six privateers, eighteen of which had Long Toms, one hundred and ninety-four guns, and were manned by 2,233 men. Baltimore turned out seventeen privateers, all but one having a Long Tom, and one hundred and twenty-seven guns, and were manned by 1,538 men. The renowned Commodore Barney of the United States Navy commanded the schooner Rossie, one of the most successful and fast sailing crafts of those days. And thus was formed, with the aid of other Atlantic ports, a fleet of private armed vessels which did great damage to the British mercantile marine. They were all commissioned by our Government to take, burn, sink and destroy the enemy wherever he could be found, either on the high seas or in British ports.

A New York journal of July 14th remarked: "We believe that in sixty days from the day war was declared there will be afloat from the United States not less than one hundred privateers, carrying upon an average six guns and seventy-five men; sixty-five were known to be at sea on the 16th, and doubtless others not yet reported." And this was less than one month from the commencement of hostilities.

While the approaching war was being discussed in England, the London Statesman, a few days before the declaration of war (eight days only, in fact), stated "that in a war with this country it has been said America has nothing to gain. In opposition to this assertion it may be said with equal truth that in a war with America England has nothing to gain but much to lose. Let us examine the relative situation of the two countries. America cannot certainly pretend to wage a maritime war with us. She has no navy to do it with; but America has nearly 100,000 as good seamen as any in the world, all of whom would be actively employed against our trade on every part of the ocean in their fast sailing vessels, many of which will be able to cope with our small cruisers, and they will be found to be sweeping the West Indian seas, and even carrying desolation into the chops of the channel. Everyone must recollect what they did in the latter part of the War of Independence. The books at Lloyd's will recount it; and the rates of assurance at that time will clearly prove what their diminutive strength was able to effect in the face of our navy, and that when nearly one hundred pendants were flying on their coast, were we then able to prevent their going in and out or stop them from taking our trade and our store-ships, even in sight of our garri-

sons? Besides, were they not in the English and Irish channels, picking up our homeward bound trade, sending their prizes into French and Spanish ports, to the great terror and annoyance of our merchants and ship-owners?" And this course of reasoning went on, but John Bull heeded it not; he clung to old ideas, one of which was that he was the only power that held supremacy upon the seas, and he would maintain it at all hazards. But it did not take over two years to find out his error, his pocket having been touched, that America was resolved by every lawful means to be a free and independent nation, as England itself, to have and to hold what we had fought for in the War of Independence.

Some of the acts of these privateers were worthy of mention. Commodore Barney, in his schooner Rossic, in August, two months only after war was declared, cruised forty-five days along the eastern shore of the United States, during which cruise he captured fifteen vessels belonging to the enemy. The vessels captured amounted to 2,914 tons and were manned by 166 men. The estimated value of these captures was $1,289,000. The words of the old song were getting rather stale in the hearing of the sailors of our republic:

"Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home in on the deep."

We could go on and give further instances of the harm inflicted upon our enemy had we the time and space to do so.

Admiral Warren was in 1812 commander-in-chief of His Majesty's naval forces on the coast of North America, and he stationed frigates at the entrance of our principal ports, and declared the greatest part of our sea-coast under a strict and rigid blockade; still, with all their force and vigilance, they could not prevent our privateers and letters of marque from entering and leaving our ports almost daily. If the enemy's ships were to leeward and a strong breeze blowing our little vessels would slip out in spite of them, even at midday. If such an opportunity did not offer, they waited for darkness or thick, stormy weather, and they were soon out at sea, annoying and capturing British ships and vessels in almost every part of the world, while Admiral Warren was at a heavy expense, a useless blockade, for what few captures he made did not pay the charges, and this was in the beginning of the war.

In September, 1812, the United States privateer Yankee took a

prize which yielded $200,000. The British Naval Register at or about this time printed the following specimen of English vanity:

> "The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain
> And not a sail but by permission spreads."

And this, too, when Admiral Warren was blockading our coast with a heavy force, but could not keep in our cruisers. No one acquainted with the English character can justly accuse them of timidity or want of courage. On the contrary, they are a daring, brave people, but they soon found in nautical skill and gunnery we were their equals, if not occasionally their superiors.

The cruise and capture of the privateer brig General Armstrong, commanded by Captain Samuel C. Reid, is a most thrilling narrative of sea adventure, which the writer calls the attention of his readers to think over. Captain Reid sailed from Sandy Hook September 9, 1814, bound on a cruise to harass the enemy and destroy its property, as he was privileged to do by an act of the Congress of the United States. On the same night after leaving port he was chased by a British frigate and a seventy-four-gun ship. He outsailed them both and the chase was dropped. The following day he exchanged a few shots with a British man-of-war brig and then proceeded on his course. On the 26th of September, having had in the interim a few other adventures, he came to anchor in the Fayal Roads, a neutral port, for the purpose of obtaining water and provisions. It was his intention to proceed to sea early the next day. While he was conversing with the American consul and some other gentlemen, the British brig Carnation suddenly hove in sight. When first discovered it was Captain Reid's intention to get under way, but finding the enemy had the adventage of a breeze, and the General Armstrong but little wind, he could not possibly get to sea without hazarding an action with a vastly superior force. He questioned the consul to know if, in his opinion, the enemy would regard the neutrality of the port, to which the consul replied that they would never molest us while at anchor. The pilot who brougt in the Carnation told who we were, and the Carnation immediately hauled close in and let go her anchor within pistol shot of the American brig. Then the Plantagenet and frigate Rota hove in sight, to which vessels the Carnation instantly made signals, which were continued for some time. The result of all this correspondence was that the Carnation proceeded to get out all her boats, and the three war-ships of the enemy appeared to be making unusual exertions, from which circumstances Captain Reid began to suspect

their real intentions. The moon being nearly full, their actions enabled the American brig to observe them very minutely, and she was hauled in nearer the shore. Accordingly, after clearing for action, the General Armstrong got under way and began to sweep in. When this was observed on board the Carnation she instantly cut her cable, made sail and dispatched four boats in pursuit. It was then 8 P. M., and as soon as Captain Reid saw the boats approaching, he let go his anchor, got springs on his cable, and prepared to receive them. He hailed the boats as they drew near, but there was no reply. Sure of their game, they only pulled with greater speed. The boats were allowed to get cleverly alongside; they were well manned and well armed. Captain Reid opened fire upon them, which was soon returned; but, meeting with a warmer reception than they expected, they very soon cried for quarter and hauled off. In this skirmish the General Armstrong had one man killed and an officer wounded, while the enemy lost upwards of twenty killed and wounded.

About 9 P. M. the Carnation was observed towing in a large fleet of boats, when the General Armstrong hauled closer in and was moored head on shore, within half pistol shot of the castle, and prepared for the enemy's second reception. The boats were arranged in three divisions, within about musket shot of the American brig, the enemy's brig still keeping under way, to act with the boats should the American at any time attempt to escape. The shores were lined with the inhabitants, who, from the brightness of the moon, had a most favorable view of the scene while waiting the expected attack. The governor of Fayal, with many of the first people of the place, stood by and saw the whole affair. About midnight the boats were observed in motion, keeping in close order, and they were twelve in number. As soon as they came within proper distance fire was opened by the General Armstrong, which was warmly returned from the enemy's carronades and small arms. The firing from the Long Tom of the American rather staggered the enemy, but they soon recovered from their consternation, gave three cheers, and came on most spiritedly. They succeeded in gaining the bow and starboard quarter and the word was board. The great guns of the General Armstrong were now useless, but the crew of the privateer attacked the enemy, sword in hand, together with pikes, pistols and musketry. The enemy was repulsed with great slaughter in their frequent attempts to secure the deck of the American. The conflict terminated in the total defeat of the enemy and the loss of many of their boats; two which belonged to the frigate Rota were taken possession of by Captain Reid, which were

loaded with their own dead. But seventeen only escaped to the shore from these two boats. In another boat, commanded by one of the lientenants of the Plantagenet (seventy-four), all were killed save four. This second repulse lasted about forty minutes.

In reply to a note from the governor of Fayal, asking a cessation of hostilities, to Captain Lloyd, senior officer of the British fleet, Captain Lloyd replied that he was now determined to have the privateer at the risk of knocking down the whole town, and that if the governor suffered the Americans to injure the privateer in any manner, he should consider the place an enemy's port and treat it accordingly. Captain Reid saw all hope of saving his vessel to be at an end; accordingly all the wounded and dead were taken on shore and the crew went about saving their effects as fast as possible. The Carnation still kept firing; but, after several broadsides, she hauled off for repairs. Captain Reid ordered the General Armstrong to be scuttled, which was done, and she was soon after boarded by the enemy's boats and burned. In this conflict a number of houses were destroyed in the town and some of the inhabitants wounded.

There were four hundred officers and men in this last attack, of whom one hundred and twenty were killed and about one hundred and thirty wounded. Captain Lloyd, the commander of the enemy's fleet, was badly wounded in the leg, which was amputated. The British report was that an ox trod on him. During the two conflicts the General Armstrong lost two killed and seven wounded. Some of the most splendid victories ever gained were less dearly purchased than by the attack on the General Armstrong, a little privateer, hemmed up in a neutral port.

In face of the testimony of all Fayal the British commander endeavored to throw the odium of this transaction on Captain Reid, alleging that he sent the boats merely to reconnoitre the American brig *without any hostile intentions* when the pilot who brought in the Carnation had told the enemy of the character of the privateer. Besides, to reconnoitre an enemy's vessel, in a friendly port at night, with four boats carrying at least one hundred and twenty men, was certainly a strange proceeding. The fact is, they expected that, as the privateer was warping in, they hoped to carry her by a *coup de main*, but their defeat was so signal that they were ashamed to avow it, and lied to get out of it. Captain Lloyd addressed a letter to the governor of Fayal claiming that among the crew of the General Armstrong were deserters from his squadron, and he required them to be found and given up. Accordingly a force was sent into the country and the American seamen were arrested and brought into the

town of Fayal, and all the American seamen passed an examination of the British officers, but no such persons as designated by the miserable liar, Captain Lloyd, could be found. His strategic power failed him here, as a jury of his own countrymen passed upon the facts and convicted him of deceit. What a knave he must have been; a most lying one, too, by his own admissions.

The General Armstrong on her first cruise captured the British ship Queen, with a cargo valued at from $70,000 to $100,000, the most valuable prize yet made, eleven being killed while the General Armstrong was very little injured. In 1813 the General Armstrong had a brush with a British frigate of twenty-four guns, in which she had six men killed and fourteen wounded. Deeming it wise to get away from her, she did go, by the aid of her sweeps, and was soon beyond danger. Captain Guy R. Champlin, her commander, was shot, and while lying on the cabin floor, with a loaded pistol in one hand, directly above the magazine, he overheard something said on the quarter-deck about striking the colors. The heroic Champlin immediately requested the doctor to go on deck and "tell the officers and men that if the colors were struck he would immediately fire into the magazine and blow them all to hell together." The General Armstrong had one centre gun, or Long Tom, eighteen of ordinary calibre, and carried one hundred and forty men, and was a very formidable vessel to meet. She was as fleet as the wind and one of the fastest vessels of her class. Perhaps her remarkable career had something to do with her capture and final destruction. Captain Samuel C. Reid, who so bravely defended her on her last cruise in the naval fight against three British vessels of war, virtually won a signal victory (though the enemy burned his own vessel after the officers and crew had abandoned it), by the disabling of the enemy's squadron, which was part of the expedition against New Orleans, and so delaying Admiral Cochrane's fleet at Jamaica that Louisiana was saved from British conquest, and General Jackson, afterwards President of the United States, was enabled to gain his victory at New Orleans before the arrival of the enemy's strong reinforcements.

Captain Reid, in 1818, was requested by a committee of the House of Representatives to make a permanent design for our national flag, which he did, which act was as follows: First, That from and after July 4 next the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union have twenty stars, white in a blue field (that being the number of the States at that time). Second, That on the admission of every new State, one star be added to the

union of the flag, etc. The first flag of this adopted design was made by the wife of Captain Samuel C. Reid, assisted by other ladies, in New York city, and was first hoisted on the National Capitol building April 13, 1818. Captain Reid afterwards accepted a commission in our navy. Speaking of our flag of the Revolution, it is a fact that the Ranger, commanded by Paul Jones, arrived at a French port in 1777, and her flag then received on February 14, 1878, the first salute ever paid to the American flag by foreign naval vessels. Paul Jones is the celebrated naval hero who fought the Bon Homme Richard against the British frigate Serapis, in which his vessel was twice on fire and he lashed with his own hands his own vessel to that of the enemy in one of the most memorable sea fights of our Revolution, and probably one of the most celebrated which ever occurred.

Captain John Barney, who also was a sailor in Revolutionary days, who was so successful as commander of the Rossic in the last war with Great Britain, was a remarkably handsome man and elegant in address. The British Naval Chronicle, 1814, said of him that the musical bagatelle of "Barney, leave the girls alone" owes its origin to the kiss publicly bestowed on him by the beautiful Marie Antoinette, and was composed by Count O'L, of the Irish brigade, and that her maids of honor were all so eager to follow the example set by the lovely queen that Captain Barney became an object of envy to the entire beaumonde.

We could have gone on detailing the daring acts of the privateers in the War of 1812, 13 and 14, but sufficient has been shown of them to prove our seamen to have been brave, daring, tact and other qualities which make up the best seamen, or as good at least as any on the ocean of that day. They have not retrograded, since they are to be relied on to-day for similar characteristics, but our prayer is that the two nations may live together in peace and amity as friends.

BENJAMIN F. STEVENS.

SERVICE SALAD.

ROADWAYS.

One road runs to London,
  One road leads to Wales;
My road leads me seawards
  To the white dipping sails.
One road leads to the river,
  As it goes singing slow;
My road leads to shipping,
  Where the bronzed sailors go.
Leads me, lures me, calls me
  To salt green tossing sea.
A road without earth's road-dust
  Is the right road for me.
A wet road, heaving, shining,
  And wild with seagulls' cries,
A mad, salt sea-wind blowing
  The salt spray in my eyes.
My road calls me, lures me,
  West, east, south and north,
Most roads lead men homeward,
  My road leads me forth.
To add more miles to the tally
  Of gray miles left behind,
In search of that one beauty
  God sent me here to find.

—John Masefield, in the London Speaker.

AUGUST 12, 1903.

Editor of United Service:

DEAR SIR:—I would like to say that in the article on the Wasp and Frolic an interpolation which I made in quoting from Justin McCarthy's "Four Georges," should have been enclosed in brackets to show he was not the author of it. The brackets were unfortunately omitted. I hasten to correct the error and apologize to Mr. McCarthy and your readers for its occurrence.

The words as they should have appeared are, ("So that great and profound thinker Dr. Johnson thought and wrote as long ago as the early days of our Revolution of John Hancock and Samuel Adams, the American patriots, called rebels for their acts against the British Crown.")

Truly,

BENJAMIN F. STEVENS.

BOOK NOTICES.

Militaer-Lexikon. Handwoerterbuch der Militaerwissenschaften. H. Frobenius. 1901. Berlin: Martin Oldenbourg. Pp. 920 (Supplement pp. 52).

A good military dictionary is a great desideratum, particularly in these days of rapid changes in all kind of war material, and yet, except for historical words, such works of reference are generally unsatisfactory, because we expect too much from them, and the good ones are very rare.

The work before us has limited its historical references to those that go back no farther than the Thirty Years War, and its technical words to those that are important in a military sense.

It is very difficult for one man to be thoroughly conversant and familiar with all branches of military science, consequently in compiling dictionaries to-day it is usual to divide the work among a number of experts and authorities in different fields. This was also done here: the well-known military authorities, Ma-

jor-General Wille, Major-General Von Zeppelin, Captain Von Niessen (Navy) and Surgeon-General Arndt, being the co-workers with the editor.

The Military Lexicon before us has some new and interesting features. It is particularly rich in *tactical* words and tactical subjects, and in the technical words and subjects details are generally avoided, except where they are essential. Again, the words are grouped together under general subjects, for example, there is a long article, covering a large number of pages, on *Military History* (from the Thirty Years War to March, 1901, of the Boer War); there is another long (and very complete) article on *Military Literature*, and so on. The classification by proper headings and subdivisions, the references and cross-references, and the general system of arrangement, render the volume particularly useful.

In the words on the different nations of the world, the organization of the armies is generally given, so that in this respect (and in others) it partakes of the character of an encyclopedia.

There are 545 illustrations in the text, and they are all excellent, especially the numerous maps of battlefields.

The work is essentially modern, all old and obsolete terms being entirely omitted.

It is the latest and the best German Military Dictionary, and should find a place in every library, even in those not military, on account of the mass of general and historical information which it contains.

The Story of the Army. By Captain Owen Wheeler. London: George Newnes, Ltd., 1902. Pp. 192.

The little book is one of a useful series of small manuals on subjects of common interest. It relates, of course, to the British army, but it is also of general interest, in that it traces the history of that army, which history constitutes an important factor in the world's history.

The history begins with the early British fighting men, then gives a very brief account of the effects of the Norman Conquest, and of Knighthood and Chivalry, with a short reference to the Archer and his comrades.

The union of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, however, marks the true beginning of the British army, and from that time, through the campaigns of Crécy and Poitiers, it developed rapidly.

The beginnings of the present military system are found in the rise of the hired soldier, in the fifteenth or sixteenth century, and its history is traced through the Tudors, Cromwell and the restoration to the first standing army under William III.

The later history of the growth of the army under the Georges, the colonial developments, the rise of Wellington and the Crimean War are all set forth in this interesting little work, which is brought down to include the late Boer War and its lessons.

The work is very readable and entertaining, contains much matter for reflection, and is altogether a useful little story, well told and of absorbing interest, in spite of its condensation. J. P. W.

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THE TRIALS OF STAFF OFFICERS.

THE STATE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

By General Charles King.

It was in 1856 that Mr. X first appeared upon parade with the martially inclined of his adopted commonwealth. Even in those distant days, midway between the Mexican and Civil wars, the infant metropolis, his home, could boast of some well-drilled and brilliantly-uniformed citizen soldiery, for there were three companies, each of which had a West Point graduate for its captain and instructor. There were others officered by very precise and rigid veterans of the Prussian school. There were horse and foot, guns and dragoons, but the foot alone could be regarded as fairly serviceable. Those were the shoulder to shoulder days of Scott's Tactics, everything in the drill being very stiff and stately. The First Regiment Badger State Militia was regularly organized that year, with a West Point colonel and a West Point adjutant—one whose diploma, however, was lacking, as were some of the Irishman's cartridges, through "premature discharge." He had had two years of it, however, and was a thoroughly "military" fellow, and one of his first calls was for "markers." To the prodigious delight of Mr. X, then twelve years old and four feet high, his was the first name decided on. Three years later he swapped the staff for the drumsticks and was battering sheepskin when the great war came on, and then it was good-bye to the militia for many a day. Almost to a man—and boy—they went into the volunteers.

Not until nearly twenty years after did Mr. X turn out with the Badger militiamen again. By that time he had done considerable campaigning and had seen some rather interesting service—to himself,

at least—in the regulars. He found something of the old spirit revived among the young men of the State. New companies were being organized, and before very long these companies were being herded into small battalions, and the whole array was now termed "The National Guard." The system of inspection in vogue at the time was described in the columns of THE UNITED SERVICE twenty years ago. Then a soldier governor took hold, with a soldier adjutant general, and a new system of inspection was started, with Mr. X as instructor and inspector combined. From that time, '82, to this, "regulars" have been the invariable inspectors of the "Guardsmen" of the State, Mr. X leading off, breaking the ice and blazing the way in an up-hill but finally rejoiceful course of eight uninterrupted years. Then, as detailed in the August issue, he exchanged to the line for exercise and the good of his soul. Then came a run abroad to see the European article of soldier, and finally, soon after his return, the State election that put another veteran soldier and a West Pointer, this time, in the gubernatorial chair, and the first commission he signed was that of Mr. X as adjutant general. Thirty years from the January day on which he first trudged up Capitol Hill in the line of file closers he was riding thither to be sworn in with the new executive.

And then began experiences well worth the telling—some of them, that is. As for the others, let the reader decide as indulgently as conscience will permit.

To begin with, whatever satisfaction might be expressed by "the Guard" in its new head, it may be said right here that that particular appointment gave umbrage to the politicians in general, of whom there were many. It was a purely military office, except that by law the adjutant general was now ex-officio State pension agent. It should be filled only by a man reasonably versed in military art, yet there were a dozen men not versed at all, any one of whom considered himself better entitled to it than the new incumbent. The salary was $2,000 a year, with $500 allowed for expenses in traveling about the State on duty or when in company with the governor. And there was the rub. So long as the office carried no, or little, salary none but soldiers would take it. As soon as it had a salary attachment any number of men, not soldiers, were confident of their ability to hold it. Without exception these and their friends opined that when there were so very few offices (salaried) to go round, and so very many patriots to be provided for, the governor was very wrong in calling to the head of the Guard a man who had, first, a salary from the general government as a retired officer; second, a (presumably) paying business of his own, and, third, one who had "never done anything for the party."

Another thing: There were three avowed candidates for the position representing three distinct sections of the State, each heavily backed by the prominent statesmen of his neighborhood, and of these Mr. X was not. His name had not even been mentioned as a possibility. Twice before in the history of the Guard he had received tenders of the adjutant generalship from two different governors, but those were in the days when the salary attachment was very small, and there were many reasons why he could not afford to move to the capital and take it. Now there were none. The governor was a classmate and an old and intimate friend, but not one word on the subject had passed between them until, shortly before the inauguration, the executive-elect came to the metropolis to listen to the pleas of the various aspirants for office and their backers. A great hotel was crowded, and Mr. X went thither to say a word in behalf of one of the applicants for the adjutant generalship, because of that gentleman's service in a famous brigade in the Army of the Potomac. The governor-elect listened, grinned, and eventually spake as did Priscilla to John Alden.

It seems that the three forces were about equally divided and determined. He could not appoint one of the three suggested without offending two-thirds of the advisers. He solved the problem by naming a dark horse, and here ended the first lesson.

And then it transpired that there were many and various candidates for every minor office, clerkship, messengership, etc., in the gift of the governor. When our friends, the Democrats, stepped into office four years previous they had swept out every chair. The capitol was filled with stanch devotees of Democratic principles, thorough believers in each party filling its own office until none but good Democrats were seated, after which there could be no reason for change. Now two appointments, at least, made under the Democratic administration had commanded Mr. X's hearty sympathy and appreciation. One was that of the quartermaster in charge of military property, the other was that of the National Guard clerk. The first named was a thoroughbred young soldier, one of the very best company officers we had ever had in the Guard; one thoroughly well known to Mr. X as a capital drill master, a model officer in bearing and conduct, an expert accountant, a remarkable systematizer of books, records and papers, and an accomplished "armorer." Without aid he repaired all the rifles, carbines and revolvers. He reloaded cartridges, mended tents, checked up ordnance and quartermaster's returns, knew exactly how much "C. and G. E." was in the hands of every one of the forty companies

of foot, the troop and battery that made up our organized militia. In fine, he was worth to the office, say, twenty times in dollars what the office was worth to him. So valuable was the man, in fact, that the office had been virtually created for him by the Democratic administration in spite of the fact that he and his kith and kin were stanch Republicans. Now, there came a demand from the Republican side that he be turned out; first, because he had been appointed by the Democrats; second, because so many stalwart young Republicans wanted the salary attached to his job, and would take the job for the sake of the salary. Before Mr. X had been in office a week a dozen men, most of them members of the Senate and Assembly, had called in quest of that quartermaster's scalp, that the office might fall to some favored son in his district, and ten times that many had importuned the governor. Questions of state, of party policy, of reform and retrenchment, apparently took to the woods until these matters of filling the small jobs about the capital had been disposed of. Day after day the governor's orderly would come with the governor's compliments and would Mr. X step to the executive chamber. Mr. X would step, and there would be the chief with three or four solemn looking solons, and Mr. X knew just what was coming before the governor opened his lips. They wanted that quartermaster's job, with its nine hundred dollars a year, for some friend in need at home, and Mr. X had patiently to go over the same old ground and tell them all that Captain W—— did to earn that $900, and as usual wound up by asking if they thought their man could fill that bill as did the present incumbent. Some would go away satisfied, some would go swearing. *Their* man "ought to have something," and *our* man "was appointed by the Democrats"; that was their one cry against him. "The man we name has worked hard for the party," was the plea for their candidate and the highest recommendation for military office and employment their minds could suggest. Considerations purely military were of minor, if any, consequence. It led to some curious controversies later on, but we clung to that captain and we've got him yet, with rank deservedly increased despite conflicting administrations, an invaluable public servant and post quartermaster, the custodian of the state military reservation and all its ordnance and quartermaster stores and property. Politics at last succumbed to progress!

Then there was the National Guard clerk. Daughter of a gallant officer of the Civil War long since borne to the grave, she had become the sole support of her mother and two minor brothers whom she was striving to educate and start in life. Three years before Mr. X stepped into the adjutant generalship she had been given charge of the

books and papers of the Guard, and her work was always thoroughly done. Now, there were dozens of clerkships in the offices of the secretary of state, the treasurer, the insurance commissioner, the commissioner of public education, etc. etc., and at least a dozen "preferred" applicants for every place. Each head of department wished to "take care of" his own preferences and thought somebody else should take care of the others. Mr. X was besieged with applications from all over the State for the four clerkships in his office. A stenographer and messenger were also allowed, and for each of these there were a dozen aspirants. The governor relieved him of any embarrassment by directing that the pension clerkship be given to a veteran colonel of volunteers, the war records clerkships to two veteran soldiers with fine war records of their own—all deserving men and entirely satisfactory to the new chief. So, too, was the assistant adjutant general, another veteran of the Army of the Potomac and a faithful officer. But over that National Guard clerkship came a clinch. A dozen very estimable women sought that berth with its assured, if moderate, salary, and each one had senators and assemblymen—even heads of other departments who had no vacancies—and influential citizens to urge her claims. But the care of muster rolls, enlistment and discharge papers, military correspondence, endorsements, etc., requires special training. It had taken long weeks for the present incumbent to learn it all, but learn it she had, and was in the prime of her usefulness. There was every reason from the civil service and common sense viewpoint why she should be retained, and absolutely none why she should be displaced. But here again came the war cry: "She was appointed by the Democrats!" Thrice in one week did the Governor send for his chief of staff to listen to the appeals of eloquent advocates of some other old soldier's daughter or some soldier's widow in sore need. The county was apparently full of them. Finally one day a speaker waxed overzealous. After a moment's impatient and scoffing attention to the arguments of the adjutant general against the removal of an excellent clerk, he burst forth substantially as follows: "I don't care a billybedam how much she knows or how well she does. She's been there long enough, and other women need it more than she does." Now, the man was a power in his district and one to be placated, as the Governor said afterwards, but these were things Mr. X had never sense enough to see. The efficiency of the office was what he was looking after, and he said so, and said, furthermore, that there would be and could be no efficiency if the only reward for efficiency and fidelity was being kicked out in the cold at the beck of some magnate whose boast was that for efficiency he didn't care a billybedam.

That magnate was one of a class among whom Mr. X had precious few friends, and now he had won another enemy. But, despite one fight after another to oust that particular clerk in favor of some importunate outsider, the adjutant general "won out," as the papers would say, and this "appointee of the Democrats" was retained throughout the new administration. Not only that, but when in course of years the Governor stepped down and out in favor of another gallant and distinguished veteran officer of the great war, about the first thing said by the old friend who succeeded to the adjutant generalship was: "Now, if there is any one of these here whom you especially desire to have retained, let me know," and Mr. X at once named the National Guard clerk. Just as before, there was effort to displace her, now become more valuable than ever as the Guard and the "paper work" had been brought more closely to the line of the regular army, and just as before, it fell through. The papers even went so far, some of them, as to name her successor, but though there have been six more years and three more elections and seven score of swear words, there still serenely sits the National Guard clerk, "appointed by the Democrats" a dozen years ago.

There were some suggestive and even pathetic incidents in the big office just after the new adjutant general took his desk. A venerable citizen, precise in dress and manner, called among the first, and, waiting until one or two cases had been disposed of, cleared his throat, looked impressively round and began:

"I failed, sir, to see my name in the published list of the clerks appointed in your office."

Mr. X admitted the probability and civilly said that to the best of his knowledge there were very many similar cases similarly affected.

"But, sir, I have reason to know my application was the very first filed—the very first," and now the elderly gentleman is trembling visibly.

Mr. X admits that that too is possible and tries to explain that the order of application was something not considered.

"But it should have been, sir—it *should* have been! Moreover, sir, I presented a letter from General Blank expressly commending me to the Governor. He will be more than displeased, sir—more than displeased when he finds that he has been utterly ignored, sir."

Mr. X happens to know that the general in question has expressly commended and endorsed other candidates, some of whom have been successful, and that he has by no means been ignored, but decides to say nothing on that score. He politely regrets the elder's disappointment, but that it seems is unnecessary.

"Not on my account, sir—not on my account you needn't, but"—and he looks mournfully, even pityingly, about him, "but what do you suppose the general will say and do when he finds that he has not been considered?" Our visitor leaves us in new suspense as he steps feebly, sadly away.

Then we had the lady whose son had "'listed in the regulars," as she expressed it, and this she declares the "limit of degradation," though investigation of the case subsequently shows that young scapegrace's name had previously figured once on the rolls of the Reform School and thrice at the police courts. She waves aside as unworthy Mr. X's congratulations that her son had been accepted in the army. What the lady now desires is said in few words: "It seems that I cannot get him discharged, so I have come to see about getting him into West Point or having him made an officer. I'm told that isn't quite so bad."

"Not—quite, perhaps," says Mr. X, who has been there and tried it, but he asks the lady if the lad can pass the examination in case she can get the appointment for him, and is properly punished by her reply, which, as it happens, is delivered in the hearing of two or three soldiers in civilian dress, one of them a West Pointer, who squirms with unholy joy and ill-suppressed merriment over the unexpected reply:—

"Examinations for what? I did not suppose they had to know—anything."

As many as a dozen applicants for pensions whose claims have been shuttlecocking about from pillar to post for many moons, have assembled to say that the old adjutant general had done nothing to advance their interests and to suggest the new incumbent "get a move on him." They are referred to the gray haired colonel in the adjoining room, but, like the recruit who wanted a button, and thought the surest thing was to ask the colonel, these veterans invoked the fountain head, so far as the state is concerned, and like Roy Stone's men at Gettysburg, they had "come to stay." So many old soldiers had been swindled by pension sharks in Washington that the State required of the adjutant general that he add to his military duties the functions of pension agent, but as such he had no power to "push things" in the Pension Bureau, that being a law unto itself, and every application had to take its course no matter how many years the victim had to wait. Each veteran, however, had his tale to tell of how much quicker he could have got his money if he had only employed Messrs. So and So in Washington. Each one knew fellers in his county who just shipped their papers to such and such a firm, and not only got

the cash in short order, but the agents advanced their clients money when they happened to be hard up, and Mr. X was of no account as a pension agent if he couldn't do the same. That was the inference to be drawn from the spokesman's remarks.

It is curious to observe how the public gets back the money it pays in salaries. We hadn't been in office a week before the schemes to extort became something stupendous. The poor had we always with us,—the old soldiers in search of a job and willing to compromise for a dollar,—the disappointed ones who had spent their last cent in fruitless waiting, and now had to be "staked" to get home. Every case of hard luck in man, woman or child turned up first at the capitol, working each department in turn until sufficient for the day, and the evil thereof, had been realized. Banks, private offices, shops, could swing out their signs, "Peddlers, Book Agents, Canvassers and Borrowers not allowed in this Building," but not so the people's edifice, the stately capitol, for beneath that glistening white dome was done more artistic begging, borrowing, if not stealing, Mr. X ever encountered. It was Eugene Field who wrote of the gentleman from Louisville who "Touched Me for Ten." It was some New York paper that long ago published the woes of Mr. Carl Dunder as told by himself. Mr. Dunder was successively and successfully "worked" by every "beat" on Manhattan Island, and Mr. X found the adjutant general's office the Mecca of the impecunious. One legged Major H, homeward bound, stopped in to pay his respects and was the first to "touch him for ten," until the first of the month that never came. Old sergeants and corporals, regulars and National Guard, dropped in day after day, no longer striped, but strapped; widows whose pension papers were held up and children whose father was unable to come himself on account of wounds breaking out again—these were all in the business, legitimate plucking, you might say, and X begrudged no one of them the modest sums generally sought. But the innumerable schemes of innumerable people who never had a thing to do with the army and whose "graft" took the form of selling tickets for some grand ball, bazaar or picnic—these were the ones against whom his soul rebelled. Day after day their agents scoured the various offices —the same people coming sometimes to sell the tickets of a dozen different associations. The life of the state officer, so one would suppose, was spent in going to balls; for barbers, bartenders, boatmen, bookbinders, brakemen, butchers, bakers, carpenters, coachmen, car shopmen, drug clerks, firemen and so on down the alphabetical scale of trades, together with Knights of all manner of Saints, all gave a grand ball, tickets one dollar. All the local charities, and many that,

as it turned out, lacked a local habitation, though not a name, gave their bazaars, tickets fifty cents. And the children, bless their innocent hearts! what schemes were they not up to in the way of fairs, shows or picnics, tickets only twenty-five cents? Then we had the "workers" of the religious and charitable orders, well authenticated—the itinerant African M. E. bishops and clergy, soliciting funds for far-away schools and churches that seemed never to rise above the stage of horizontal projection. Subscription books passed round by women who, knowing that she who hesitates is lost, never hesitated to shove book or pencil under the eyes of each busy worker in turn, and fairly to demand payment. And oh, the book agents! The State capitol was the legitimate cruising ground of every man or woman in quest of cash, and, as a rule, they got it, especially when the legislature was in session. *Then* the name of the importunate was legion, and Mr. X was the Carl Dunder of the plucked.

But all the time there was work ahead, reorganizing, inspecting, weeding out incompetents, preparing for the summer camps, and in the midst of it all there came an episode that, told at the time by a gifted journalist, made a local sensation. Mr. X wishes he could tell it now as did the journalist, but the copy is lost. The facts are these: One of the very best of the subaltern officers in the city regiment longed for a commission in the regular army. Mr. X, at that time his colonel, had earnestly advised him to enlist and win it. Enlist he did, in a stanch old regiment of infantry, and before very long "Candidate" appeared on the muster rolls opposite his name. He was most diligent, dutiful, faithful; he studied well and his officers soon began to take a deep interest in him. He speedily won his corporal's chevrons as he entered on the second year of his enlistment, and soon after Mr. X became adjutant general the gratifying news came that Corporal H—— had been recommended for commission and was to take the preliminary examination. The general, and final, examination was in those days held at Fort Leavenworth, and all seemed going admirably with our sterling young soldier, so that others were tempted to enlist. The posters of the recruiting service were conspicuous in every armory, and a famous old Mexican war regiment that had twice camped with us on our great reservation was receiving many accessions. Then came a thunder clap. Corporal H—— had been directed to hold himself in readiness to report at Fort Leavenworth for final examination and was full of joyous anticipation, when one day Mr. X got a telegram to this general effect: "Adjutant General refuses order on ground that I have not had two years' service, a seven day furlough

having been granted me at time of mother's death. It's my last chance, as I reach the age limit next fall. Can nothing be done?"

Something was done, and in a jiffy. Mr. X wired instantly to the Assistant Secretary of War, then in charge of the office, a Guardsman himself, and one who had the interest of the men deeply at heart. Back came the answer:

"Case of Corporal H—— will be reopened at once." The Secretary, it may be said, was suspected of differing at times with heads of bureaus, and this time he differed to immediate purpose. He sent for the veteran staff officer in charge and, as detailed to Mr. X at the time, the ensuing conversation was somewhat as follows:

"General, you have refused Corporal H——, —— Infantry, permission to appear before the Leavenworth Board for examination for commission. Why?"

"Because, Mr. Secretary, the law requires that he should have served two years, at least. He has not done so. I find he had a furlough a few months since."

"He has served nearly three years, all told, has he not?" said the Secretary.

"Yes, sir. But you see it isn't continuous. There was a break of —of several days."

"Ah, yes," says the Secretary, reflectively, "and having a leave or furlough is considered as breaking in on the service record, is it? A man would have to start fresh and make two years without a break—without a furlough?"

"Certainly, Mr. Secretary."

The civilian Secretary pondered a moment. The staff officer was a soldier of the old school and a gentleman of the first water. The *argumentum ad hominem* was a stern one to apply under such conditions, but, the Secretary was a lawyer—most Secretaries are.

"Um, I see. Well, pardon me, general. Let me ask you a question. You are drawing forty per cent. salary increase, are you not?"

The general certainly was.

"And you have completed—how many years of service?"

The general had completed nearly forty.

"And suppose you were to apply for retirement on that ground, and I were to say, 'But, general, I find that within the last ten years you have had several leaves of absence. You were abroad four months in '82. You had three months' leave in '84. You again—but, ah, I see you catch the drift of my remarks, general.'" As the general probably did. At all events there came a second wire from the War

Department to the effect that Corporal H—— was ordered forthwith to Fort Leavenworth for examination.

He went. He passed with credit. He won his commission then and there, and is now captain of infantry and a capital officer. Recruiting for the regular service has been brisk ever since, one famous regiment going to the Philippines in '99 filled full of Badgers.

About this time began the active preparation for summer camp. We had a military reservation in the heart of the State that could hardly be surpassed. We had rifle ranges, with fine, high, rocky "buttes" for backstops, that had won the unstinted praise of the regular officers year after year. There had been held several successive summers the rifle competitions of the Division of the Missouri—even the army competition itself. Famous sharpshooters of the service had here won their medals. Famous men of the army had assembled here time and again. Capital instruction had the Guard received through the object lesson of a regiment of regulars camped side by side with the militia. Combined maneuvers had been held; problems in minor tactics solved; grand guards and outposts; reconnoissance and patrols; advance and rear guard work; attack and defence of convoy—all these things had been practised in conjunction. "Regular" lieutenants took temporary command of militia companies. Militia subalterns went on as file-closers of regular commands. The best of feeling prevailed, and the benefit was really mutual. Now we would go still further. We had our own cavalry and light artillery for one week's maneuvers; now we wished to have regular cavalry and artillery for the entire period of camp—four weeks—so that each of the four Guard regiments should have its tour with the horse, foot and guns of the regulars to study and pattern after. It took a little "pull" at Washington, but the pull prevailed, and, as the time drew near, orders were issued that our old friends of the ——d Infantry should tramp from their station, while a crack light battery, escorted by two troops of the Garry Owens, should make a practice march from the shores of the big inland sea, traversing two States on their ten days' way.

Then came the orders for our own mobilization. The State allowed pay for eight days' service to every officer and man. The question was how to get the most work out of the men during that time. It was found as a result of many years' experimenting that, by sending the regiment to and from camp on Sunday, that day could be spent on the journey, then in pitching or breaking camp, in getting settled, and, in the cool of the evening of the arrival, listening to the exhortations of the chaplain. It had grown to be the custom. Mr X while colonel commanding had always been ordered to bring his regiment

or take it home by special train on Sunday, and never a sound of protest had he heard. But, when it came his time to issue camp orders, behold there was a big campmeeting of some description—a great gathering of very estimable people, and having very little to do at their own camp, they decided on reforming ours. First thing they lit on was the adjutant general's order providing that the travel should be on Sunday, as heretofore, and a shout of protest went up that well nigh split the canvas of the tent. Then came the "resolution"; then a solemn deputation to see the governor; then—joint conference. Possibly these excellent people, who had no sympathy whatever for matters martial, remembered our offences in having marched home that Sunday of the governor's funeral in '91. Possibly they were in solemn earnest in the desire to so keep holy the seventh day that no wheel might turn during the revolving hours. They had their innings, then came the adjutant general's, and the latter pointed out that unless permitted to transport troops on Sunday two of the six days of camp instruction would be practically lost. Employers insisted on their men being back and ready for work at 7 A. M. on Monday. Their week of vacation could not begin until after 6 P. M. Saturday. Therefore, the move to and from camp, if piety prevailed above common sense, would have to be on Monday and Saturday, respectively, and exactly one-third of the course of instruction would have to be abandoned.

"You see how it is, ladies and gentlemen," said the governor, affably. "It would be a most serious loss, and I think General X is right. "It's like this," said he, and being a whimsical story-teller after the manner of the famous President, he spake to them in parable.

But they went away obdurate. For just seven days the order stood, and Mr. X and the Guard rejoiced. Then came disillusion. Failing to prevail with the man, the delegates descended upon the woman. There was once, at least, when even the highest household in the land—the White Household—was even in matters of diplomatic etiquette overruled by the power behind the Presidential throne—when all the customs of service were bowled over by one sworn enemy of the bowl. As the executive of the nation bowed in matters of public policy to the partner of his joys and sorrows, so yielded our governor to his. In the matter of sending troops to camp on Sunday the governor shunted the burden of decision to the heads of his two establishments, military and domestic. It was staff vs. distaff. What need to say more. The distaff won. The order—fell.

(To be continued.)

OFFICIAL YACHTS.

Royal Accommodations on Neptune's Domain.

Royal yachts and barges for exclusive service and amusement of rulers and high personages were early adopted by the ancients, their antiquity receiving the certification of the earliest records and historians.

In 268 B. C. Archimedes devised a marvelous ship for Hiero of Syracuse. Luxuriously fitted sleeping apartments abounded, and one of the banqueting halls was paved with agate and costly Sicilian stone. Ptolemy Philapator possessed a nuptial yacht, the Thalamegon, 312 feet in length and 45 feet in width. The rich merchants of Tyre, according to the Prophet Ezekiel, had their private galleys, with "benches of ivory" and masts of cedar of Lebanon, and sails of "fine linen with broidered work from Egypt." The yachts of the Roman emperors were built of costly cedar, inlaid, and had their sterns studded with rare jewels. They were furnished with baths, porticos, and even hothouses and gardens. Plutarch has given a beautiful description of Cleopatra's royal barge, on board of which Antony first beheld the fatal beauty and blandishments that encompassed his ruin.

The English naval dockyards built royal yachts as far back as 1660, when Phineas Petts was the master shipwright of the royal navy. Charles II. owned the yacht Mary, of one hundred and sixty-three tons, and the Queensborough, of twenty-seven tons. Pepys mentions a race, May, 1661, between a Dutch yacht belonging to the Merry Monarch and a new one built by Petts, and says: "Commissioner Petts' do prove better than the Dutch one that his brother (the before-mentioned master shipwright) built."

The first mention of royal yachts on Great Britain's official list appears in 1660. Falconer, in his "Marine Dictionary," states: "The royal yachts are commonly rigged as ketches, except principal one, reserved for the sovereign, which is equipped with three masts, like a ship. They are generally elegantly furnished and ornamented with sculpture, and always commanded by captains in the Royal Navy."

The following are the names of the royal yachts at the present time, viz.: Victoria and Albert, side wheel, 2,470 tons; Osborne, side

wheel, 1,850 tons; Alberta, 370 tons, and Elfin, 93 tons. There is another old royal yacht lying at Portsmouth harbor called the Royal George, a sailing craft, used in the time of George IV., now used as a hulk for the officers and men of the royal yachts during the winter months.

Queen Victoria during her life was partial to side wheel steamers, and it was not without hesitation on her part that permission was given to construct a modern designed steamer to take the place of the old Victoria and Albert, which had many sacred memories for the Queen. The yacht was built and decorated under the supervision of the Prince Consort in 1855, whose piano, despite the lapse of years, still remains on board. The quarters are sumptuously fitted up, much in the same style as those kept for the Queen's use. The upholstery in state-rooms is of chintz, with a pattern of pretty rose-buds, and was selected by the Prince Consort. All the usual furniture and comforts of the Queen's rooms when at Osborne or Windsor were duplicated on the royal yacht.

The modern Victoria and Albert is not the largest royal yacht in the world, but is second to none in point of equipments, accommodations, and decorations. Much of the interior was arranged in accordance with the Queen's ideas and wishes. In length this yacht exceeds the older Victoria and Albert by 80 feet, and in breadth by 10 feet. The yacht is built of steel, hull sheathed with copper, and cabin fittings are of fireproof wood.

"Heaven's Light Our Guide" is the motto of the new royal yacht. The introduction of the leek, the Welsh national emblem, beside the rose, thistle, and shamrock, at the bows, under the royal standard, illustrates the kindly sentiments of the royal family towards the principality. This royal recognition of the humble leek is quite an innovation, and will stir the enthusiasm of Welshmen all over the world. It is a delicate compliment to the country which has built all the royal yachts except the little Elfin.

The new yacht closely approaches the United States cruiser Chicago in tonnage, without at all resembling that vessel in other respects. She is designed to have a speed of twenty knots, with displacement of 4,700 tons. In coaling ship, the bunkers have been so designed that they can be filled from the outside without soiling the deck of the yacht. She is 800 tons smaller than the Russian imperial yacht Standart and 600 tons larger than the German Emperor's yacht. While the Russian and German yachts are armed, the Victoria and Albert, after much discussion on the subject by the admiralty, decided that the new yacht would be solely for the use of royalty, and

therefore must not be armed beyond a small saluting battery. This is composed of four small, profusely decorated, rapid firing guns.

Time was when such a royal craft would have for a figure-head a representative of the reigning monarch; but instead there is a shield bearing the royal standard surmounted by a crown carved and gilded. On each side of this centerpiece is a floral scroll on which the rose, thistle, shamrock and leek are represented. On the stern are the royal arms, above which is a medallion. In the centre of this is a star, and around the margin the motto, "Heaven's Light Our Guide." Encircling the hull are two carved hawsers, heavily gilded, five feet apart and over 700 feet long. On the starboard quarter is placed a figure of Britannia, ten feet high, whilst a similar figure of Neptune is on the port quarter.

The side wheel Victoria and Albert was the Queen's favorite vessel, and on her deck she made her first cruise in 1855. When the Queen was on board the deck was covered with red carpeting. There is a small five o'clock tea cabin on deck, a miniature armory and chart-room. The royal apartments had carpets of red and black in small coral pattern; the walls were covered with rose-bud chintz, box plaited; doors of bird's-eye maple, and fittings electroplated. In the Queen's state-room a brass bedstead was in place, with bed furniture of rose-bud chintz, lined with green silk; canopy to match; green silk blinds, with plain white muslin curtains. The Queen was never longer than forty-eight hours on board, and the yacht was always kept in readiness to get under way at twelve hours' notice.

Sir William White, director of naval construction, designed the new yacht, and he also had planned many of the great modern fighting ships of the British navy. The royal yacht was his most trying task, and was, in fact, the shoal upon which his professional career was wrecked. With the accident in dock, the criticisms heaped upon her, the official acknowledgment of an error in her design, too fine for top weights, all these the public are conversant with; but the reason why a new yacht was ordered is known to very few.

During one of the Queen's trips the yacht was steaming through a fishing fleet, when suddenly there descended a sea fog, blotting out all surrounding subjects. The peril was imminent and serious, for the yacht, dating back to the Crimean war, was practically destitute of water-tight compartments. At any moment a heavy fishing boat might collide with the fragile craft, and if that happened the Victoria and Albert would almost inevitably have gone to the bottom. Fortunately, no fishing boats came near, but it was all a matter of Providence and good fortune; the crew was helpless. The incident, was, of course,

reported. It was equally discreetly kept quiet, but the new yacht was decided upon very soon afterward. At the present time, owing to judicious management and alterations, the new Victoria and Albert, now designated as "His Majesty's yacht," is a complete success, and on her trial trips exceeded by half a knot the contract speed of twenty knots.

There are few people who are aware that the late Queen had a royal barge-master, though the barge itself is now a thing of the past. The old barge used for so many generations by royalties, from the days of James I. onwards, now reposes in the South Kensington Museum, and will never more carry fair ladies and gallant gentlemen from Westminster to Hampton Court, as in the olden days. Its last appearance in public was at the Fisheries Exhibition in the early eighties. The barge was sixty-three feet long and about six feet wide, with a complement of twenty-one oarsmen. Her speed was often, at its best, not less than from nine to ten miles per hour. The hull was oak-planked and had considerable rise at the stern. Her state-room was near the stern and extended the full width of the hull. Its upholstery was of scarlet and gold cloth, and the exterior of the barge itself was adorned by a number of carved mermaids, dolphins, etc. It is not known who was the builder, but can be traced back to the time of King James I., and was patterned after some Venetian model. The last occasion Queen Victoria used the barge was on the opening of the coal exchange in 1848, when she went from Whitehall stairs to the city by way of the Thames.

The Osborne has generally been used by the Prince of Wales. She is painted and decorated in white and gold. The guests are expected to attire themselves in yachting jackets of an approved pattern, the custom dating from the time the prince visited India on the Serapis. The officers of the yacht are selected from among the prince's set, and are either his personal friends or their sons. The positions on the Osborne are highly prized, bringing increased pay and agreeable sea duty. In addition, upon completing the term of service on the yacht, each officer is promoted to the next higher grade. When not in actual use all the royal yachts are kept at Portsmouth.

King Edward is a fairly good sailor and is devoted to the pleasures of yachting. He is occasionally the victim of mal-de-mer when crossing the channel between Dover and Calais, which has an unenviable reputation for rough seas. About the only member of the royal family who is proof against the dreaded ailment is the widowed Duchess of Albany.

The Emperor of Germany may well be proud of his magnificent

yacht, the Hohenzollern. She is the second of her name in the German navy, and although originally intended as a pleasure yacht, excels in size the ironclad Koenig Wilhelm, and in horse power, every other vessel in the German navy, except the three screw cruiser Kaiserin Augusta.

The admiral's bridge rises further back from the bow than on ordinary vessels. This is approached by a mahogany staircase bordered with heavily carved mahogany rails. When the Kaiser ascends to this conspicuous and elevated point, arrayed in the full dress uniform of an admiral, he forms a striking and impressive figure.

The Emperor is always ill when the yacht has a head sea and gale of wind to contend with. The Empress is a much better sailor in this respect, and rather enjoys a spell of rough weather. During the trip to the Holy Land the Empress was the only one of the imperial party who was not prostrated by seasickness during the trip down the Adriatic. Prince Henry of Prussia also succumbs easily to seasickness each time on going to sea after being in port for a spell. The Duke of Cornwall is afflicted in the same manner, and the duchess is such a martyr to seasickness that she hesitated a long time before consenting to undertake the tour just completed.

The Hohenzollern is 121 metres in length, the same as the cruiser New York, and her speed is stated to be twenty-two knots. Her complement of men is 307, and she has a battery of rapid-fire guns. In the bow there are two magnificent Krupp rifled cannon, mounted on curved brass carriages, literally covered with silver decorations and patriotic mottoes.

White relieved by gold is the color predominating from the masts down to the cockpit. An imperial crown of heavy gilded metal decorates the bow, and a colossal Hohenzollern family crest in black and silver, surmounted by golden laurel leaves, the stern. The Kaiser loves to sit in the chart-room working on his state papers, and frequently retires to the end of the bridge in the evening to indulge in a reverie.

The Kaiser's apartments on the middle deck amidships are on the port side, those of the Empress and her children on the starboard side. Only in one instance silk draperies have been employed, viz., in the canopy over the Kaiserin's silver bedstead. The Kaiser contents himself with simple calico hangings and iron bedstead, as he does on land. The dining saloon is upholstered in gray and white, and like the whole of the vessel is lighted by electricity. The counterpane in the Empress's state-room is of red silk and gray satin.

The Hohenzollern was built at the famous Vulcan Works at Stettin, and was launched in 1892 in the presence of the Kaiser. The

yacht presents a striking appearance, representing an outlay of $1,080,000. The appointments are fine and substantial, with a view to practicability should the vessel be called upon for active service, for which she is eminently qualified, and no doubt would render a good account of herself should occasion demand.

France carries no special official yacht on her naval list for the use of her President. She supports, however, a number of dispatch vessels, adapted for their duties. The Milan is occasionally used as occasion demands, and presents a very fine appearance with her long and formidable ram bow. She has accommodations specially fitted up and reserved for the higher officials, and a battery of modern guns adds a warlike appearance to this official craft scarcely in keeping with the peaceful calling of the usual official yacht.

Under the rule and empire of Napoleon III. it was different. There was a beautiful and luxurious yacht carried on the lists of the navy under the name of L'Aigle, built for the Emperor in 1858. It was on board this craft that he went to Algiers in 1865, and three years later she carried the prince imperial to Cherbourg and Brest.

It was in 1869, one year before the empire was shattered to atoms at Sedan, that L'Aigle was the glittering center of Port Said, where Ismail Pasha, afterwards a forgotten prisoner in his kiosk on the Bosphorus, invited all nations to assist in the inauguration of the Suez Canal. The Empress held imperial court on board the official yacht, with the nations of the earth, through their representatives, rendering her homage; and when she led the way on the deck of the graceful craft, with the standard of France floating from the main above that brilliant throng of beautiful women and distinguished men, on that bright November morning, into the waters of the Red Sea, the peerless Empress of the French might well have been thrilled with exultation and pride as the loud-mouthed guns from the assembled fleet, representing all the principal nations of the earth, thundered forth a royal salute, as the fragile yacht glided by. That day twelvemonth Eugenie was in exile, her husband a despondent prisoner of war, the empire in ruins, a hideous mockery, with carnage and devastation raging in the streets of Paris.

The republic and blood-stained followers of the Commune had no time to bestow upon royal yachts. For some time the gaudy, bedecked craft lay neglected and forgotten at her moorings, and was finally taken to Cherbourg, renamed La Rapid, ultimately to be sold out of the service, after having been despoiled of her gorgeous trappings.

Russia has more imperial yachts than any other government. The Czar has at least five and a number of dispatch boats. The Pole Star

is comparatively a new yacht and one of the largest royal crafts afloat. She has three pole masts, triple expansion-engines, two smokestacks, and a speed of eighteen and three-quarter knots. The hull is painted black, with the Russian eagle for a figurehead. The Standart is the royal gem of the Russian navy, and is by far one of the finest royal vessels afloat. She was completed at Copenhagen in 1895. She is larger than the Minneapolis and speedier than the New York. She is 5,557 tons, with a battery of eight three-pounder rapid-fire guns, and has a recorded sped of twenty-two knots. When fully manned she carries 350 men and twenty officers.

In the interior decorations considerable carved wood is employed, and the Russian eagle with the Czar's initials are largely used. Blue flowers on a white background form the design of the chintz covering. The bedstead of the Czar, like that of other members of the imperial family, is of nickel bronze. His saloon is hung with gray blue leather, having panels of silk of the same color; the rich, heavy carpet is of the color of raspberries. One of the apartments is fitted up as a chapel, and contains six fine paintings representing Biblical scenes. In the rooms of the commander of the Standart is a set of furniture made from oak said to be 2,000 years old. The yacht is heated by hot water. There are 1,100 electric lights run by two dynamos. The bunkers hold 900 tons of coal, sufficient for ten days' steaming at economical speed. The yacht cost $2,000,000.

The instructions of the King of Siam to Messrs. Ramago and Ferguson, the famous ship builders at Leith, were laconic but forcible: "Build me the fastest and most luxurious steam yacht that you can turn out." This order was given some five years ago, and the vessel is a fine production of an armed cruiser of 2,600 tons, and almost twice the size of the largest private yacht yet built in England. The yacht is decorated in white and gold, has electric lights and marble baths to each suite of rooms. She is named the Meha Chak Riki, selected by the King of Siam, who takes great pride in the royal plaything.

Italy has a fine navy, but no royal yachts find place in the fleet over which the King presides. When he makes a trip afloat he uses one of the ordinary dispatch boats.

The young King of Spain has a marked fondness for the water, and during the summer months loves to linger at St. Sebastian, either cruising on his superb steam yacht Giralda, or enjoying the piping breezes on the deck of the sailing craft owned by his brother-in-law, the Prince of the Asturias. The Giralda was purchased in 1898, upon the eve of hostilities with the United States. The millionaire, McCalmont, was the former owner, and with the call to arms the pleasure

yacht was transformed into a light but efficient fighting machine. She is of 1,800 tons displacement, possessing a speed of twenty knots per hour, with luxurious accommodations, her cabins displaying many rare specimens of priceless leather, finished and ornamented as only a skilled son of the land is capable of producing. Under the red and gold standard of Spain, the yacht cruises in the blue waters of the Mediterranean, with the King and his devoted mother occupying the quarter-deck, free for the time from the cares and responsibilities of state and government. The King invariably wears the undress uniform of an admiral, which becomes him well, and of which he is evidently proud. He is the first of the long lines of Spanish Kings to exhibit a fondness for the sea, and the absence of a suitable navy, with the loss of his country's prestige upon the ocean, after the proud and almost unrivalled position she held, must be to the young and sensitive monarch a source of regret and a wound to his pride, which, no doubt, with the lapse of time, aided by the stimulation of prosperity throughout sunny Spain, the boy King will strive earnestly to rebuild and to recover in part the dimmed lustre and form of the shattered sea power of the once mighty kingdom.

The Portuguese yacht was lately disposed of, having become antiquated and useless in point of speed. The Amelia, as she was known, was replaced by the Banshee, a two masted vessel, resembling in form a gunboat rather than a pleasure yacht. She was built a year ago for an English gentleman, who sold her to Portugal's ruler, a good sailor and ardent yachtsman. She is fitted with triple-expansion engines, has a speed of fifteen knots, lighted throughout with electricity, and is splendidly fitted up, having every convenience for guests.

King Oscar of Sweden has always been an enthusiastic yachtsman, spending much of his time on the water. One of the familiar sights to the summer guests of the watering places that thickly dot the west coast of Sweden and Norway is a long, low, rakish, schooner-rigged craft, painted a dark green, with white upper works and three cream painted smokestacks with a black stripe, entering the harbor or fjord. While to a landsman all steamers look alike, the close observer with some nautical experience will soon perceive the royal standard of Sweden in the centre of the three-tongued yellow and blue banner fluttering from the main, and at once recognizes in the jaunty stranger the royal yacht Drott, King Oscar's floating summer palace.

King Oscar entered the royal Swedish navy as a young lad, and now holds the rank of an admiral of the Red, both in the Swedish, the German, and the English navy, the two latter appointments, of

course, being purely honorary. The King is never so happy as when on the Drott with a few congenial friends. All ceremony is laid aside, and he is only the most charming of hosts. The Drott follows the west coast, and King Oscar is sure to visit in an informal way all of the principal watering places on his way to Norway. For his official use he has a modest appearing steam yacht capable of steaming ten knots.

While not strictly classed as official yachts, it may be stated that the King of Greece cruises in his Amphitrite, the King of Bulgaria occasionally indulges in the sport from the deck of his trim steam yacht, the King of Denmark takes a cruise "Dannebrog," and the King of Roumania enjoys himself from the deck of the Stefaucel Mar, and even the pretty young Queen of Holland trusts herself on board of the graceful Sekeillet.

The King of the Fongo Islands indulges in the luxury of a royal aquatic equipage, if not what might be termed a yacht is recognized as a royal barge, sacred to the whims and fancies of that august potentate. It has a magnificent appearance, with immense sail power, composed from immaculate white mats, and the royal colors streaming from the yardarm. The barge is one hundred feet in length, ornamented with a great number of Cyparic ovula shells. It is used on all state and warlike occasions.

Queen Kapiolani presented her royal craft to the National Museum many years ago. The gift was inspired by a visit of the royal personage to the museum when on her tour thrqugh the United States to England in 1887. Knowing her fondness for aquatic sports, some of the members of her suite suggested that she should see the section devoted to boats. Once there the Queen took the greatest delight in examining the craft, and explained at length the difference between the canoes used in the Hawaiian Islands and those on exhibition. Noticing the interest of the attendants, she finally said: "I will send you one of my boats for your museum if you would like to have it."

The offer was gladly accepted, and on her return home she sent her own royal craft, which as it hangs on the walls of the museum seems hardly worthy of its high-sounding title. It is merely a big log, eighteen feet long and eighteen inches wide, hollowed out with rude instruments into the semblance of a canoe. A small float is extended on arms from each side of the canoe, and a sail of rudely plaited straw is supported on rough hewn masts. A large gourd in the bottom suggests that it was not water tight, and a small English flag, which the Queen was wont to place in the stern of her pleasure boat when out

on the water, indicated in which direction her sympathies were inclined.

The United States has had five official yachts. The first was the side-wheeler Tallapoosa, widely if not favorably known during her career as "The Terror of the Sound." She finally met her fate and a watery grave through collision with a tough coal barge in Vineyard Sound in 1884, and the coal barge won. She was afterwards raised, repaired, and sent to the South Atlantic, where in time she dropped to pieces. Then the Despatch took her place and assumed the duties, giving way in turn for the more shapely and graceful Dolphin. The advent of the Spanish-American war summoned the Dolphin into active service, and the Mayflower was, in due time, designated as the President's yacht. Receiving a detail for Porto Rican waters, the yacht Sylph was utilized for official functions, and at the present time both of the latter named vessels are discharging the duties of official yachts, with the Dolphin occasionally acting for the accommodation of officials in performing important functions.

Previous to the establishment of the Navy Department, and for years after, the jaunty, rakish cruisers of the United States revenue cutter service fulfilled all requirements of a national conveyance for the President and government officials. The first trip of President Washington on the water in connection with routine matters was made on the revenue cutter Virginia. From 1790 to 1798 revenue cutters alone displayed the ensign and pennant of the country, the ensign of the cutter service going into effect in 1799, having been specially designed for the revenue cutter service. Navy there was none, and the only national representatives afloat were worthily and efficiently represented by the naval arm of the Treasury Department.

The revenue cutter Harriet Lane, commanded by Captain John Faunce, carried out the functions of a national yacht in addition to her regular cruising duties. This vessel had a stirring career from the beginning of her official birth, entertaining on her deck, and receiving in the officers' quarters many illustrious guests, representing the principal countries of the world. Her first active service was in 1858, when she was attached to the fleet under the command of Flag Officer W. B. Shubrick and ordered to proceed up the La Plata River to Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, to demand reparation from that government for the insult to our flag when the Water Witch was fired upon from a Paraguayan fort in 1855. For her efficient services she received the warm commendation of the officer in command. Under the administration of President Buchanan she was detailed to receive the Prince of Wales, the present King of England, when he visited this country.

An amusing episode occurred in the commanding officer's quarters during one of the trips, brought about by the prince lighting a cigar while Captain Faunce was presiding at the head of his table. Tobacco was particularly obnoxious to the old salt, who informed Prince Edward that if he desired to smoke he would have to go on deck. The royal guest accepted the rebuff in good part, and upon parting with the bluff seaman presented him with a handsome gold chronometer watch and chain, which was cherished and valued by the recipient to the day of his death.

At the breaking out of the Civil War the Harriet Lane was one of the few efficient steam vessels at the immediate disposal of the government, and under command of Captain Faunce performed loyal and gallant service for the defence of the flag. Off Charleston bar she fired the first shotted gun of the war from the deck of a national ship in that gigantic contest. Later on she participated in the attack on the forts at Hatteras Inlet, and was finally transferred to the navy. Admiral Porter used her as his flagship in passing the forts below New Orleans, and for some time during operations on the Mississippi. She was afterwards attached to the West Gulf Squadron, was captured by the enemy at Galveston, used as a blockade runner, and finally abandoned at close of the war in Havana harbor, where she was taken possession of by Captain Faunce, who was sent to that point for the purpose. The old veteran shed tears as he looked over the waste and destruction which greeted his eyes on all sides. Upon reaching New York a board of inspection was appointed to pass upon the condition of the vessel. It was decided she was not worth the expense necessary to render her efficient as a cruiser, and was sold out of the service. She was converted into a bark, and with a cargo of lumber met her fate amid the fury and roar of a hurricane, which overwhelmed the battle-scarred craft in the Caribbean Sea.

The Despatch was purchased by the government in 1873 from the New York broker, Henry N. Smith, whose business fortunes were wrecked by railroad speculations. She was then the largest private yacht afloat. When the government obtained possession of the vessel her name was changed from the Americus to the Despatch, and her first service was on the home station.

During the Russo-Turkish war she was sent to Europe as a despatch steamer for the United States minister at Constantinople, where she remained thirteen months. From Europe the Despatch brought home the invalids of the American fleet, and went out of commission at the Washington navy yard in 1871, when new boilers were put in the vessel.

The Despatch was again put in commission October 19, 1880, when she became the President's yacht. The President's flag, adopted in 1882, was first hoisted on the Despatch. The national flag had previously been displayed at the main to indicate the presence of the President on a man-of-war. She carried on her deck Presidents Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland and Harrison. All the chief cabinet, navy and army officials were guests on board at one time or another, and frequently, between Washington and Mt. Vernon, she conveyed the most gifted men and the fairest women of our land on pilgrimages to the tomb of President Washington. The luxurious cabin of the Despatch was the scene of luncheons and dinners as brilliant as ever gathered on the deck of a national vessel.

She was sent to Samana Bay in December, 1881, and within five months Commander Bridgman had completed a survey of the bay. For two years, at intervals, under the command of Lieutenant Cowles, she was employed on wrecking service, blowing up with torpedoes derelicts and other obstructions to navigation from Chesapeake Bay to the coast of Massachusetts. She represented the Navy Department in 1888, at Philadelphia, at the launching of the new cruisers Yorktown, Vesuvius and Baltimore, and of the Petrel at Baltimore. Later she was employed surveying measured courses in the Delaware river and bay for the speed trials of the Vesuvius.

The last official service of the Despatch was at the grand centennial celebration of George Washington's inauguration as first President, when gaily decorated with bunting and under propitious sunshine, she carried President Harrison and Vice President Morton and an assemblage of statesmen, warriors and civilians from Elizabethport to the foot of Wall street, New York city, leading the van in one of the most brilliant naval pageants of the time. She was lost in a gale, off Assateagus, Va., in October, 1891.

The Dolphin, built at the yard of John Roach & Sons, proved her worth and qualities as a sea-going vessel by steaming around the world without a mishap. Her efficiency as a cruiser has been established, and her fine model and generally smart appearance won commendation both at home and abroad. She was finally selected as the President's yacht, undergoing repairs and alterations suitable for the new duties expected from her. During the Spanish war she was fitted out and equipped with a suitable battery, forming part of the blockading force stationed around Cuba. For a portion of the time she was the flagship of Commodore Watson, one of the favorite lieutenants of Admiral Farragut, and justly so. Frequently Farragut mentioned

this officer in his official dispatches, for his bravery and efficiency, characteristics that have always been prominent throughout the career of this distinguished and Christian officer.

After the close of the war she was given a thorough overhauling, and many innovations made, adapting her to discharge the duties of an official yacht, with commodious and luxurious accommodations for the distinguished guests requiring her services. She is at present in commission on special service.

Deprived of the Dolphin for official functions, steps were taken to provide the President with a yacht to meet such demands as might arise. A yacht was under construction by the Delaware River Ship & Engine Works, operating under the firm name of John Roach & Sons. This vessel was known as No. 295, and was purchased by the Government for $50,000. She was equipped with a light battery, with a view of using her as an auxiliary torpedo boat destroyer, and after being placed in commission as the Sylph the peace protocol was signed, and preparations were made by the Department to disband the auxiliary force.

It was about this time that it was determined that another vessel should be secured to replace the Dolphin, and the Sylph, of 152 tons, was selected. She is 147 feet in length, 22 feet beam, 12 feet depth, has a draft of 8 feet 6 inches, and on her trial trip attained a speed of seventeen knots. She has a steaming radius of 2,160 knots, at nine knots—that is, she can steam ten days without recoaling. The Sylph makes the seventh Roach vessel in the possession of the Government.

The yacht has fine lines, and is one of the prettiest vessels obtained by the Government during the war. She is well fitted throughout, and her finishings are very tasteful, though not on as an elaborate plan as the Dolphin. But, although the yacht is small in comparison with others, she performs satisfactorily the duties assigned to her.

The Mayflower, which is now recognized as the official floating home of the President, will compare favorably with any of the official yachts of the world. Her history, in brief, is as follows: Prior to the Spanish-American war the yacht was the property of Mrs. Ogden Goelet. She was constructed for the Goelet family by G. & J. Thompson, a prominent ship-building firm on the Clyde. Her original cost was $800,000. After the death of Mr. Goelet the yacht was offered for sale, and among the wealthy applicants was the King of the Belgians. The breaking out of the war brought the United States Government into the market as a bidder, and the beautiful vessel was secured for $450,000, and at once converted into a gunboat. She was

attached to the fleet on the blockade off Havana, but under her commander failed to achieve any service worthy of note. The proportions of the Mayflower are 321 feet over all, with a water-line of 275 feet, and has 36.6 beam. Her displacement is 2,690 tons, and her engines, of the triple-expansion type, have an indicated horsepower of 4,700. She has twin screws, and will easily maintain seventeen knots per hour.

The Mayflower has lately been refitted and refurnished in the most elaborate manner, and as the President's yacht, has no peer in point of beauty and efficiency, when compared with the floating palaces of the monarchs of Europe She is a credit to the nation's greatness, well worthy to float the Stars and Stripes and the President's banner on all occasions of official ceremony or when naval etiquette calls for the display of the President's flag.

The quarters include six staterooms, a reception room and a library. The six staterooms, which will be the quarters of the President, are situated aft, on the main deck. The larger two of these rooms will be for the President and his wife, and have been very lavishly furnished. Special attention has been given to the decoration of the bulkheads and the paneling, which are covered with expensive silk in many colors. On the spar deck forward are the chart house and the staterooms of the surgeon and paymaster. The smoking room occupies the after portion of the deck and is finished in teak, with a floor of fancy woods, inlaid in mosaic and waxed.

Below, on the main deck, the captain's cabin, stateroom and bathroom occupy the forward part of the port side, the similar section starboard being used as a wardroom and quarters for the executive officer. Abaft the officers' quarters is the President's dining saloon. It extends the width of the ship and is furnished in white and gold, Louis XIV style. The bulkheads are traced with beautiful designs, and light is admitted through two large mahogany-trimmed skylights. A handsome Italian marble mantle ornaments the forward bulkhead, above which is a large oval mirror framed in gold.

Extending aft from the dining room is the companionway to the President's reception room. Some of the panels along this passage are made of Valenciennes lace, painted over with a silver paint to represent steel. The reception room is finished in white and gold. The library adjoining the reception room is finished in Flemish oak. A magnificent mahogany stairway leads to the entrance of the President's private suite. The bedsteads are of brass, and the appointments throughout are of the finest material.

On the port side, just outside the President's room, is his private bath. The tub, which is cut from a solid block of fine marble, is of extra size. The fittings and plumbing in the bathroom are of white metal heavily plated with silver.

Besides the arrangements for the accommodation of the President and his family, a modern culinary department has been added. There is a large refrigerating plant and a spacious wine room in the forward part of the ship.

She was refitted at a cost of $50,000 at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and as an official yacht is a fitting home for the ruler of the greatest republic on earth.

H. D. Smith,

Captain U. S. Revenue Cutter Service.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF AN OFFICER IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

(Continued from last month.)

I should be glad to narrate to you from personal observation the circumstances attending the capture of the enemy at Trenton and Princeton, but those transactions being so important are detailed in history, and the regiment to which I belonged was, among others, left near New York to watch the movements of the enemy in that quarter. Common prudence dictated to have a strong body of troops kept up in and near the Highlands at all times, to be ready to repel the invasions of the enemy, either by land from New York, or by the Hudson river. A very prominent position which our army occupied was Peekskill, a village forty miles above New York, and properly at the commencement of the Highlands, it seemed formed by nature as a defensible place. A chain of hills ran from the southwest, or North river side, northeastward several miles, with a mural-like front to the southward, might be easily defended from an attack in front, and with proper precaution the flanks might be secured from being turned. This post was frequently occupied by our army in its various marches and countermarches after the year 1776, though mentioned but cursorily by the historian, as no important battle was ever fought near it. Keeping this in view as a rallying point whenever occasion occurred was among the evidences of General Washington's sagacious and solid judgment in carrying on his Fabian system in the prosecution of the war, which from almost the necessity of our case forbid our rashly pushing onward to battle.

As I have elsewhere remarked, a respectable body of our army was necessarily kept in that vicinity, notwithstanding their strong desire to act in a more extended and active sphere. A soldier has, of course, to remain at the post where he is ordered, and it was the order of the commander-in-chief for the regiment to which I belonged to be much employed in the country between New York and the Highlands, which prevented my being present at the great battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, as well as at the southward.

On the 15th of November the enemy appeared before the lines near Fort Washington, on the south side of it, and at the bridge north of it, marching in columns. The garrison, which then amounted to about two thousand three hundred, marched out each way to attack them, leaving a proper guard in the fort. The party at the bridge were repulsed with a very considerable loss; but while the action was at the hottest at the lines, the enemy landed a large body across Harlem creek, east of the fort, and moved briskly on and attacked our troops in the rear while they were fighting those in front, in consequence of which they were obliged to surrender, being overpowered with numbers. The party who had fought near the bridge returning, victorious, to the assistance of their brothers at the lines, found them surrendered; they then repaired to the fort, and so many of them got in that the guns could not play without killing more of them than of the enemy, who immediately sent and demanded a surrender of the fort. The garrison being in this disagreeable situation, the lines taken which was the key to the fort, the fort without either wood or water sufficient to hold out three days, the enemy, consisting of ten thousand, determined to storm it, if it did not surrender. Colonel McGace surrendered the fort, artillery, etc., etc., the garrison prisoners of war, on condition only that the garrison should not be robbed of their baggage.

The enemy now possessed all New York island, dismantled the fort, and turned their force against the Jersey shore. Fort Lee was the first object of their attention; its chief design was to annoy the shipping in passing up and down the river; it mounted thirty heavy cannon on the water-side, but only two or three field-pieces on the land side. Our people knowing it to be untenable, had resolved to evacuate it; they therefore moved off the stores, but left the heavy artillery in it, and evacuated it on the night of the 17th of November. The same night the enemy landed about three thousand of their troops five miles above the fort and about the same number at Hackensack (a river running past there), marched those two bodies across with a design to hem our people in before they had left the fort. As the enemy had landed above us and were in full force, our army returned across Kingsbridge; a large number of craft of different sizes being collected in Harlem creek, were set on fire and burnt to prevent their falling into the enemy's hands. The sight of this occasioned a very disagreeable sensation in my mind, but the loss of Fort Washington a few days after, with its garrison of two thousand seven hundred men, filled us with deep melancholy for the time, still our fortitude and fixed determination was unabated. As we passed Fort Lee on the west bank of

the Hudson river the fort was evacuated and the garrison joined us, marching into New Jersey. Thus were both Fort Washington and Fort Lee reduced. They were built opposite each other on the bank of the river Hudson, where it was narrow, and a Chivaux-de-frieze, together with the hulks of old vessels sunk across the river to stop the passage of shipping; but on the forts being given up the Chivaux-de-friezes were rendered useless, which was the last effort we have tried to impede the course of the ships, much dependence having been placed on the fire-craft, and large sums expended in preparing them, but they have both disappointed us without answering any end except the burning one tender for the enemy by the fire-craft in the river.

Our army posted themselves across from Newark to the river. Through November no particular action took place, the British army pressing forward in New Jersey, and the American army falling back. December 25th and 26th capture of the Hessians at Trenton, and the British at Princeton. I was not present at either. The American army surprised and captured a body of eight or nine hundred Hessians at Trenton, N. J. Two days after we attacked a body of the British at Princeton, and after a short but sharp action took four or five hundred prisoners.

This closed the year in this department. Did not realize that we had entered on a serious war until the Declaration of Independence in July, 1776, but our spirits were highly elated on that occasion, our determination fixed to persevere. In the bay below New York the British fleet made a great display; the number of vessels of all sizes amounted to about three hundred, and as they spread their sails to dry, after a rain, they covered a large extent of water. The admiral's ship, the Eagle, of sixty-four guns, appearing in full sight, known by her flag, and Captain Bushnell, of the sappers and miners, having prepared his submarine engine, it was sent one night with a magazine of powder attached to it, under the command of a sergeant and twelve men; the party proceeded to the ship, and the engine was let down under the ship, having a pointed rod at top designed to be stuck into the ship's bottom; but this point not taking effect, the tide, which was strong, wafted the engine away from the ship, and the enterprise failed. The sergeant, who had the command, gave me a particular account of the proceeding, and said that he was of the opinion that the projecting point struck the head of a bolt, which prevented its success; but I judged it as probable that the point was prevented from penetrating the ship by the copper sheathing. A similar engine was used in the Delaware river in 1777, which awakened such alarm among British shipping.

The period of our men's enlistment having arrived, and they returning to their homes in Connecticut, I went at the same time, and while at Hartford lodged in the same house with Captain Peters, of Massachusetts, who had charge of the British and Hessian officers captured at Trenton and Princeton on their way to the interior of Massachusetts. He showed me General Washington's instructions, in which was this clause: "Treat them as gentlemen while they behave as such." I passed the rest of the winter in re-enlisting men and preparing to go into the field at the opening of the spring. 1777 was filled with important transactions, the British capturing Fort Montgomery and we capturing Burgoyne's army, and in November the enemy took Philadelphia. The year commenced with great exertions on our part to raise a permanent army. The British in a high exulting state. The first of our army regularly taking the field at Boundbrook, N. J. The British at New Brunswick; their outposts extending some distance out. The American army was posted on the southern side of the range of hills between the village of Boundbrook and Scotch plains, the front south towards the enemy. General Grey, with about three or four thousand, made a circuitous movement to turn our left flank. General Washington had advanced a strong body of troops in that quarter, with two field-pieces. General Lord Stirling as officer of the day had the command. A brisk action ensued, which lasted a short time, when our troops fell back and occupied the pass in the hills; the rest of the troops moved to join them, but the enemy did not proceed to attack them in that post. Collected my men, which, being joined by others, made a command of about one hundred; marched to join the army in New Jersey. Passing through New Haven, General Parsons informed me that I had orders to take under my command one Robert Thomson, of Newtown, and gave me a warrant for his execution in his own town, he having been regularly tried and convicted of having been into New York and came out with enlisting orders to raise men among the disaffected to join the British army. The order being positive, I could do no other than execute it, however unpleasant and mournful. I forwarded a sergeant with a small party to the place of execution to make the necessary preparation, and on the 9th of June superintended his execution in presence of a large concourse of spectators, among which were his own family. After hanging the hour, the body was taken down, and a request was made from his family that the body might be delivered to them, which of course was readily granted. As I have previously informed you, I shall not make many digressions, but I cannot avoid reflecting on such a scene, which I am happy to say rarely occurred during our war; but

this was a crime which, when fully proved, never escaped a similar punishment, and perhaps the peculiar state of our country at the time warranted it.

The irregularity and frequent destitution of supplies you will see adverted to in the history of the war; but the impression made by reading it falls far short of the reality of experience. When I recall to mind those scenes, I am now astonished at the perseverance of our army under such circumstances. Had we received money for our pay, the inhabitants of the country through which we passed would have brought articles of provisions to us for a market, but by this time, 1777, the paper currency had become of little value. The counterfeiting of our bills was carried on extensively in New York and sent out into the country by agents employed for the purpose. I once saw in New Jersey a large bundle of these bills in the hands of a justice of peace, brought for inspection; he pronounced them counterfeit; another justice of peace had previously judged them genuine. When I look back I find that at the close of the year 1776 and the beginning of '77 was the darkest and most trying time of the war.

The 9th of June I passed on to Danbury, where I took quarters and lodged. The next morning I went round and viewed the marks of the destruction of the town by burning in April previous. Proceeding directly onward, passed North river into Jersey, joining our regiment and brigade, to the village of Boundbrook, where our army was encamped, the British lying in and around New Brunswick. The enemy being superior to us in numbers, and their outposts extending some distance out, duty was very vigilant. Our army was posted on the southern side of the range of hills, between the village of Boundbrook. While encamped here, General S. C., an old acquaintance, called on me. He asked me how I lived. I replied, "Very well." He said they had nothing but Indian meal, and that sour, with salted beef in bad order, the teamsters having drawn off the brine to lighten their loads. I replied, "Do you think that we of the same brigade fare any better?" He said, "*He* could not and would not live so." I found he soon after obtained a discharge and returned home. The small action at Scotch plains, or short hills, took place, on which our army made a hasty movement to the summit of the hill in the rear of our encampment, expecting the enemy to attempt to turn our left flank. Finding us formed and prepared to receive them, they made no farther advance, but fell back to Amboy, after burning the village of Springfield and the adjoining villages. When the enemy advanced toward any place, the women, with some of their children, would flee to our rear, generally carrying bundles of clothing and something to eat with

them. Essex and Middlesex counties suffered severely by their depredations.

This was a most critical time for our general cause. The enemy gradually withdrew their outposts, and, as it afterwards appeared, in order to move with their main body to Philadelphia; but, as a strong body remained in New York, which, by their shipping, might be removed up the several rivers so as to attack or ravage, a part of our army was left in the vicinity to oppose their predatory excursions. Our regiment was part of the force thus left, and most of the summer passed in our moving from one post to another, as the movements of the enemy indicated. This kind of service was very harrassing, but afforded few incidents of interest. We marched three times across Jersey from the North river towards the Delaware and back. In September duty became more arduous and pressing, General Burgoyne's army being in motion towards completing the plan of forming a junction with General Clinton, of the British army, at Albany. The enemy's troops in New York frequently presented the appearance of attacking us at some point, probably with a design of preventing reinforcements being sent from us to General Gates, who commanded that part of the army opposed to General Burgoyne. This occasioned our frequent removal from one post to another.

Being one of a detachment of eighty men under the command of Major Clift, which was ordered to pass below Peekskill around the country, as a kind of scouting party, we found in the morning a party of the enemy had landed from the North river and was advancing into the country. This was undoubtedly intended by the enemy as a decoy to attract our attention from their main object, their troops being in motion proceeding to the attack of Fort Montgomery, which was situated on the west bank of the river, about the center of the Highlands. It was a place of considerable strength, as calculated to oppose shipping in going up the river, but not to sustain an assault on the land side. We lay on our arms that night. The next day was a very interesting one to us, knowing the enemy to be near us in force. We marched to several points where it was judged the enemy might approach. It appeared that they had landed at Verplanck's point at evening, and the next morning they crossed over the river and landed near Stony point, five or six miles below Fort Montgomery, the capture of which was the object of their movement, it being necessary for them to possess it, both to prevent the fire from it on their ships in passing as well as to remove a massive chain drawn across the river, which must be removed before the ships could pass. A strong body of the enemy was detached to reduce it. They advanced towards

it in two columns, one on each side of Bald or Thunder mountain, their movements being regulated by a large flag held by a man on the top of the mountain. This a man told me afterwards who lived at the foot of the mountain, and observed all their movements after they came in sight of the fort.

The two columns joined about four o'clock P. M. Fort Montgomery is situated on the north side, and Fort Clinton, a small fort, on the south side, of a creek which falls into the river at that place; the one commanded by Gen. George Clinton, and the other by Gen. James Clinton. Fort Clinton, being weak, was soon carried by the enemy; but Fort Montgomery, commanded by George Clinton, and a brave garrison, made a very stout resistance. General Putnam, who commanded the troops in the Highlands, had ordered a detachment of four hundred picked men, under the command of Colonel Meiggs, to move across the river and reinforce the garrison. I being one of the body, had an opportunity of seeing the movements, the river being less than half a mile wide at that place. We moved quietly down to the water's edge, where flat boats were waiting for us. It being now near sunset, the battle raging between the combatants in the Fort and the assailants; and just as we were stepping into the boats ready to receive us the firing ceased, and we heard three cheers, which convinced us that the Fort had surrendered. This was on the 19th of September. It had an instantaneous and very strong effect on the brave men of this party, whose feelings were wrought up to a high pitch, in hopes of sharing in the defence of the post. I never knew chagrin and disappointment more strikingly exhibited than on this occasion by the men, both in their words and countenances. We soon rejoined our respective Corps, and lay on our arms through the night.

Two fine ships of ours, lying just above the Fort, were set on fire by our own people on the surrender of the Fort, and the balls from their guns, as the fire reached them, passed over us in the tops of the trees during the night. The second day after we, with the rest of General Putnam's command, amounting to five or six thousand, after being joined by some of the militia, commenced our march up the river to assist in capturing the army under General Burgoyne. After we had proceeded to nearly opposite the armies at Saratoga, we being on the east side of the river, a horseman came galloping along, proclaiming that Burgoyne had surrendered with his army. In the afternoon the troops were formed into a hollow square, and, the official news having been received, was read to us by the Adjutant General while on horseback. A note was also read, taken from a spy, from

Gen. Sir Henry Clinton, who remained in Fort Montgomery after the capture, to General Burgoyne, informing him of his situation.

The circumstances attending the apprehension of this spy were somewhat singular. He was a young subaltern officer, who for a promise of promotion had undertaken to pass through the country with this note. The day he set out he fell in with a small scouting party of ours, under the command of a sergeant of Webb's regiment, who, with his men, were dressed in British uniform, which had been captured in a transport ship, their speech and appearance being the same; and our sergeant, managing with the utmost address, proposed to shew themselves to General Clinton, who, our sergeant said, was out from the Fort and not far off. On seeing the American General Clinton, he instantly discovered that he was deceived, and swallowed something hastily, which being noticed, the General ordered the regimental surgeon to administer a strong emetic, which in its powerful operation occasioned his throwing up a silver ball of the size of a pistol bullet, which, on being cleaned and opened, was found to contain the note. He was tried the next day, and, the proof being full and complete, was condemned and executed as a spy.

Our warm and joyful feelings were dampened the next day by a severe northeast rain storm, which continued two or three days, and being without tents, and in an open country where cover could not be obtained, we suffered severely, being previously worn down by severe duty and exposure. After the ending of the storm, the militia were discharged, and we commenced our march back towards the Highlands. During this time General Vaughn with his detachment was burning and destroying the towns and villages in the vicinity. I saw the old village of Eusopus while burning, and though not very compact, the number of buildings was considerable, and the conflagration brought mournful ideas to the mind. For a few days after we saw the enemy's ships falling down the river, conveying their troops from Fort Montgomery and their other posts. The doings of a lawless set of banditta constantly in action between the lines of the two armies, committing every kind of crime, robbery, house burning, murder, etc. The isolated acts of this kind would, if collected, serve to fill a small volume, nor can I pretend to give but a mere glance at some of them, they being so numerous all through the war. They began as soon as the enemy became fully possessed of New York and the ports appending to it. A kind of line was formed by their outposts looking towards us, and a similar one formed by us looking towards them. This left a tract of country extending from the Hudson to Long Island often, or fifteen miles in width, with quite a dense population previous to the

war. The inhabitants did not at first leave their houses, and became victims pretty generally to those marauders; those who retained any movable property in cattle or anything else were soon robbed of it.

The British commander appointed Lord Tarlton over a corps of rangers, who were very active in making incursions on our most exposed places, making what prisoners he could, and his men considering themselves as freebooters, made light of lives which fell in their way, or in any manner opposed them. Next to him, one Barmore, a native of Connecticut, had permission to raise a company of desperadoes to plunder and murder at their pleasure. A number of other voluntary companies were formed, and acted in some concert, all following the trade of destruction. If the British commander did not directly authorize those things, he at least only winked at them, probably counting they all came into the general plan of subduing rebels. Besides those who were formed into somewhat regular companies, a considerable number acting without concert were springing up, attacking the persons and property of all who were exposed to them. Among those was one Joshua Houston, a noted desperado, who was a terror to all around him. He, on attempting to enter a house for robbery, was discovered and met by the keeper of the house, who, having provided himself with a bayonet fixed on the end of a stick or staff, plunged it into him and caused his death. These were for a time called cow-boys, having become very bold in driving off cows, as well as plundering other property. The scenes of their depredations varied with the movements and position of the armies, but wherever the armies were posted there was a space between the lines infested by a similar banditta. New Jersey was grievously scourged by such marauders in course of the war. October and November, the troops who had been the captors of Burgoyne's army were moving southward to join our army near Philadelphia, which surrendered to them after the battle of Brandywine.

Our main army passed the winter at Valley Forge, near Philadelphia. Our regiment, with the 1st Connecticut brigade, General Putnam, remained in the middle department, and built huts in the Highlands. The enemy's force in New York being considerable, and the depth of water in the river being sufficient to admit of ships of seven or eight hundred tons as far up as West Point, we had now an opportunity of seeing the effects of the enemy's ravages and burning at Peekskill and the parts adjacent. As winter set in we were ordered to the edge of a woods, back of Robinson's plantation, to build log huts for our winter cantonment; this was the first of the kind which our army experienced, though resorted to for several winters afterwards.

We had but just made ourselves comfortable when our regiment was ordered to remove on and occupy West Point. Government viewing it absolutely necessary to have a strong post established on the river Hudson, to serve as a barrier against the enemy's cutting off communication between the Northern and Southern states. This was in the month of February, 1778. I, being at the time senior officer of the regiment present, of course led on the regiment, crossing the river on the ice; the winter proving severe the ice had formed very firm. To the young gentlemen of the military school it may be interesting to be informed of the time and circumstances of its first occupancy as a military post. On the loss of Fort Montgomery, in October, 1777, West Point was selected to be fortified. Coming on to the small plain surrounded by high mountains, we found it covered with a growth of yellow pines ten or fifteen feet high; no house or improvement on it, the snow waist high. We fell to lopping down the tops of the shrub pines and treading down the snow, spread our blankets, and lodged in that condition the first and second nights. Had we not been hardened by two years of previous service, we should have though it difficult to endure this. The pines not being large enough for logs for huts, we were under the necessity of making temporary covers of those scanty materials until we could draw logs from the edge of the mountain and procure the luxury of log huts; this we effected but slowly, the winter continuing severe. In two or three weeks we had erected our huts, and a French engineer, by the name of La Radier, arriving, the snow being removed for the site of the present main fort, the works were traced out, and parties sent out every fair day up the river to cut timber and drag it on to the ice, to be ready to float it down to the Point when the river should be clear of ice. This service was rather fatiguing to the men, but as they had a cabin to lodge in at night, and provisions served out with tolerable regularity, they thought themselves comparatively happy, though their work was incessant.

Our line of huts was built just below the summit of the upper bank, that they might be partially sheltered from the northwest wind. As spring approached we set ourselves to collect the rough stone, which we found on the surface of the ground, to use in erecting the fortification. Two other regiments coming on, and Brigadier General Parsons arriving, the brigade was formed, and a regular routine of duty was established. The duty of Brigade Major devolving on me, those of us of the staff had a tolerable sized log hut erected near the center of the plain of the point. La Radier, the engineer, was very assiduous in planning and laying out the Fort, and as soon as the frost was out

we broke ground under his direction. He was a young gentleman educated at a military school in France, and, like many other ambitious men of his nation, was attracted by the celebrity our cause had gained by the capture of the army under Burgoyne to come and act a part with us. His delicate frame was not equal to sustaining those hardships which were so familiar to the soldiery of the Revolutionary army. He caught a severe cold, which ended in consumption, of which he died about midsummer following.

On his leaving the point he was succeeded by the well-known Thaddeus Kosciusko, a Pole, as engineer. I quartered a considerable time with him in the same log hut, and soon discovered in him an elevation of mind which gave fair promise of those high achievements to which he attained. His manners were soft and conciliating, and, at the same time, elevated. I used to take much pleasure in accompanying him with his theodolite, measuring the heights of the surrounding mountains. He was very ready in mathematics. Our family now consisted of Brigadier General Parsons, Doctor, afterwards President, Dwight, Kosciusko, and myself, with the domestics. As spring advanced orders and injunctions were communicated to us almost every day to press forward the works. We soon began to erect Fort Putnam far up the mountain. On beginning the work we found plenty of rattlesnakes, which, of course, we despatched as soon as discovered. We were in daily expectation of a visit from the enemy, but they did not see fit to interrupt us.

When the weather had become mild and pleasant in April, I went one day with Dr. Dwight down to view the ruins of Fort Montgomery, distant about eight or ten miles. There was a pond just north of the Fort, where we found the British had thrown in the bodies of their own and our men who fell in the assault of the Fort. The water had receded, leaving a number of the bodies entirely out of the water, while others lay covered at different depths. I saw many fine sets of teeth, bare and skeleton-like. Mournful and impressive reflections arose in my mind. There lie the youth who stood in the hour of their country's trial; they fought and fell to purchase the independence of their country, and there they lie without a burial. I thought, too, of the vicissitudes to which a soldier is subject. Had the fort held out a little longer, I very probably might have lain among them.

One day, having been to Fishkill, I found, on my return, my temporary hut, which I had first built, had taken fire, and was burnt down, with a number of my articles which were in it, the roof being thatched with straw. In May General Gates came on and took command. He had been for several weeks at Robinson's plantation, where I had

been also before coming to the Point, and I had dined at his table. Here I first saw Major Armstrong, his aide-de-camp, who afterward wrote the famous "Newburgh letters," which came near causing much trouble. Some pieces of fine brass artillery, which had been captured with Burgoyne's army, were brought here, and engraved with the time of their capture. Baron Steuben having arrived in the country to introduce into our army the Prussian discipline, a French officer was sent from him on to the Point, and two hundred men were selected to pass through the exercises as a model, of which I had the command, and two days in the week we used to go through the exercises, with maneuvering and firing. This was a pleasant part of duty, and was like sunshine after a severe storm. The men were employed, under the direction of the engineer, in completing the fortification, which had now arrived to a point somewhat respectable. Beside the main work, which took the name of Fort Clinton, we had erected several redoubts, furnished with cannon, to resist and annoy the enemy should they approach.

Thus the time passed on until the 29th of June, the day after the Monmouth battle. The main army of the enemy being advancing toward New York, we were ordered to march, leave the Point, and move on toward White Plains. We were joined by a body of other troops in the Highlands, and advanced in two columns, under the command of General Gates. Arriving at White Plains, a regular encampment was formed, the troops amounting to 5,000 or 6,000. There I first saw General La Fayette. His person and manners were prepossessing. At parading the guards in the morning and their moving off for their several stations he was generally present, and my official duty causing me also to be present and near him, I had a fair opportunity of noticing his personal appearance. I was glad of the opportunity, as he had become a favorite in the army. The news of the treaty between France and the United States having arrived and been published, much raised our spirits. On our part of the war it was policy to act on the defensive; of course watching the movements of the enemy and going to meet them whenever they pointed their operations or made their approaches was what employed us principally.

The British army, after arriving at New York, did not attempt anything considerable for the rest of the year. Wylly's regiment and the rest of the 1st Connecticut brigade were kept in the middle department principally during the rest of the year. In August General La Fayette was detached with a body consisting of one thousand five hundred, of which I was one, to be posted in New Jersey. We had no fixed station, but for three or four weeks we were placed one night on

one small hill, lopping down the bushes for a cover, the next night removed to another hill, to prevent a surprise, and watching the movements of the enemy, who, always having superior numbers to us, were able to send out marauding parties, either for foraging or to harass and plunder. One afternoon General La Fayette invited some half a dozen of us to his bush hut to spend a social hour with him, on account of his having heard of the birth of a dauphin, son of the King of France. We enjoyed such an hour of relaxation with a high jest, as the occurrence was so rare. The enemy not appearing to make any movement in that quarter, the party was ordered back to join our several regiments. A few days after a detachment of four hundred was selected for *service*, commanded by General Parsons. We of course did not know our object until we arrived at Norwalk, on Long Island sound, where we found boats, in which we embarked, and passed over across the sound, landing near the village of Setauket, where a considerable body of the British were posted in a meeting-house, stockaded around, and within the stockade a parapet was raised and planted with a few cannon. It seems a surprise was intended; but the water at the landing place being shallow, and we having two *iron* field pieces to unlade, took up considerable time; then to drag the cannon up the beach, where the sand and pebbles was over shoes, increased our delay.

The noise our movements made awakened all the dogs in the village; their noise gave the alarm to the garrison, who were ready to receive us, and as soon as we had approached within the range of their shot they began their fire on us. Daybreak having arrived, we indeed returned their fire, but they being sheltered by their works, probably did not receive much injury. We had two men wounded only, except General Parsons receiving a slight graze on his arm. General Parsons, finding his object so far unsuccessful, ordered a retreat, though there was little doubt but the place might have been carried by assault; but the object to be gained would not have compensated for the loss of half a dozen men, and, as they were picked men, prudence dictated that their lives should be held dear. After the battle of Monmouth and the return of the British army to New York, things lay still for some time. Our position being in the middle department, the enemy's force being concentrated and powerful, they might approach us by the rivers or along the coast of the sound, and arrive at a point we did not expect. This kept us constantly on the alert, but without producing any particular incidents to attract attention.

You are to keep in mind my suggestion on starting out, that I am narrating incidents which came under my own observation; for other transactions carried on upon a large scale I must refer you to history.

cautioning you against some things in *Botta,* which, on reading, I was led to the conclusion that he had not been sufficiently diligent in his collection of facts. Thus the rest of the year passed away, we marching and countermarching, with full confidence in our commander-in-chief that he would point out our steps to the path of duty and honor. Complaints being frequently made to General Washington of depredations carried on by the cow-boys, he remonstrated strongly to the British commander against them, and assured him if they were continued he should be forced to retaliate on the British prisoners. War operations becoming very pressing, he did not have recourse to this measure until the latter part of the year 1781.

In '78, when our troops were lying in New Jersey, an officer of the Connecticut line, on his return to his regiment, from whence he had been on some business, was shot down by some one concealed in the bushes by the road-side. The assassin was never discovered, but was supposed to belong to one of the companies of banditta. Soon after this I was designated to go to headquarters—then at Morristown—to draw money for the brigade as pay. On my return, approaching near the ground where I left the regiment, I found they had taken up their march for a distant place. As night approached I pursued on to overtake them; I was unexpectedly hailed by a stentorian voice, "*Who comes there?*" I instantly put spurs to my horse; he being very fleet, I shot ahead of two men, also mounted, they constantly hallowing, "Stop, or I will fire on you!" Knowing the country to be infested by marauders and desperadoes, I, without minding their threats, pushed on until, coming to the foot of a hill, they came up with me. It may well be supposed my situation was an unpleasant one. I had no arms but my sword, they two to one, and armed with muskets. I asked them what they wanted with me. They replied, "Go to the next house and we will inform you." I of course went to a house, when I told them I was an officer of the army, dispatched on important business, and if they did not kill and conceal me, any other violence would be made known, and they would be pursued. They each produced a subaltern's commission of the militia. Thus ended a scene which commenced rather abruptly. I felt, indeed, some solicitude for the money I had in my portmanteau, but my principal concern was for my own personal safety. This night I spent far more pleasantly than the one previous. Being acquainted with Colonel Hamilton and Major Colfax, who commanded the General's guard, I was invited to spend the evening in a room with an agreeable circle, the Adjutant General of Burgoyne's army being one; being on parole, he was spending some time here; he was an Irish gentleman, highly polished, and appeared to

enjoy himself and the society very well. Colonel Scammell, whose memory I shall ever hold in high estimation, was one of the party.

The murder of Colonel Baylor and Major Clough of the cavalry, with a great part of the regiment, was the result of one of their predatory enterprises. The frequent open and private attacks, waylaying, and murdering by hanging and otherwise having become so numerous, complaints were constantly made to General Washington. We of the Connecticut line in December moved to Redding, in Connecticut, where we established our log hut encampment for the winter, and were but once interrupted by the enemy's pushing out a party into the country, which proved only a foraging party. In the month of May, 1779, we left our huts and marched to Peekskill.

The movements of the British up the North river the beginning of June, when they took possession of Stony point, made it necessary for us to be on the alert. We advanced near to their main body, when, discovering some troops on a hill in our front, we were ordered to form and load our guns; but they proved to be a party of our own, returning from reconnoitering. All this time we lay on our arms in readiness to meet the enemy at whatever point they should attack. When it was discovered that the enemy, under General Tryon, was making their attack on the Connecticut coast, burning and plundering the towns of Norwalk and Fairfield, and plundering New Haven, we were ordered to make a forced march to Fairfield. Part of our regiment only arrived in season to have an opportunity of firing on the enemy, and that in a cornfield. I was not so fortunate as to arrive in season to share in the conflict. As I was advancing, I was met by Captain Eells, who with his advance party had been firing on the enemy's rear as they were retreating. It gave me pleasure to see the enemy's ships depart after having taken their party on board.

Marching back to the Highlands, and arriving near Stony Point on the 16th of July, we heard a heavy firing during the night in the direction of Stony Point, and in the morning we were informed of its capture by General Wayne and the light infantry under his command. They made prisoners of 1st Lieutenant Colonel, thirty other officers, and five hundred men, with the loss of fourteen killed and fifty wounded. This occasioned the plundering party on our coast to return to New York. Captain, afterwards General, Champion, who led in the second battalion, told me the second day after the capture many particular circumstances of the assault, but I don't recollect as he mentioned that the men had orders to take the flints out of their locks, as is mentioned by some in history. I was present at the auction sale of the articles captured, and saw the coat of a Captain Tew, who fell in

the assault, and noticed a bullet hole in it near the breast. A few days after this was the first interview I had with Captain, since Judge, Marshall, while taking orders at the markey of the adjutant general. After leaving the office, as several of us were walking together, he walked ahead by himself, appearing in a contemplative frame. I found his habit and manner to be reserved.

Count D'Estaing's arrival on the American coast about this time with a land force as well as naval occasioned the British to withdraw their troops from their outposts. New York being the central point of their main army, and a communication by water opening to every point therefrom, kept us constantly on the alert during the remainder of the season. One afternoon in September, towards sunset, the regiment being paraded and waiting to hear the chaplain make the evening prayer, as was customary when circumstances would permit, I was standing in a group of the officers of the regiment, the sergeants standing near us in another group, a musket was discharged, loaded with a ball, pointing directly towards us; the ball struck a sergeant, Barrows, passed through both legs just above his knees, then through one leg of a corporal; both fell; the sergeant bled profusely; surgical aid was at hand; the leg most torn was amputated, but he died the same night. He was an amiable youth, son of a farmer in Connecticut, much beloved, and his death much lamented. The corporal died at the hospital of his wounds. The soldier who discharged his piece which inflicted the wounds was a raw recruit, and had not drawn the load from his gun on being relieved from guard that morning; he was squatted down tinkering his gun lock.

The last of October we crossed the Hudson at Dobb's ferry, and lay several days on its Western bank. From here I was ordered to Newburgh with a small detachment, to draw clothing for the brigade. Having obtained it I put it on board a large Periagua, and as no time was to be lost, proceeded just before night down the river in a severe northeast snow storm. Our boat running on a rock at flood tide, she lay there until morning, when a higher tide enabled her to slide off. After remaining near Dobb's ferry two or three days that the clothing might be issued to the men, the 5th of November we resumed our march towards Morristown, in New Jersey, the snow being five or six inches deep. This snow remained on the ground through the succeeding memorable cold winter. We proceeded by slow marches to the place of our winter cantonment at Kimble's farm, a village five or six miles from Morristown, Headquarters of the army being established in Morristown.

The winter having commenced, increased in severity, and proved

the most intense of any winter the last half-century. We suffered much for want of provisions. Our army, as usual, lay out uncovered until the enemy had retired to their winter quarters, and about the 20th of December we were marched on to the ground for our winter cantonments. It was on the southern side of a hill, thickly wooded, a brook running in the front; here our men went to felling trees to procure logs for building their huts, and in about a week a line of huts was formed sufficient to cover the army. For want of proper tools our huts were constructed in a rude and coarse manner even for log huts; before the mud or mortar could be applied to fill the vacancies between the logs it was frozen. All those things could have been endured, accustomed as we had become to them, had not our rations of provisions failed; for some time the daily allowance was curtailed, then for three days it was entirely cut off. This situation was indeed gloomy in the extreme. During the previous curtailment our family, consisting of Major Colfax, the surgeon, and myself, had drawn some corn for our horses from the forage master; we directed the waiters to hull it and prepare it for eating ourselves. To facilitate the process they used weak ley, and not cleaning it sufficiently it made us sick. During the entire suspension of our allowance of provisions for three days, I having a young dog, though fully grown and fat, we held a consultation on the necessity of killing him to eat, and nothing saved poor Hector's life but the idea of the story reaching the enemy's quarters that the American officers were reduced to such straits as to eat dog's flesh.

On the request of the Paymaster General I went to his quarters to assist him for a few weeks; he occupied a large, roomy house in Morristown. There being spare rooms, General Howe requested the use of one of them to accommodate the court martial, of which he was president, on the trial of General Arnold, accused of peculation in Philadelphia.

General Howe used to spend some evenings in our room, and related many details of the battle near Savannah, in which he commanded the pivot on which the defeat turned, which he remarked would never come up to public view, but was like the cleaving of the air after the flight of a bird. The decision of this court is well known to have issued in the conviction of Arnold and the consequent sentence of the court, which is generally supposed to have laid the foundation in his mind for revenge, which he afterwards found an opportunity to put in practice. Seeing Arnold halt in his walk, from the fracture of his leg in battle, made a strong impression on my mind, occasioned by an association of ideas on a military life, which I had witnessed in its most

active forms during the last five years. Winter quarters are generally supposed to give some repose to an army; the present gave us but little; part of the time on short allowance or destitute, our clothes worn out, our pay suspended for months beyond the stipulated time, and when received was in depreciated paper; the winter extremely severe; no bright prospect before us of a speedy termination of the war; we spending the prime and vigor of our lives without laying any foundation for old age, and those who had families unable to afford them anything for their present subsistence; those things kept our heads on a pillow of thorns rather than of roses. Added to all this, our soldiers looked up to us, urging a fulfillment of promises or encouragements held up to them on enlistment; can it be said that anything but patriotism sustained us? On leaving our cantonments in the spring we marched towards the Hudson river; halted and remained some time in Essex and Middlesex counties, in New Jersey.

In May witnessed a very painful spectacle, the execution of three young men of the vicinity, convicted of having gone over to the enemy in New York and returning with enlisting orders to induce their comrades to join the army of the enemy. One of those was named Hutchinson, whose father, with his family, emigrated from Yorkshire, in England, a few years before the war, and brought with him some very fine horses and horned cattle; purchased a fine landed estate in the best part of Morris county, where he lived in a good degree of independence; but, adhering to the royal cause, he left his estate, went over to the enemy, his family broken up and scattered, this son hanged, and a brother remaining in New York. His estate was afterwards confiscated. This item is one of the thousands which occurred during our unhappy struggle, if not issuing in so sanguinary a manner, yet accompanied with circumstances of great distress.

General Lafayette, who had marched the 18th of February from the main army towards Virginia with about 1,200 or 1,500 men, having arrived, and entering the town of Richmond, on James river, towards which the British were advancing with about 1,500 men, they, learning that our troops were there, returned to their former station near the mouth of the river. General Green arrived before Camden the first week in May, but finding the place too strong to attack, moved back about a mile from the town and occupied an eminence, expecting the enemy to sally out and attack him, which they did on the 25th, and obliged General Green to retreat with the loss of 1 Captain and seventeen rank and file killed, and 2 Lieutenant Colonels, 2 Captains, and 3 Lieutenants wounded, and about two hundred privates wounded and missing.

In May another season of starvation occurred while remaining in New Jersey; for several days previous to the 25th the rations were curtailed, and then entirely suspended on that day. Two Connecticut regiments, Wylly's and Meigs', appeared, paraded under arms without an officer to head them, and directed in their movements by sergeants; their movements had been silent until then. The officers all sprang out, and inquiring the object of their movement and their designs, they replied through a leading sergeant that their sufferings had become so great they could endure them no longer, and were determined to quit the service and return home, adding, that from the commencement of the year they had received neither pay nor clothing, and now provisions had failed. Colonel Meigs, who was a favorite of the soldiers, having his sword drawn, moved near to the sergeant who was the speaker, and commanded him to fall into the ranks and return with the men to quarters. On this he leveled his gun, with the bayonet fixed, towards Colonel Meigs, saying their resolution was formed, and they should not recede from it. The moment was a critical one, and had Marshall witnessed it, as I did, I trust he would not have passed it over so philosophically as he has done in his history, unless he was restrained by motives arising from the honor of the army and of the country. A short season of calm ensued, and the officers assured the men that if they would quietly return to their duty, and their pressing wants were not supplied by a given day, they, the officers, would not attempt to prevent their dispersing. The officers then retired, and by midday all was apparently quiet. A brigade of Pennsylvania troops lay near us, and one of the officers, Mr. Stevenson, came to us and remained with us until the disorder had subsided. I presumed his object was to watch our motions and report to his line, that they mught pursue such measures as the case might require.

The situation of the officers was very painful, themselves being in the same state of privation with the men, but pressed by motives of duty and honor to preserve discipline, and, knowing that the demands of the men were just, they still had to persevere in the performance of their own duty. The army moved toward Pompton, Orange County, N. J., and encamped, advancing at times toward where the enemy pointed their movements, and waiting for an opportunity to strike some blow to our advantage. The army was thus occupied until the beginning of September without any striking incidents. At this time General Washington went to Hartford, Conn., to meet the French General Rochambeau, who had come there for the meeting from Newport, where the French troops of his command lay. General Green remained as commander during the absence of Washington.

One fine day the army, which then consisted of about eleven thousand men, was paraded and divided into two separate bodies, one occupying a small hill, and the other moved on to attack them. In this sham fight the various maneuvers common in a real battle were acted over. Baron Steuben ordered and conducted the review. After the assailants had continued the attack for some time, the reserve came up, which turned the battle in their favor. The usual shouting of the victors ensued, while the defeated retreated; the victors then took possession of the hill and pitched their tents on the battle ground. No accident happening, the day passed brilliantly. A temporary stage was erected, with seats to accommodate spectators, on which was seated General Washington, the other general officers, the French minister, Luserne, the Spanish minister, Don Juan, and a large number of citizens from the adjacent parts.

Not long after we were ordered out to attend the funeral of Don Juan, who died of a fever. The ceremonies attending it were as showy as circumstances would admit, and to those of us having been accustomed to plain republican simplicity were very imposing. The body was placed in a coffin, in a very rich dress trimmed with broad gold lace; his sword lay conspicuously by his side; minute-guns firing during the whole time, except when religious service was performing.

The army continued near Pompton until the return of Washington from the East, when the catastrophe of the defection of General Arnold ensued; that produced a strong sensation in the army; everything was put upon the alert, expecting the enemy to approach and attack West Point or some important place. Two days were spent in anxious suspense by the army. A board of general officers, consisting of twelve, was assembled, and Major André was brought before it, heard in his defence, and the proof being full and completely satisfactory, he was adjudged to be a spy, and sentenced to be executed as such. General Patterson, with whom I was well acquainted, and who was a member of the board, stated to me the particulars of his trial, and the impression made on their minds and feelings while contemplating his situation and destiny. André appeared during the trial altogether firm and collected in his mind and manner. In the interim between his trial and execution an informal proposal was made by General Washington to Sir Henry Clinton, who commanded in New York, that André might be restored back in exchange for Arnold. General Clinton refusing to comply with the proffer, and the intimation thereof being communicated to Captain Ogden, who was the bearer of the message, and returned during the night, an order was given for his execution. I was on my horse, and of course outside the line of in-

fantry, but could plainly see André and all that passed; he walked up the hill (in Pompton*), the place of his execution, arm-in-arm with Colonel Hamilton, with a firm and graceful step. My feelings had been previously drawn out favorably towards him from what had passed, but when I come to view him, an elegant and fine person, every way graceful, at the age of twenty-eight, and to be thus publicly executed, almost overcame me. But I had to endure it, while I contemplated the similar fate of my former acquaintance, Captain Nathan Hale, who was executed by the British in 1776.

The remains of Major André were removed from the place of his interment in A. D. 1821, by order of the British government; he having been buried near the place of his execution. It was found that a red-cedar-tree had grown up over his grave; a piece of this tree was conveyed to England in the ship with his remains, and the King ordered a gold snuff-box made, inlaid with a part of the tree, to be presented to the episcopal minister who officiated at the disinterment. March 15th a small action happened between the French fleet, consisting of six ships of the line and four frigates, and a detachment of the English fleet, consisting of seven ships of the line and three frigates, at the mouth of Chesapeake bay in Virginia; the action lasted about an hour.

The English having established a post at Portsmouth on the bay, and having but a small naval force to co-operate with it, the French, then at Newport, embarked two thousand of their land troops, and sailed with an intention to operate, in conjunction with the Marquis De La Fayette, who marched from the American army for Virginia, with eleven thousand light infantry, against the English garrison at that place, then commanded by General Arnold. The English fleet sailing immediately after the French, and not having to make so great an offing in passing New York as the French, arrived at the bay before them. The action happening near night, the English took advantage of the darkness and went into the bay, on which the French returned to Newport. March 16th a severe action happened between General Green and Lord Cornwallis, near Guilford Court House. General Green's small army numbered about fourteen thousand regular troops and about two thousand militia of Virginia and North Carolina, with which he attacked the English army, consisting of about twenty-five thousand regulars. Greene was defeated, with the loss of Major Anderson, Captain Barret, and about ninety killed and two hundred wounded; four pieces of artillery fell into the enemy's hands, with all the wounded. The enemy did not pursue. Greene retreated

*History says Tappan.

three miles in good order, to where his baggage had remained during the action. The enemy began a retreat towards Charleston, S. C., where Greene pursued them.

Being in Boston in the month of April, 1778, I saw the arrival of the British transport-ships in the harbor come to receive the prisoners of Burgoyne's army captured October previous. A prominent article in the capitulation was, "that those troops should be delivered up to the British government, with a guarantee that they should not be employed against the United States during the war." Our government waited for the British government to ratify the articles of capitulation agreed on at the surrendery. The British, finding it would be recognizing our independence to ratify it, refused, and the ships returned without the prisoners. It being proved to Europe and the world by the battle of Bunker hill and the capture of Burgoyne's army that the United States were able to sustain their independence, the treaty, offensive and defensive, between the French government and ours was ratified at Passi, near Paris, in February, 1778, on which the British government immediately declared war against France. April 23d General Marion reduced Fort Watson. May, Fort Mott reduced. The post at Orangeburgh reduced. As the year opened and advanced bright prospects for the United States began to appear. A special deputation had been sent to the French court to lay our case and situation fairly before the King, urging the necessity of some important effort being made which should bring the war to a close. The French King very promptly dispatched a courier to the Spanish court, the reigning King being uncle to the then French King, strongly suggesting a co-operation with France and the United States to accomplish the object. The Spanish government readily and promptly acceded to the proposed measures, which issued in a complete success.

As the spring opened our army left their cantonments in the Highlands, took the field, and advanced towards White Plains. In March, Maryland having fully acceded to the articles of Confederation, that being the last state which has hitherto neglected to do it, the confederation was finally closed, by which Congress has fully become a legislative body. By the United States in Congress assembled, March 16th, 1781, "Resolved, that all debts due from the United States which have been liquidated in specie value, and all debts which have been or shall be made payable." In June General Washington took post in Philipsburgh. The four French regiments and the legion which had been lying at Newport arrived there at the same time, and encamped on the left of the American line. Some skirmishing happened between the advanced parties of both the English and Americans. The first part

of this season was spent by our army in marching and countermarching. The British army kept pretty closely shut up in New York, and looked sharply on the defensive for the time being. General Rochambeau, with a body of five thousand troops, lying at Newport, R. I., and a French fleet, commanded by Count D'Estang, arriving, prevented the British army from attempting any considerable enterprise. Thus the season advanced, until the fore part of September, when the plan which had been concerted between Washington and our allies was put in operation.

The period having arrived for the necessary movements to commence, General Washington formed the plan which so completely eluded the enemy, the detail of which is described in history. The French army at Newport was put in motion; at the same time the American army began its movements by crossing the river Hudson at King's ferry into New Jersey, hovering round New York, and putting on the appearance of a design to attack it; parties were advanced forward of bakers, with instructions to prepare ovens and other fixments for the accommodation of the army in its meditated attack. An express was forwarded by General Washington with his letter containing directions for the forming of a camp, etc., to accommodate the army on its arrival. The bearer, it seems, conformable with his instructions, passed so near an outguard of the enemy that he was captured by them. The intercepted letter added strength to the delusion which was designed, and among other circumstances, lulled the enemy from any apprehension of the real object contemplated. By a sudden movement our army marched onward toward Yorktown. The success which followed you will read in history. Rochambeau with his five thousand soon moved on; they were said to be the flower of the French army, having been raised principally in Normandy and the north of France. Beside the officers who held rank in the army were many men of science, as Chatteilux and others, who, it seems, were collecting and preparing materials for a practical description of things in the United States, and which were afterwards published by them. I was particularly struck, while in conversation with Count D'Ponts, who commanded the regiment *Du Ponts,* to observe with what fluency and precision he spoke English. At a small distance one on hearing him would not have supposed that he spoke any otherwise than a well-educated English gentleman.

I viewed their manner of encamping over night; the perfect mechanical manner of performing all they had to do, such as digging a circular hole and making nitches in which to set their camp-kettles for cooking food, etc.; every necessary accommodation was performed

in the most natural and convenient manner. They rose in the morning and paraded by daylight; soon struck tents and began their march, which they completed for the day about noon; then pitched tents and set about their cookery. They marched on the road in open order until the music struck up; they then closed into close order. On the march a quartermaster preceeded, and at the forking of the road would be stuck a pole with a bunch of straw at top, to shew the road they were to take.

Not being at the siege of Yorktown, I must refer you to history. On the surrender of Yorktown all concluded it was the closing part of active war, which it ultimately proved to be. The frequent murders by hanging and otherwise by the cowboys, as they were called, and complaints being made to General Washington, he proceeded, late in the year '81, to put in force his threats of retaliation he had so often expressed. He selected from a great number of others a case of much notoriety, which occurred on Staten Island. A party in their way seized on one Captain Huddy, and, as usual, without much delay, hung him on a tree, which they bent down for the purpose, when his friends found him with a label on his breast, "Up goes Huddy for Henry White." Those things having arisen to a climax, General Washington selected by lot from among the prisoners captured at Yorktown a Captain Argill, son of Sir Charles Argill, of very respectable standing, as the victim for retaliation. He was kept in close confinement for a considerable time, apparently awaiting his execution. His mother, Lady Argill, wrote a very moving letter to Vergennes, the then prime minister in France, urging him to intercede with General Washington to spare her son's life. Those things having become a subject of considerable notoriety, the British commander ordered the companies he had commissioned to be dissolved. Thus those barbarities were in a considerable degree checked, and Captain Argill released on parole. The feelings of the mass of the people were shown to be strongly interested in favor of Captain Argill, as they were for Major André previously, and much to the praise of their humanity.

A similar opportunity occurred to shew the general state of feeling. The two British ships, the Java and the Macedonia, recently captured, were placed for safekeeping in the river Thames, eight or ten miles from New London, and a number of British seamen, prisoners, confined in them. Orders were either given out or expected to be given out to retaliate on those prisoners some of the severities practiced on our marine prisoners confined in the ship Jersey, lying at Brooklyn. The populace interfered, which prevented the orders being carried into effect.

In the year 1783, the war being ended, I was travelling through East and West Chester counties, in New York State, and was forcibly struck by the appearance of this once beautiful section of country. The inhabitants had acquired and collected around them, previous to the war, all the conveniences and accommodations of rural life, and the country now appeared in a state of desolation. I stopped at an inn on the great road, which was reopened as a house of entertainment, and one in which I had lodged in 1774, the year preceding the war; it was a large stone building with outhouses, surrounded with fruit-trees, and appearing to possess every convenience. It then appeared almost in ruins, like everything else around it. I said to the hostess, "Mother Day, your place don't look as it did when I was here in '74." "No," says she, "then we had everything we wanted; now we found the out-buildings and all the fences burnt, all the fruit trees destroyed, with everything else, and we as poor as the *free negro.*"

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

By HENRY ROMEYN, *Brevet-Major, U. S. A.*

CHAPTER XVII.

A SCORE of years had passed since the shipwrecked immigrants had been cast upon the shores of the New World, and the babe born during the howling of the storm had grown to womanhood amid the surroundings incident to settlement in a new colony.

On the parents, accustomed to lives of comfort and comparative ease, if not of luxury, the change had at first borne heavily, but courage never failed, and, laying aside his sword, the ex-guardsman took up the implements of peace, and had, during a portion of the two decades, really "eaten his bread in the sweat of his face," till frugality, added to prosperity, had enabled him to give employment to others, and, by mercantile enterprises, small at first, but increased as opportunity offered, add to his stores and the comforts of his home.

To the elder Du Puis, trained to a business life, the change of location was less severe, and the small capital he had been able to save at the time of his flight, had, by cautious ventures and careful investments, yielded good returns. He had at once taken a prominent position in church affairs, and, identified with "The Church of the Holy Spirit," had made his presence and influence felt for good in all its councils.* Five children gathered about his table, and looked to him and their noble, true mother for counsel and guidance.

During the nine years of English supremacy the colony had progressed very favorably, notwithstanding the incapacity of some of its governors, and tyranny of others. Manners and customs were to some extent changed; though, with the conservatism inherent in their character, most of the Dutch clung to those of their fathers. Many, also, like Mevrouw Dekker, thought that Holland would in some way regain control of the country; and it was with heartfelt thanks that such—in fact, it may be said, all who were of Dutch descent—learned

*For list of members of the French Church du Saint Esprit see publication of same by Huguenot Society of America.

that a Dutch squadron had demanded and received the surrender of the authorities of the colony.

As commander of one of the ships, came Jan Van Kampe. As his father had done, he had wandered far and wide; and had spread his sails on almost every known sea; had faced winter gales in the Baltic, and sweltered under the blazing suns of the African coast; had inhaled the spicy breezes of Ceylon, and the pest-laden airs of Darien; and with a record of service which entitled him to some consideration, he asked to be detailed to remain on duty in the waters of the reclaimed province, that he might be near his parents. His request was granted, and as there was but little active service to be performed, he managed to make frequent visits to Esopus. The colony had not increased enough to prevent each person in it being known to all others, and on his first visit, the veteran sailor, who had gone heart-whole till middle-aged, fell a victim to the arrows of the insatiate archer, and found himself in a state of divided allegiance;—on the one hand—Holland—on the other—a comely maiden, daughter of Pietrus de Witt, one of the earliest settlers at Esopus. In the belief that the colony would be held by Holland, and with the desire, so universal with parents in their declining years, to retain their offspring near them, the senior Van Kampe advised his son to give up his position as an officer, accept a share in his business, marry the woman of his choice, and, as he had done, devote himself to peaceful pursuits. He soon found that the father had a very potent ally in the young Machtildt.*

"Why shouldst thou follow the sea any longer?" was the question asked him, when he propounded the momentous one, on the reply to which he had staked his future. "Thou hast won honors enough, and canst afford to give way to others. I am proud of thy record and services, and love thee for them as well as for thyself; but, consider—if thou dost still retain thy place thou art liable to be again ordered to the world's end at any time, and thy wife must be left behind, mayhap for years—mayhap"—and another contingency came into the minds of both—"forever. This is Holland's land, remain in it and be happy."

What man, really deeply in love, ever stopped to weigh business propositions in the same scales as his passion? It was not done in this case: preliminaries were soon arranged, the banns published in due time and form, the resignation of his commission duly forwarded to Holland, the grant of a plot of three "morgens" of land at Esopus

*Matilda.

obtained, and the two ex-captains—father and son, began business together; the wedding festivities being delayed for a time because of the absence of a clergyman.*

But after marriage the newly wedded man soon found himself in a position similar to that in which, years previously, Liutnant Dekker had been placed. Scarcely had he assumed the cares of business and the dignity of a freeholder, when distant diplomatic measures threw the colony again into English hands; and his expectations of quiet citizenship under Dutch government were forever dispelled. Satisfied, after mature deliberation, that the transfer was final, both father and son transferred allegiance to the new power, and thus aided, to a great extent, in the change which was soon apparent in many ways in the colony.†

But the colony was not free from troubles. Indians were daily to be seen within its limits, and though rigorous regulations existed prohibiting sales of intoxicants to them, they were often openly violated; and inflamed by deep potations, the savages were frequently guilty of acts which called forth severe punishment. Blood was shed on both sides; and thoughtful, law-abiding men foresaw serious trouble if the traffic was not stopped.‡ Foremost among them were those in whose careers we have an interest.

Kaptien Van Kampe, Sr., as civil magistrate, and Captain Schoonmacker and Lieutenant Dekker, as officers of the military force of the settlement, were especially zealous in correcting the evil; and the wife of the last named, whose physical and mental vigor had given her a rather unique and responsible place among—or, we may say—at the head of, the usually self-repressed women of her nationality, was outspoken in her detestation of the infamous and dangerous dealing.

As a measure of safety, all Indians remaining at the town for the night, were sent across the Esopus creek, to the south or right bank, where they were allowed to carouse unchecked, and whence their drunken yells often disturbed the rest of the burghers in their stockaded homes.§

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*For publication of banns of Jan Van Kampen see Records of Dutch church of Kingston, N. Y., and for grant of land as stated, see Sylvester's Hist. of Ulster Co., N. Y.

†For list of names of those resident at Esopus who swore allegiance to England, see O'Callaghan's New York.

‡For sales of liquor to Indians see Sylvester's Hist. Ulster Co., N. Y., p. 55.

§See Hist. Ulster Co., N. Y.

On one occasion, as she was returning at nightfall from the bedside of a sick neighbor, Mevrouw Dekker met an intoxicated Indian and his wife, the latter sober (that sex never indulged in the orgies which disgraced their lords and masters), and vainly endeavoring to draw her mate away from two of the townspeople who were endeavoring to furnish him with more liquor in exchange for some furs still in his possession. Her appearance checked the fraudulent proceeding; but during the delay incident to the meeting, and the consequent interference, the already intoxicated man had yielded still more to the effects of his potations, and was unable to proceed to the camp across the stream. Promising immunity from having report made of their lawlessness, as reward, she made the men assist the almost helpless being to an outbuilding at her home, where he was left to sleep off the effects of his debauch; while, to assure the woman of immunity from molestation, in case he was troublesome when he awoke, she was given a separate apartment. There woman's greatest trial came upon her; and when, in the early morning hours, her white sister visited the room, she found that a miniature warrior had been added to the Esopus tribe, and the hardy mother only awaited the opening of the door of her room to begin the long walk to her home in the Shawangunk mountains. With the usual stoicism of his race, the sobered father, with the faintest possible indication of thankfulness for favors, accepted the food proffered, and the moment it was consumed, set forth on the return to the village of his tribe, followed by the wife, carrying the infant wrapped in swaddlings furnished by her hostess.

CHAPTER XVIII.

As HAD been foretold by those who best understood the situation, and Indian character, the storm of war broke upon the settlement not long after the events mentioned; and it was nearly exterminated. The Indians obtained admittance into the stockaded area, under pretense of trade, at a time when most of the men were employed in the outlying fields, and at a given signal began the work of destruction by fire and hatchet. In less than an hour but two or three buildings were left standing, and every one in flames was a funeral pyre. Women and children were made captives, and, in several instances, after they had seen husband and father slain in a vain defense of the home. Among the prisoners was Mevrouw Dekker. Her husband and sons

were in the fields, but with her were several children of neighbors; and all were driven forth by a warrior, and hurried off to the wilds, without opportunity of ascertaining the fate of any of their loved ones. From a hilltop where they were halted for a moment, to await the arrival of a similar party, they looked upon the smoking ruins of their homes; and some of the women gave way to despair. For their anguish there was sufficient reason. The work of years had vanished in an hour; many of those they had loved had fallen by the hands of the foe, and they knew not what fate awaited them, even if they withstood the fatigue and exposure incident to the march to the homes of their captors. But most of them were of sterner stuff. The old Holland training of centuries of strife and hardship had not gone for naught; and by the time the march was resumed, their courage had returned, and though forbidden by their guards to hold communication with each other, they found means to evade the prohibition, and to encourage each other with hope of speedy rescue.*

The third day of their captivity was nearing its close when those who had survived its terrors and exposure reached their destination; the uttermost village of the tribe, situated on the head-waters of the Neversink river. This was a prominent place of abode, and in the partially cleared grounds surrounding it maize and other easily cultivated grains were growing; and on a hill-top not far away a rude breastwork of fallen timber and brush showed that measures of defense had not been wholly neglected. More than thirty captives had been brought in, and were divided among the families, and the women and larger children, under guard, put at work in the near-by plantations. As all the able-bodied men had gone on the hostile expedition, women were utilized as guards, and in most instances proved cruel overseers, beating their charges unmercifully if any failed to please by the quantity or quality of work. Remonstrance or rebellion was worse than useless; and all thought of it was abandoned after seeing one of their number slain by the blow of a club for resistance.

Gratitude is not generally considered a trait of savage character, but that opinion is in very many cases erroneous. The warrior who had been the recipient of Dekker hospitality had been a member of the destructive band, and had returned unscathed from the raid, while his wife had been in charge of different parties of captives. Several days had elapsed, when, after all had become quiet in the village at night, Mevrouw Dekker was roused from slumber by the touch of a

*For story of destruction of town and carrying away of women and children see Hist. Ulster Co., pp. 49. 50. Eight women and twenty-six children were taken.

hand upon her arm, and saw, by the dim light of the moon's rays through the door of the lodge where she had been placed with the children taken from her home, the woman she had befriended, bending over her. With a gesture which meant "be silent," the Indian handed her a pair of moccasins, and directed her to put them on, and, that done, to go with her. To the gesture of inquiry about the children the red woman made a decidedly negative reply, and urged haste. Outside the wigwam, she handed the captive a small bag containing some parched maize, and dried venison, and with a similar one in her own possession, the pair set forth. The full moon lighted up the forest aisles, and rendered rapid progress possible, and they made the most of that possibility. By dawn they had passed beyond the scene of the last camp of the captives, and turning carefully from the trail, to conceal their location from any who might by chance or design have seen their footprints on it, sought shelter for the day in a thicket of small hemlocks which had grown about the body of a fallen tree.

They were not disturbed, and after the day, whose hours seemed to the captive well-nigh endless, had closed, the journey was resumed; and as the morning of the second day dawned, the pair saw from a hilltop where they had halted, the settlements, but a few miles away. Each knew a few words of the language of the other, and by these, added to signs, the guide indicated to her pale-faced companion that she was at liberty. Refusing the urgent invitation to accompany her farther, she bade the captive adieu, and disappeared in the forest.

The marauders had not returned scathless from the foray. Schooled to emergencies, the women whose homes were invaded, had in several instances made desperate resistance, and more than one warrior had vainly fought a defensive battle against such weapons—axe or musket—as came first to hand; and men, who habitually carried arms to the fields, were soon on the scene, and fighting for life and all that made life of value. Some of them had fallen in the fray, but none of those in whom we have especial interest had been injured. Pursuit was for the moment impossible—shelter for those left, care of the wounded, and burial of the dead, demanded attention. The latter care had been completed, and the wounded were progressing toward recovery when the liberated captive appeared on the scene.

The information she was able to give, while it brought partial relief to anxious husbands and parents, left much in doubt. How would children fare if left solely to the care of their captors? What would be the situation of the women in captivity? Fortunately they had no reason to dread that fate, worse than death, which has always been that of their sisters of later generations who have fallen into the

hands of the nomads of the plains, but if recapture or ransom were delayed, there was nothing to prevent a warrior, so inclined, taking a wife from among the captives. Some mothers were at first disposed to criticise her for having deserted the children—as they termed her flight—but this feeling soon passed, and all interest centered in the preparations for a campaign of reprisal, which was soon begun.

As officers of the company of militia, in which positions they had been confirmed by the English colonial authorities, Captain Schoonmacker and Lieutenant Dekker, were leaders of the expedition, and in the ranks were sons of both those officers, taking their first lessons in frontier hostilities, in which their descendants were destined to become prominent participants. With heavy hearts and sad forebodings the wives and mothers saw them depart. There was no shedding of tears—Holland's women reserved them for their dead; and their daughters emulated their examples—but their leave-takings were none the less serious.

"See that thou act a man's part," said the Dekker mother, "but be not needlessly cruel. Remember the kindness to thy mother after the arrival at the village of the savages, and if opportunity offers, be kind in return to her who guided her flight. Do nothing in heat or anger, over which thou must have life-long shame or sorrow. God send thy father and thee back safely to me."

The other Elsie, wife of the commander, saw, with sad forebodings, the departure of husband and son. The first named was past the prime of life and though still considered a hale man, felt the effects of long service in various climes. But as senior officer of the force, it was his duty to act as leader, and when, two months after the destruction of the town, the little band of yeomanry took up its march with its course directed toward the Indian country, he was at its head, and his son Jochem had a place in its ranks.

The location of the principal village of the foe was well known to several of the invaders, who had visited it frequently on hunting or trading excursions; and with the hope that the approach would not be discovered if marches were made at night, that time was decided upon for movement. As everything needed for the campaign was borne by the marching men, the progress was not rapid, and midnight of the third day had passed when the little command was halted and directed to prepare for the attack.

But they were not unexpected. A scout who had been sent to watch the settlement had, in his stealthy movements, crossed their trail the day after it was made, and had passed them by a wide detour and alarmed his friends. Families and captives were hurried off;

the flight following the course of the Neversink to its junction with the South River (as the Delaware was then called), and the warriors awaited the approach of the pale-face foe.

Both parties were eager for the fray. The Indian felt that he had been wronged and defrauded at every turn. Intruders were driving him from what had for uncounted generations been his home land, had traded on his weakness for strong waters, and produced parchments bearing his mark for transfer of his lands, made in his hours of debauchery, of which he had no remembrance; had roused his ire by overbearing treatment, descending in many instances to personal chastisement; and now, bent upon the destruction of his last stronghold, were close upon it. His all was at stake, and if he lost, all was gone. He was with his back to the wall, and must win or die.

Added to the usual race feeling of dominance, the white man saw, behind him, the vision of burning homes, their hearthstones red with the blood of luckless neighbors, their wives and children; and in front, captive wife and child beckoned him on to deliver them from thralldom or death.

The first rays of dawn were breaking through their leafy canopy, when the whites were roused for action. But early as were their movements, they were not early enough to rouse a sleeping foe, and as the deployment for the advance was begun, the warwhoop rang out in their front, and the fight was on. They had already learned the tactics of their red foes, and soon, each man covered by a tree, were replying to the musketry and archery directed upon them. Despite their strenuous resistance, the red men were forced back to the village; but there, covered by the wigwams, they rallied, and for a time with success. But, gathering combustibles at some distance in the rear, several of the bravest of the invaders rushed forward, carrying the blazing masses, which, thrown against the sides of the wigwams, soon ignited them, and drove out the brave defenders. Some of the fire-bearers were slain—others desperately wounded; among the latter being young Johannis Dekker. Driven out by the flames, the warriors, still fighting, drew off to the rude fortification already mentioned, and there made their last stand.

Their defenses, built without any of the implements deemed absolutely necessary by the white engineer, were not of a nature to turn the leaden messenger of death, but they were heavy enough to break the force of a charge, and the foliage of the smaller trees made an excellent screen, from which the besieged plied bullet and arrow with effect. The whites, partly through ideas of conciliation, but more through cupidity, had allowed the tribe to supply itself with firearms

and ammunition, and the traffic, boomerang-like, was returning, to the injury of the sender. Many of the whites had been soldiers, and to them the scene was not new or novel, and among them, casualties were comparatively few, owing to their skill in protecting themselves by trees, but the officers, exposed in their movements from point to point, were not so fortunate. Early in the action Captain Schoonmacker received an arrow in his leg. Though the wound was painful, and caused the loss of much blood, it did not incapacitate him for duty, but a second one, which, striking him in the breast, penetrated the cavity, disabled him completely; and a short time after, as he looked forth from his sheltering tree, Lieutenant Dekker fell dead with a bullet in his brain. "The pitcher had gone too often to the fountain," and another of the family had yielded up his life on the field of strife, and one more woman of the Van Vechte lineage was left to mourn a husband slain.

The contest had dragged till past the noon hour, and though at times the firing dwindled down to only a shot at long intervals, the Indians still held their ground, and the issue seemed in doubt, unless some means could be devised by which they could be forced from their defenses, and made to fight upon equal terms. The ground was thickly strewn with lately fallen leaves, and as a brisk wind sprang up after the sun had passed the meridian, it was determined to apply the torch to the combustible material on the windward side of the defenses, and trust to the flames to cause the abandonment; at the same time the attacking party should close in on all but the leeward side, which was to be left open to prevent casualties from the cross-fire of their own men.

Fanned by the strong breeze, it required but little time for the flames to reach the abbatis behind which the savages were making their stand, and as the blaze swept over it, the whites, with eager, encouraging shouts, closed in, peering through the lurid air for chances for shots at their foes. To their shouts, the war-whoop echoed defiance for a time, and then from different points in the ensanguined enclosure, arose the weird death song, as one warrior after another sank in his death agony. Still, none had been seen escaping, though the open side of the slaughter-pen had been closely watched, and some of the most venturesome of the whites who penetrated into the hot, smoking area, though they found charred bodies of slain, found also living foes, apparently undaunted amid the fiery chaos, and were glad to retreat, while retreat was possible.

The autumn day was waning, and still the contest was undecided, and he who had succeeded to the command with the approval of those

closely about him, decided to assault with all his force, trusting to numerical superiority to win. At the word, passed from man to man, as well as shouted by the commander, every unwounded man charged toward the center from where he stood, and the struggle was hand-to-hand. Savage shout and civilized battle cry rose on the air, and the red man's hatchet—his powder and his arrows were exhausted—was for a few moments used with telling force. But numbers won, and the victors looked upon the bloody scene, where the power of their foes had gone down never to rise, and where more than three-fourths of their warriors lay, dead or dying; those who could do so having fled through the opening left by the investors, and disappeared in the forest.

The victors were in no condition to pursue. The long contest had exhausted them, their wounds demanded attention, and the dead burial. So many of the foe were found that it was certain that the tribe had lost most of its strength, and the whites felt that further chastisement was unnecessary. This was a just conclusion; the tribe never recovered its prestige, and before many years had passed from history as a separate body.

The morning after the battle, the dead of whites, more than a score in number, were buried, to await further ceremony and removal during the ensuing winter; those of the foe were left where they had fallen. Rude litters were constructed, on which those not able to walk were carried; and messengers were sent in advance to inform those at the settlement of the state of affairs and procure horses for such as could ride, as well as subsistence for the whole party. The return journey occupied a week, and while the defeat and rout of the savages was a cause for thankfulness, the settlement mourned nearly half of its late inhabitants, slain or captives in the hands of the foe.

The wounds of Captain Schoonmacker were slow in healing, and the winter had passed before complete recovery had been made, and then he found that his campaigning days were over; and partly out of compliment to the veteran, and as reward for his own services, his son, Jochem, was named as his successor. For the subaltern's position the son of the dead officer was named, but the widowed mother interposed serious objections.

"The Dekker family have had enough of war and bloodshed. The land is now England's; let Englishmen fight for it;" was the feeling in the sorrowing woman's heart, which was given voice when the matter was first mentioned to her.

But the son, true to the traditions of his house, replied:

"The land is, in a way, England's land, but it is ours, also, as it is that of any who choose to settle in it. Our all is here, and the same can be said of Huguenot, Pole, and Russian who have cast their lots here. A land not worth fighting for is not worth living in; and thou wouldst scorn me in cooler moments, or when trouble came, if I failed to answer promptly the call of duty."

The subject was not disposed of at one sitting, but the mother finally yielded, under protest, and the old battle-blade, in younger hands, was again ready for service.

CHAPTER XIX.

BUT her anxieties were not at an end. Conservative to a degree, she had watched and planned for matrimonial alliances for her sons, and had held long and frequent consultations with her husband regarding them. Representatives of other nationalities were increasing in number in the colony; and among them, more especially among those of French extraction, were many young women of beauty and vivacity, both of which attributes rendered them attractive to young men, of whatsoever lineage they might be; and the widow, wholly Dutch in feeling and sympathy, saw, with feelings of apprehension, that both her sons were seeking the society of French maidens in preference of those of Holland families.

Parental interference in their children's affairs of the heart has ever been provocative of trouble, and this case was no exception. After long and serious cogitation, the mother opened a conversation with the older son.

"My Johanis, is it not time that thou wert thinking seriously of taking a wife? Other men, younger than thou, are doing so, and I would gladly see thee take one of the many Dutch maidens as bride, and bring her hither as company for me in my loneliness. Hast thou not thought of doing so?"

"I have thought seriously of it."

"I am glad. Hast thou spoken to the fruelie of thy choice? or to her father? Of course thou art thinking only of one of our own people."

"I have not spoken of marriage to the maiden, nor have I asked permission of her father to propose marriage, but I love her, and am sure of a favorable answer when I do so. But she is not a Dutch maiden."

"Oh! my son! What canst thou have in common with any daughter of another nation? Language, training, habits—all are different. How can I take to my heart such a daughter? Of what family is she?"

"She is Pauline, the daughter of Captain Paul Du Puis, the one born on the beach in the storm which wrecked the ship on which her parents were coming to this land."

"Her's is a good family. But, my son, as thou hast not bound thyself by any word, give up the idea. There are"—and the anxious woman named half a score of young women of her own acquaintance whom she classed as eligibles. "Surely any one of them would willingly, gladly, accept thee as a husband. Choose one, and make me happy, as well as her and thyself."

"That thou dost not approve my choice gives me sorrow, for I had not foreseen it. But in this I cannot give way to thee. While I have not actually asked her hand in marriage, I have allowed her to know what my feelings are, and love and honor both lead me to her. Do not ask me to give her up."

Then the widow made another appeal.

"My son, I know that thou dost cherish thy father's memory. Thou knowest that he served Holland long, and that till this last change of government all his hopes were of her and hers. Dost thou think he would approve this seeking a wife among strangers?"

"I know that my father loved Holland and Holland's people; but in this province we are no longer hers. England rules, and all who live here must be, in a manner, English; must learn and use her language, and I shall live to see all distinctions based on nationalities done away. But that need not affect us now. My mind is settled on this thing, and I am certain of your love for her of my choice when thou hast had time to know her."

The mother was not at once won over. To add to her troubles, she found, on speaking of his brother's choice to the younger son, that he, too, had fallen away from ancestral allegiance, and under the spell of French attractions was on the point of proposing to the youngest daughter of Nicholaes Du Puis, and cousin of the father of his brother's sweetheart.

"Shall I learn to speak French in my own house and family?" asked the indignant mother when told of this second international attachment. "I cannot do so. Must I always have thee at hand as interpreter? That is impossible. It is enough that we must learn to speak English and live under English laws. Choose thee some Dutch fruelie and cease to think of those of other tongues."

"That I cannot do. And there will be but one tongue in this land ere long. Dost thou not see that all is fast becoming English?"

The strongly conservative woman could not silently endure this open disaffection in race and language.

"My Jacobus! Has a pretty face caused thee to forget not the land only, but the tongue of thy fathers?"

"No, they are not forgotten, and I prize the records my fathers have made. But others have made records, also, and surely thou canst not say that those who have given up land and home for conscience sake, after fighting for it and them as long as any hope lived, are not worthy of love and honor. Thou hast known only good of them, and as for thy having to learn French, why may not my vrijster learn Dutch? And those who come after us must learn English, for all will *be* English within fifty years."

"Thou speakest as one having the gift of prophecy. It may be as thou sayest. I shall not live to know of it. Thy life is thy own, to make or mar, and the same is true of thy brother."

The subject was frequently discussed in the months which followed, and always with disapproval, and at times with stronger terms on the part of the mother; but when the older of the brothers brought home his bride, she took her to her arms and heart, and was better prepared to extend a similar greeting to the other, later.

(To be Continued.)

WAR AS A FACTOR IN HUMAN PROGRESS AND DEVELOPMENT.*

THE argument is frequently made that war is a relic of barbarism; that it is simply the application of brute force in the settlement of disputes, and that as such it is unworthy of recognition or adoption by civilized, enlightened or Christian nations. We are told by the members and representatives of the peace societies of the world that war should be relegated to oblivion along with slavery, infanticide, the worship of idols and other customs of untutored savages. It is claimed that it settles no disputes in accordance with the principles of justice, reason, equity or humanity, but only demonstrates that one side or the other has the stronger elements of force behind it, or, in other words, has the heavier artillery. It is strongly urged upon modern civilized nations that an agreement should be entered into amongst themselves that war should be abolished, that armies should be disbanded, that navies should be transferred to the merchant marine and that all subjects of dispute or controversy should be settled by courts of arbitration to be governed by the rules and principles of international law.

Replying to these statements and arguments, powerful as they are, and much as they appeal to our sentiments of humanity and our sympathies with the innocent victims of war's destructive operations, and much as their adoption would relieve human suffering, prevent the loss of property and the sacrifice of life itself, I nevertheless propose to offer some suggestions going to show that the sword is a Divinely appointed agent for the prevention of greater wrongs which would otherwise exist, and for the correction and punishment of crimes by individuals and nations which would, without this agency, go unpunished, and if so their effects would be so disastrous to the moral interests of the world that nothing less than another universal deluge would be sufficient for the correction of the evils which would otherwise result from a disregard, inherent in human nature, of the laws which have been ordained by the Creator for the government of the moral, physical, the intellectual and the spiritual world.

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*A paper read before the Washington Commandery of the Loyal Legion at Seattle, by Col. Wm. F. Prosser.

In an early chapter of sacred history, when describing the fall of our first parents, we are told that a flaming sword in the hands of the cherubim turned every way to keep our unhappy progenitors from returning to the Garden of Eden, and that sword has been the emblem down to the present hour, of one of the chief instruments made use of by the Almighty to punish our sins, to correct our shortcomings, and, if possible, to keep us in the way of righteousness. From the beginning to the end of Holy Writ the sword is spoken of times and ways without number as such an instrument, and it was frequently invoked by prophets, priests and kings, as the most effective weapon known to mankind for the chastisement of evil deeds, whether committed by individuals or nations. We are accustomed to consider heaven as a place where only peace and happiness, bliss and harmony prevail in uninterrupted perfection, nor do we know how conflicts are carried on there, but we are told in one of the closing chapters of the same inspired volume that upon a certain occasion there was "war in heaven; that Michael and his angels fought against the dragon and his angels," and we are not left in doubt as to the result of the battle or battles which were then fought any more than we usually are as to the final result of any contest in this world, where it is a question of good against evil or right against wrong. One of the first battle cries recorded in any history, sacred or profane, is that made use of by the Israelites, when by a pardonable ruse 300 men stampeded a vast host of their enemies in the night, and so frightened them with the noise they made and with their cries of "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" that the men of this host turned their arms upon each other and destroyed themselves in their vain efforts to escape.

EXAMPLES FROM SACRED HISTORY.

King David was called the "sweet singer of Israel," and very properly so, because his psalms have been the delight and the consolation of millions upon millions of people from his day down to the present hour, yet in one of his exultant moments he exclaimed, "Blessed be the Lord, my strength, who hath taught my hands to war and my fingers to fight," and throughout a long and successful military career he consantly ascribes his triumphs over his enemies, not to his own prowess and skill, but to the aid and assistance he received from the Almighty. When the Israelites took possession of the land of Canaan they were strictly enjoined to destroy utterly all the places wherein the nations that possessed the land before them served their gods upon the high hills and under every green tree. They were instructed to overthrow their altars, break down their pillars, and burn their groves with

fire. They were to hew down the graven images of their gods and destroy the names of them out of that place, "for every abomination to the Lord, says he, which he hateth have they done unto their god, for even their sons and their daughters they have burnt in the fire of these gods." Moses further said that if any city should engage in this idolatrous worship, "Thou shalt utterly smite that city with the edge of the sword," destroying it utterly, and all that is therein, and the cattle thereof with the edge of the sword. In spite, however, of all the warnings and injunctions they from time to time received, the Israelites continually followed the evil and idolatrous example of the surrounding nations, and long after the time of Moses one of their prophets said, "Ah, sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil-doers, children that are corrupt, they have forsaken the Lord, they have provoked the Holy One of Israel unto anger, they are gone away backward. Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." The history of the Jewish people is a constant succession of fearful punishments for their idolatry and other sins of omission and commission, with the sword, with famine and with pestilence, until they were carried away captive for seventy years, with all the accumulated treasures of gold, silver and every other species of material wealth which they had acquired during a long course of uninterrupted prosperity. So great was the destruction thus caused in Israel and amongst the surrounding nations that another prophet in his anguish exclaimed: "Oh, thou Sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be quiet? Put up thyself into thy scabbard, rest and be still." But he answered himself, "How can it be quiet, seeing the Lord hath given it a charge against Ashkelon and against the seashore. There hath he appointed it." The sword in those days had a charge against many nations and kingdoms besides Ashkelon, and in order that its mission might be thoroughly performed, he says elsewhere: "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully, and cursed be he that keepeth back the sword from blood." And as the sword in the hands of men, however bloody they may have been, did not accomplish the purposes of the Lord with sufficient rapidity and effectiveness, we are told that on one occasion He sent an angel which destroyed in a single night 185,000 men. This scene is graphically described by one of our modern poets, who says:

"The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

"But the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed,
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved and forever were still."

In the course of human history, nation after nation has grown strong and powerful chiefly by the sword, only in turn to be destroyed by the same weapon in the hands of some other power, when it became corrupt, arrogant, wicked and despotic. As an illustration of the truth set forth by Solomon "that the thing that hath been, it is that which shall be, and that which is done, is that which shall be done, and there is no new thing under the sun," it may be mentioned that about 2,000 years ago, when Tyre was one of the most opulent and powerful cities of the world, one of the prophets of the Lord was commanded to say, "Son of Man, say unto the Prince of Tyrus, thus saith the Lord. Because thine heart is lifted up, and thou hast said I am a God, I sit in the seat of God, in the midst of the seas, yet thou art a man, and not God, though thou set thine heart as the heart of God. Behold thou art wiser than Daniel, there is no secret that they can hide from thee, with thy wisdom and thine understanding thou hast gotten the riches and hast gotten gold and silver into thy treasuries. By thy great wisdom and by thy traffic hast thou increased thy riches and thine heart is lifted up because of thy riches. Therefore, thus saith the Lord God. Behold, therefore, I will bring strangers upon thee, the terrible of the nations, and they shall draw their swords against the beauty of thy wisdom, and they shall defile thy brightness," all of which came true at the proper time, and Tyre became a desolation, where for ages only fishermen spread their nets upon the barren rocks.

AN INSTANCE FROM MODERN TIMES.

In like manner in our own day and time, we have seen a great and powerful nation which aspired to the leadership of the world in riches, in the beauty of its chief city, in its progress, in the arts and sciences, in literature, poetry and philosophy, which undertook in the pride and arrogance of its heart to dictate the policy of neighboring nations, which sent an army across the Atlantic into Mexico in defiance of the well-known wishes of the people of the United States, which interfered in defiance of the well-established principles of in-

ternational law, which declared war against Germany, without any just cause or provocation, meet with a retribution so swift, and with a punishment so severe and effective, that its example is not likely soon to be forgotten. In the space of a few weeks the proud emperor of this haughty nation was a prisoner, his mighty army, which numbered its hundreds of thousands, was led away into captivity, its beautiful capital was the prize of war, in the hands of its enemies, and the ransom of this nation was fixed at a sum of money so vast that the imagination was staggered by the enormity of its proportions. The language of the prophet in regard to Tyre was exactly applicable in and to the case of France, and if her punishment was not so severe, it was sufficiently so to call forth the sympathy of the entire civilized world.

But the facts with reference to the sword as a means for the execution of retributive justice are too well known to require repetition in this place. Its use also in extending the benefits of civilization and enlightenment, from the earliest dawn of history down to the present time, are familiar to all intelligent readers. This was an important result of the conquests of Alexander. It followed also upon the extension of the Roman empire over what was then the whole of the known world. A remarkable example of the power and efficiency of the sword for the accomplishment of good purposes is found in the work done by Mohammed and his successors. Many nations in what are known as Eastern countries were for hundreds, or rather for thousands, of years devoted to the idolatrous worship of innumerable false gods, and this worship was often accompanied by circumstances of fiendish cruelty, such as burning their children in the fire as a sacrifice to Moloch and other bloodthirsty deities. In spite of the teachings, warnings and corrections by which the Almighty endeavored to turn these nations from their wicked practices, this idolatry continued, with only temporary interruptions, until Mohammed made his appearance. He and his lieutenants swept over these countries, and, indeed, over a large part of the then known world, like a hurricane or a whirlwind, and presented to these nations the simple alternative of the sword or instant conversion to Mohammedanism. No other arguments or entreaties were made use of, and no delay was tolerated or compromise accepted. A demand was made for the instant abandonment of their worship of false gods and the prompt acceptance of the short creed, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet," and a failure to accept this new article of belief meant the immediate execution, by the sword, of every man who denied its authenticity or contested the power and authority of

its advocates and supporters. The result of this conversion by the sword was the disappearance of idolatry and the adoption of Mohammedanism, which is simply a half-way house to Christianity and the high road which will ultimately lead all these nations to the adoption of the Christian religion. The numerous conquests of the Anglo-Saxon race in modern times all tend in the same direction.

NOT THE EXERCISE OF BRUTE FORCE.

It was not my purpose, however, to refer to well-known facts in this connection, but I desired to suggest that in all ages, and no matter what the instruments of warfare may have been that were made use of, mind has always exercised and demonstrated its superiority over matter. The argument is frequently heard that war is simply the exercise of brute force, and that nothing is determined by it but physical superiority. To this I desire to take exception and to state, on the contrary, the results achieved by victorious war are usually brought about by the mental and intellectual superiority of the conquerors. This superiority was manifested by Alexander the Great, when he declined to follow the advice of his generals, who suggested or recommended a sudden attack by night upon the vastly superior numbers of the enemy, but he reminded them that a victory secured over this mighty host in the open field and in broad daylight would have a greatly increased moral effect, and the result verified the prediction. A large but undisciplined army was on the next day routed completely. The Roman legions had many commanders before Julius Cæsar assumed their leadership, but no matter how thoroughly organized and equipped they may have been, or what their courage and endurance, no such results were ever secured in the same time and with the same number of men as were accomplished by that distinguished soldier, because he brought to his task a larger fund of mental and intellectual ability than was ever displayed by those who preceded or followed him.

General Grant affords a similar example of mental power, and to this superiority was largely due the full measure of his complete success, where others, with equal opportunities, only met with defeat and disaster.

Admiral Dewey presents another illustration of superior mental capacity. The mental, moral and intellectual capacity or development of man marks his ascendency over the brute creation, and in proportion to the degree of that development he becomes more godlike in his character, his perceptions of the difference between right and

wrong become more acute and well-defined, and his power over the elements of the material world become more absolute and complete.

It was manifested also by General Grant on the night following the first day's dreadful conflict in the Wilderness. His generals recommended a retreat, but his orders were for an advance the next morning at 5 o'clock, and the enemy then realized that a new and abler commander was at the head of the Army of the Potomac than had been there at any preceding time. This superiority was manifested by Napoleon, who taught the old field marshals of Europe lessons in warfare. The whole world stood astonished at the spectacle presented when an attack was made by that small and apparently insignificant nation, the Japanese, upon an empire whose subjects were numbered by hundreds of millions, and the speedy results of that war were equally astonishing, but they only demonstrated the mental and intellectual superiority of the Japanese over the Chinese people. This superiority was also illustrated in a most peculiar and marked degree in our late war with Spain. Many, like myself, had been disposed to criticise General—then President—Grant, because he did not favor intervention in behalf of the Cubans during the progress of their ten years' revolution, which began about thirty-one years ago, but every one can readily see at this time, and in view of the events which have taken place during the past two years, that intervention at that time would have been premature, and that the magnificent results for us, for humanity and for the spread of civilization and Christianity, would not then have been achieved or secured, nor were we then prepared for so great an undertaking.

BENEFICENT RESULTS.

With reference to war in general, under any circumstances or conditions, it may be and often is said that it is barbarous and cruel beyond measure in its destruction of valuable human lives, and that countless millions of men have been cut off in the prime of life and just as their day of usefulness appeared to be approaching. This may be conceded, but the question may be asked, and it is easier asked than answered, whether a glorious death upon the field of battle in a good cause is not preferable to a life of stagnation or inaction, a burden to ourselves or to our fellow men. "Superfluous lags many a veteran upon the stage," whose happiness or usefulness does not seem to be increased by a prolonged existence after his comrades had been transferred to other spheres of duty, or to higher scenes of enjoyment. The question has been asked from time immemorial. "If a man die,

shall he live again?" But this question need not be asked of the soldier, for he has a guarantee of immortality enjoyed by no other class of the human race. It was the belief of the old Romans that those who fell on the battlefield in the cause of their country would occupy the highest places of honor and of happiness in the future as a recompense for the sacrifices they had made in this, but such soldiers have an immortality here not vouchsafed to many other mortals. Had it not been for the escapades of Helen, and the siege of Troy, we should never have heard of Achilles or Agamemnon, or that long list of heroes whose story has been the delight of unnumbered millions of people for nearly three thousand years. Had it not been for the invasion of Greece by a vast army under Xerxes, whose marching shook the earth under their feet, we should never have heard of the 300 men at Thermopylæ whose marvelous courage has been an inspiration to all the generations called into existence since that time, which have heard or read of that illustrious example of patriotic devotion to the call of their country. Who would ever have heard of Wolfe, or Montcalm, on the Heights of Abraham, had it not been for the war between the French and English on American soil in 1755-56. The pages of history are thronged with a multitude of the illustrious names of those who live forever in the precious memories of mankind because they gave up their lives in behalf of a righteous cause upon some bloody field of battle. They may have lost their lives, but in doing so they have won imperishable fame. The present perfect illustrations of the truth of the statement made in Holy Writ, that "whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it." Who can tell how many faults and failures incident to our common humanity may have been condoned or pardoned because the owners or actors in these shortcomings sacrificed their lives at the call of their country for some great public benefit? Who knows but that the willingness of Lord Byron to offer up his life on the altar of Grecian independence may not have atoned for much of the mischief he did by a life of dissipation, of misdirected energies and wasted opportunities? He said to himself:

> "Seek out, less often sought than found,
> A soldier's grave for thee the best,
> Then look around and choose thy ground
> And take thy rest."

But although his wish for a soldier's death upon the field of battle was denied him, yet the sacrifice was no doubt accepted, and he lives in history as one of the heroes in the cause of human liberty. No

good soldier can choose for himself either the length of his life or the manner of his death. He is subject, at all times and in all places, to the orders of the Grand Commander, and implicit and exact obedience to those orders is imperative. But the subject of which I have undertaken to speak to-night is too vast to be properly discussed in the brief limits of a paper like that which is herewith presented. Facts and illustrations pertinent to the suggestions I have made crowd themselves upon us by troops and battalions, and I can only hope that some thoughts may have been advanced worthy of your further consideration. If so, the task which I have so lightly undertaken to perform may not altogether fail of its accomplishment.

*THE GROWTH OF THE JAPANESE NAVY.**

THE naval reputation of Japan is now firmly established in England, and it is recognized, both by our own officers and by the limited portion of the public which bestows intelligent attention on the subject, that, in the Japanese navy, we find ships, officers, and men, worthy, in homogeneity of design, construction, and armament, in fighting strength, in bravery and professional skill, to take their place in the foremost fighting line, alongside the best ships of our own navy, against any adversary or combination of adversaries in the world with which we can ever be brought in collision. Last year an object lesson was afforded to us in the visit of two powerful cruisers to take part in the naval celebrations in honor of His Majesty's Coronation, and they presented no unworthy appearance among the warships of all naval powers in the world that assembled at Spithead. Lately, the illustrated papers have contributed to give us some idea of the fleet reviewed a few months ago at Kobe by the Emperor, the largest fleet that has ever at any time assembled in Far Eastern waters, one of the largest, perhaps, that has ever been assembled in any waters. From time to time, Londoners have had the opportunities of seeing for themselves and forming their own opinions of the sturdy Japanese bluejackets while holiday-making in the streets, either in small groups or in large bodies visiting such entertainments as the Military Tournament, when they marched from the docks in formal array under the command of their own officers. Ships and men have alike met with high admiration, the enthusiastic encomiums passed on both by experts have been heartily endorsed by unprofessional onlookers, and unqualified assent given by all to the proposition that we have an ally, the efficiency of whose co-operation in naval warfare can be as confidently relied on as the faith of the Japanese Government in observing the stipulations of the treaty to which it has given its solemn assent. Apart from satisfaction at the substantial benefit which that alliance undoubtedly gives to us, all Englishmen may well take a pride in the rapid development and

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present efficiency of the Japanese navy. Many of the most powerful ships composing it have been built in England, and it may surprise some to learn that the work done in private English dockyards for Japan has on several occasions been in advance of that executed for our own navy. Japan at one time, in the early stages of the most modern naval development, possessed a cruiser of such speed and armament that the late Lord Armstrong declared nothing afloat could catch her, and nothing capture her if she was caught, an opinion fully endorsed by our officers at the time. So late as 1900 Japan possessed at least four battleships of the first class, all built in England, protected by heavier armor, over a greater extent of their side areas, and armed with a greater number of the most powerful guns than were at that time to be found in any British battleship. The pride which we may take in the construction of the ships of the Japanese navy is, however, as nothing compared with that which we may justly claim, without arrogance or conceit, in the training of its personnel. The services of some of the best officers of the English navy, of the highest reputation in their respective professional spheres, have at various periods been placed at the disposal of the Japanese Admiralty in the naval colleges, and it is to their training and to that of the subordinate officers and men who accompanied them, conscientiously, industriously, and efficiently performed, that both officers and men in the Japanese navy owe the foundations of their professional skill. All foreign instructors and advisers have long since been dispensed with. Japan has now her own experts in abundance, and the teaching staff at her naval colleges and depôts can stand on their own unaided merits. But English officers and men originally evolved order out of chaos, efficiency out of absolute ignorance, and produced from the raw material, of promising quality though it was, a finished product of the highest degree of excellence. If time, as it passes, should ever cause English and Japanese seamen to fight side by side, whatever exploits may be performed by the latter may well be a source of legitimate pride to the former as being those of their own professional children.

The foreign trade of Japan has of late years advanced literally by leaps and bounds. Its value in 1902, over 52 millions sterling, almost equalled that of the whole of the Chinese Empire, with seven or eight times the population, and it gives every indication of still further rapid progress. This great trade has grown from nothing. Little over forty years ago there were no merchants worthy of the name in Japan. Traders were despised, and deservedly so. They were poor, pettifogging, unenterprising creatures, and as lacking in

honesty as they were in enterprise. From them the modern Japanese merchant has been developed, still lamentably deficient in the best attributes of commercial integrity, but carrying on a large, prosperous and varied trade, and competing successfully in all commercial transactions with experienced British, German and American merchants. The Japanese have always been acknowledged as a fighting race on land, but it has been sometimes assumed that the naval element in their strength as a warlike power started from no less unpromising beginning than the mercantile in her present commercial and industrial position, that the Japanese, as a sailor, was originally worthy of no higher respect than as a merchant. This assumption is entirely fallacious. It is true that the policy of national seclusion, enforced by the Shoguns of the Tokugawa dynasty for more than 200 years prior to the revolution of 1868, stifled all maritime enterprise. But in early days the Japanese were bold and adventurous seamen. They made many piratical descents on China and Korea, culminating in 1594 in the great invasion of Korea under the Shogun, Hideyoshi, by, according to the native annals, a naval and military force of 500,000 men. Frequently they made their way, through the most stormy seas in the world, as far as Siam, and there are several authenticated instances of junks and fishing boats visiting or being carried in distress as far as Honolulu and the western coast of North America. In the civil wars of the middle ages battles on sea more than once decided the final issue. In 1185 the Taira and Minamoto families fought their last struggle for national supremacy in the Straits of Shimonoseki, when the Taira fleet of over 500 galleys was crushed by the Minamoto fleet of 700, and the entire Taira clan annihilated, after a bitter sea fight carried on through the whole of a long May day. Even when rigidly confined to their own shores by the most drastic penal sanctions, the Japanese fishermen and coasters yielded to none in courage and skillful seamanship, and furnished material which only required opportunity to develop into ocean seamen of the best type of efficiency. That opportunity came with the revolution, and the cancellation of all legal restrictions on visiting foreign countries opened the way for the Japanese seamen to revive the enterprise of their forefathers.

In the middle ages the Japanese warships were galleys, worked as much by oars as by sail. So far from any advance being made in shipbuilding during the long years of national seclusion, science in this respect retrograded, and the typical Japanese sailing junk, all that the nation possessed at the advent of foreigners, was as unsuited for long voyages as if it had been specially designed for the purpose

of exercising an effective restraint on them. While possessing considerable sailing power when running with a favorable wind, it was utterly incapable of beating against an adverse one, and when that was met with the Japanese navigator had no resource but to seek the nearest port and await a change. When foreigners came the advantages of steamships were soon seen, and Japan became the recognized market for the disposal of obsolete and worn-out ships of every degree, both mercantile and naval. Some were bought by the Government of the Shogun, more by great territorial nobles, who then exercised what was almost an independent sovereignty in their respective provinces, and a fleet of the most ramshackle description was created. The Japanese could navigate their ships. As seamen they could bring them safely through trying storms, but as any one was considered a competent engineer who possessed sufficient knowledge to send a ship ahead by turning a handle one way or astern another, casualties were frequent, and experience was dearly bought by the sacrifice of both life and capital. Gradual improvement was effected by foreign engineers of the mercantile marine, and some reasonably practical steps were taken by the Government of the Shogun during the last struggling years of its existence. Students, the most conspicuous of whom was Admiral Enomoto, were sent to Holland to study naval science. The foundations of the present great Naval Arsenal at Yokosuka were laid by French engineers, and, most important step of all, the services of English naval officers were obtained for the organization of a naval school at Yokohama. The chief of these officers was Commander Tracey, now Admiral Sir R. Tracey. The arsenal at Yokohama has now grown to great dimensions. Cruisers of the largest class are built in it, every description of armament is constructed, and its principal dock was of sufficient dimensions in 1899 to admit what was then one of the heaviest battleships in the British Navy, the Victorious. In writing of the docking of this particular ship, carried on entirely by Japanese, Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald, who was then second in command of the British fleet on the China station, stated: "I never saw a similar operation more quickly, more quietly, or more methodically performed in any English dockyard." Parenthetically, a curious story may be told of the incident. The Victorious had to be lightened by the landing of her stores and some of her armament prior to admission to the dock. When in dock it was for the first time discovered by the Japanese engineers that her real draught was one foot less than the ostensible, the painters in the English dockyard having skipped from XVI. to XVIII. in inscribing the figures on her stern post, and that she might

have been safely docked without any preparatory lightening. If the credit of the original foundation of this dockyard must be given to French engineers, Japanese are under a heavy obligation to England for its preservation. The Shogun's Government, in sore financial straits during the final struggles of the revolutionary war, were unable to pay the salaries of the French engineers and the heavy cost of machinery that had been obtained from France. The French minister in Japan, displaying the active interest in the commercial matters of his countrymen that is so characteristic of continental diplomatic agents, threatened to take possession of the whole, and the Shogun's Government would have been powerless to prevent him had he carried this threat into execution. The agent of an English bank in Japan came to their rescue and, without awaiting the sanction of his directors in England, advanced the whole of the necessary funds on note of hand alone, and so saved the country from the great humiliation of seeing the dock dismantled and sold, as it were, under the sheriff's hammer.

When Lord Elgin negotiated our first treaty with Japan in 1858 he presented to the Shogun, on behalf of the Queen, a small steam yacht of 400 tons, named the Emperor. When Enomoto and the other students were in Holland, a wooden frigate of 2,000 tons and twenty-six guns, with engines of 400 horse-power, which was named the Kayo Maru, was ordered from Holland, and when she was completed, Enomoto and his fellow students returned in her to Japan, arriving in the autumn of 1867, after nearly four years' absence. The Emperor was the first steamship possessed by Japan, the Kayo Maru the first efficient warship, and the mention of their names brings us to the first incident in Japanese modern naval history, in which both these vessels took a very prominent part. A third vessel, which took an equally prominent part, was the Stonewall Jackson, an ironclad ram, purchased from the United States in 1869 by the Mikado's Government, very soon after its establishment in power. She was the first ironclad owned by the Japanese, and was in those days a powerful ship, carrying one ten-inch and other guns, though of only 1,200 tons burden.

On his return from Holland, Enomoto was appointed to the command of the so-called Japanese fleet, which, besides the Kayo Maru and the Emperor, consisted only of one obsolete vessel of war, a wooden paddle-ship, which had been originally known as the Eagle in the British navy and had fought in the Crimean War, and of a some half dozen equally obsolete merchant steamers. Enomoto was an enthusiastic adherent of the Shogun's cause and was anchored

off Shinagawa, a suburb of Tokio, with his fleet, when Tokio was captured by the Imperialist land forces, and the Shogun, everywhere defeated throughout the south, finally gave up the struggle and surrendered his power into the hands of the legitimate Emperor. At Wakamatsu, a town far away among the northern hills, nobles devoted to the Shogun's cause still held out, in defiance both of his and the Emperor's orders to surrender. Enomoto also refused to surrender, and having embarked a number of refugees from the Shogun's defeated army, to the number of over three thousand fighting men, sailed away to the north with his fleet, captured and took possession of the town of Hakodate and the whole of the northern island, which at that period was as much *terra incognita* to the Emperor's Government as the Highlands of Scotland were to the Ministers of George the First. He established there a form of republicanism, declared his independence and his intention of founding a home for the ruined adherents of the Tokugawa cause. The Government were greatly disconcerted by his action. They proclaimed him and his followers pirates and rebels, and gave orders for their extirpation wherever found. But the issue of orders and their execution were different things. The Government were at first ignorant of the direction he had taken on sailing, and when the fact of his capture of Hakodate was ascertained they had no ships at all fitted to cope with those under his command. During the continuance of the civil war neutrality had been enjoined on all foreigners under the usual formal proclamations of their respective Governments, but when Tokio came into the possession of the Imperial forces, and the Emperor took up his residence there, the new central Government seemed to be established with sufficient security to remove all danger of its fall and warrant the assumption that peace had been restored. The neutrality proclamations were withdrawn by the diplomatic representatives, and the new Government was therefore free to purchase the ships that were offered to them in abundance, the principal among them, the only real vessel of war, being the Stonewall Jackson already described. A miscellaneous fleet was hastily got together, and, an army of 6,500 men having been embarked, it sailed for the north early in April, 1869.

Meanwhile Enomoto had not been idle. Further large numbers of refugees had joined him. He had been elected by his followers, by ballot, governor-general of the island. General and admiral in command of the army and fleet and civil officers were chosen in the same way. The forts commanding Hakodate were strongly fortified, the fleet assembled in the harbor, and garrisons were established in

all the outlying towns. A great misfortune had, however, befallen him: the Kayo Maru, the pride of the fleet, with which he had hoped to be able to beat off any ships brought against him, struck on a sunken rock while maneuvering off shore in a violent gale, and became a total wreck. "He felt like one who had lost his lantern on a dark night." He soon heard of the acquisition of the Stonewall Jackson by the Imperialists and knew that only a bold stroke could restore his original supremacy on the sea, on the maintenance of which he had mainly counted for the ultimate success of his undertaking.

A little more than half way between Yokohama and Hakodate, on the east coast, lies the harbor of Miyako, which in many of its aspects is not unlike that of Cork. It is completely land-locked. The entrance is narrow, with high cliffs on each side, the points of which partly overlap each other so as to render the entrance almost invisible from the open sea, and the latter, in like manner, invisible from within. The harbor is picturesque in the extreme, deep, with good anchoring ground, surrounded by well-wooded hills (always alive with game) rising abruptly from the beach, and it is even more spacious than that of Cork. The royal fleet on its way north anchored in this harbor, and, feeling perfectly secure, kept a loose watch and no fires burning, while large numbers of officers and men were always on shore. All this was duly reported by his spies to Enomoto, and the time for the bold stroke had arrived. Three of his ships secretly left Hakodate at night. Ill-luck, however, pursued him. A violent gale separated the three, and two of them were driven far out to sea.

Just at dawn, while the crews of the Imperialist fleet at Miyako were all taking their ease, fully half of them on shore, a steamer flying the American colors suddenly entered the harbor. The Imperialist officers, assuming that she was what her flag represented her, were undisturbed in their sense of security until the stranger, heading straight for the ironclad, suddenly hoisted the national colors. Then she was recognized as the Kuaiten, one of Enomoto's ships, the old Eagle of the Crimean War. Her captain quickly laid her alongside the Stonewall, whose fires were out and guns all limbered, and for the moment unworkable. The Kuaiten's bulwarks towered far above those of the low-lying ironclad, but leaping from over twelve feet down to the decks of the latter, led by their officers, the crew made a desperate attempt to take the ironclad by boarding, while the guns of the Kuaiten were also depressed so as to sweep her decks where it could be done without injury to their own men. The ironclad's

crew, taken by surprise, soon rallied, and a fierce fight took place, in which Enomoto's men at first gained the upper hand. But the other ships of the fleet now opened fire on the Kuaiten, her captain, who, though wounded several times by bullets, had remained on the bridge, was killed, and his ship drifted on the ram of the Stonewall and was seriously injured. His death was the final blow to his men. They were beaten back to their own ship, and, withdrawing from the Stonewall, fled from the harbor, none of the ships of the Imperial fleet having sufficient steam ready to pursue them. The attempt to capture the ironclad was a failure. It had been as cleverly conceived and as dashingly attempted as many celebrated exploits in European naval history, with a degree of boldness and courage that recalls some of the exploits of Lord Cochrane. The Imperialists, on their side, though taken entirely unawares, never for a moment thought of surrender and fought with no less degree of courage than that which was shown by their desperate assailants. The result of the attempt to Enomoto was that he lost many of his best officers and men, and one of the two ships which had been driven out to sea. In the gale her engines broke down. There was no engineer on board who could repair them, so she was set on fire and abandoned. His command of the sea was gone.

Warned by this incident, all listlessness on board the Imperialist fleet was at an end. They speedily advanced to the north, and the ironclad, cruising along the shore, and working her heavy gun, with perfect immunity to herself and her crew, shelled the rebel garrisons out of all the coast villages, forcing them to concentrate in the town of Hakodate. There were also anchored the remains of Enomoto's fleet. It still included the little yacht Emperor, which was manned almost entirely by ex-pupils of the short-lived naval college that had been presided over by Admiral Tracey, who in the subsequent fighting against overwhelming odds showed a degree both of courage and skill of which their instructor might well have been proud. On the morning of the 4th of June, the royal fleet of five ships, headed by the ironclad, attacked the harbor. Three only of Enomoto's ships were fit to meet them, but in an engagement fought at close range these poured in such a fire that the Imperialists were forced to withdraw. They soon rallied, but following the rebels into the harbor, they came under the guns of the fort and suffered such heavy loss that they were again forced to withdraw. A second naval combat occurred on the 13th, again ending by the withdrawal of the Imperialists, who, on the approach of darkness, feared to risk their ships in the shallow waters of an unsurveyed harbor. One of Eno-

moto's ships went on shore and was lost, while the engines of the little Emperor were temporarily disabled. Three days later the Kuaiten, the one remaining effective ship, actually met the whole Imperial fleet and vigorously fought, inflicted considerable loss before she and most of her crew were destroyed by the heavy shells of the ironclad. Next day the final act took place. The Emperor's engine had been repaired. Her commander was a skillful seaman, her gunners had been trained under Admiral Tracey. As her consort, like herself of English birth, had done on the preceding day, she alone met the whole of her enemy's fleet, and fought with such skill and vigor that one of the ships of the latter was destroyed by a shell in her magazine and the whole kept at a distance for some time. But the ironclad closing with her soon rendered her helpless, and the few of her crew who remained alive set fire to her and escaped to the shore. Her destruction ended the naval operations, and with the subsequent ones on land, resulting in the capture of the town and the final subjection of Enomoto and his followers, we are not now concerned. The whole story of the naval operations is full of individual instances of heroic courage and self-sacrifice. The little Emperor, the gift of a royal lady to the ruler who was then thought to be the legitimate sovereign, designed and built solely for purposes of pleasure, with all her consorts destroyed, maintaining for hours the last desperate fight alone against an entire fleet headed by a powerful ironclad, may almost be compared to the Revenge, and if the Imperialists seem to have shown less vigor in making effective use of their overwhelmingly superior strength, sufficient to have enabled them to finish the whole affair in one fight, it is to be remembered that they were all absolute tyros in naval warfare, ignorant of the elements of marine artillery, while they were opposed by many trained officers and men, and that their navigators hesitated to risk their ships in the waters of a comparatively shallow harbor of which they were as ignorant as our own cavalry were of the local characteristics of Northern Natal at the outbreak of the Boer War. Both sides gave throughout the fairest promise of the high degree of naval skill to which the Japanese, under expert instruction, have since attained, and of the courage on sea displayed by them a quarter of a century later in the night torpedo attack on the Chinese ironclads in the harbor of Wei Hai Wei.

Two collateral incidents of this struggle may be here mentioned. In the year 1866 a party of fourteen Japanese students were for the first time sent to England by the Shogun's Government. They were all young men of gentle birth, who had given evidence of ability and

industry, and naturally were all scions of families devoted to the Shogun's cause. They returned to Japan two years later, just as Enomoto was on the point of sailing from Shinagawa. One of them joined him, and was entered as a cadet on board of one of the ships. He fought throughout the whole of the subsequent struggle, on board ship while a ship remained, and afterwards on land. When the struggle was over, the common soldiers and sailors who survived were soon released, but the officers were imprisoned in Hakodate for a year and a half. The prisons were mere cages, with no protection against heat in summer or the long continued bitter cold of Northern Japan in winter. The prisoners were fed only on pickled radish and Chinese rice, the latter being as much an abomination to any Japanese as Australian tinned mutton is to a well-to-do British workman, and they were defrauded by a dishonest jailer of half the allowance which the Government had sanctioned for them of this unpalatable food, so that to close confinement in heat and cold were added the pangs of constant hunger. The young ex-student who shared the whole of this imprisonment is now Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese representative at his Majesty's Court.

The second incident is that, at that period, it was not the Japanese custom to show mercy to beaten foes. Only a year previously a leader of the Shogun's land forces, whose strategic skill and undaunted courage had been displayed in many hard-fought actions, had on being taken prisoner, when severely wounded, while the Shogun's forces were still recognized as lawful belligerents by foreign powers, been carried through the country in a cage, beheaded, and his head pilloried in Kioto. The captured officers at Hakodate expected a similar fate, and as they had been proclaimed by their own Government pirates and outlaws, and had at no time met with any recognition as belligerents from foreign powers, they were justly liable to capital punishment. As time passed, leaving their heads intact, the best they hoped for was to be exiled for life to the north of the island in which they had fought, to serve as frontier guards. Foreign intercourse had, however, taught the Japanese that the wholesale execution of prisoners of war, even of those taken in rebellion, was opposed to the principles of modern civilization, and to their agreeable surprise all those in Hakodate were unconditionally released in the spring of 1891. Many of them subsequently rose to high office under the very Government against which they had fought so bravely. Enomoto became Admiral of the Fleet, Minister at St. Petersburg, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and finally Prime Minister; Otori, who commanded his army, Minister to Korea; Ando, who

led the boarders in the attack on the Stonewall, Consul-General at Hong Kong, and he is now distinguished in Japan as an ardent temperance reformer. Admiral Miura, who came a few years ago to England to bring the newly built battleship Fuji to Japan, was the principal gunnery officer of the Kuaiten, and many others attained high rank either in the army or navy. Years afterwards, when Viscount Hayashi had risen in office, the jailer who defrauded the prisoners of their rations came to him as a suppliant for employment and assistance.

The capture of Hakodate finished the last struggle of the revolutionary war which had lasted for seven years. Rebellions occurred during the following decade, and though one at least of them involved a long and arduous war, the navy took no part in it, and its active services were not again called into requisition until the war with China. Its development may now be briefly traced from the small incongruous force of obsolete vessels which fought at Hakodate, manned by officers and crews all equally ignorant of even the elementary scientific principles of their profession, to the highly organized navy handled throughout the war with China with strategic and tactical skill, that won the admiration of the world, and still later to its powerful position which, at the present day, enables Japan to exercise an influential voice as a great Power in all the tangled questions of Far Eastern politics.

On the complete restoration of internal peace the government of the Emperor speedily recognized that the creation of a navy was one of the tasks which the future national welfare of Japan as an insular country required to be undertaken. Ships were useless without trained officers and men, so the first step was the establishment on a large scale of a naval college and barracks at Tokio. Instructors were asked for from the Government of England, and the services of a large number of the best officers and men in the English navy were readily lent by the Admiralty. The directorship of the whole was entrusted to Commander Douglas, now Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's fleet on the North America and West India Station, and the choice proved singularly fortunate. The college was soon organized on a high scale of efficiency, equipped with every requisite that liberal funds could provide, and the results of instruction, given with equal ability and conscientiousness, were apparent ere many years had passed in a young generation of officers fully qualified for the efficient discharge of their duties. These young officers are the admirals and senior captains in the Japanese navy at the present day. Commander Douglas's teaching was not confined entirely to strictly

professional subjects. Not only the high principles of honor and devotion to duty but the self-unassertion, which have ever been traditional qualities of the British naval officer, were carefully inculcated, rendering to this day the Japanese naval officer a far more popular citizen among his fellow countrymen of all classes than his military *confrère*. From French and German instructors the latter has imbibed continental ideas of military hauteur and aggressiveness, the results of which it is unnecessary to detail.

While the credit of the initial organization and training of the modern Japanese navy is justly given to Admiral Douglas and his immediate officers, it has at the same time to be acknowledged that the way had to some extent been smoothed for them by a humbler workman. Prior to the firm establishment in power of the central Imperial Government, territorial nobles had, as before remarked, been purchasing steamers for themselves. One had gone a step further and had caused to be built for himself at Aberdeen a fully equipped composite corvette. This vessel, subsequently known in the Japanese Navy as the Riujo, arrived in Japan in 1869, too late to take part in the Hakodate affair, and her owner was promptly invited to hand her over to the central Government. She brought with her, as a passenger, seeking employment in Japan, a half-pay lieutenant of the English marines. His services were engaged by the Admiralty, and to him originally fell the unaided task—most of Admiral Tracey's old pupils having fallen at Hakodate—of creating the naval officers and bluejackets, of "transforming," to use Professor Chamberlain's words, "junk manners and methods into those of a modern man-of-war." He organized a small and short-lived, though. while it lasted, highly efficient corps of marines, and taught officers of the navy, such as they then were, etiquette, discipline, and drill sufficiently to enable them to present a creditable appearance in their ships and perform satisfactorily the naval functions required in the exchange of international courtesy. It was in Admiral Douglas's college that the Japanese first acquired a scientific knowledge of the technical branches of their profession, but it was from this officer—Lieutenant Hawes—that they first learned to present in themselves and in their ships the outward aspects of smartness and efficiency in which they are now the acknowledged equals of the best navies of the world.

It was not till 1877 that the Japanese seriously entered on the acquisition of modern fighting ships, contenting themselves until then with the Stonewall Jackson and Riujo and old wooden vessels, all used for training purposes. In that year the first ship especially

built for them in England—a broadside central battery ship of 3,700 tons, designed by Sir E. Reed—was launched at Poplar, and she was soon followed by several small but powerfully armed ironclads. In 1895, when the war with China broke out, Japan did not yet possess a single battleship, but she had a powerful fleet of fast and heavily armed cruisers, and it was with these that she won the great naval battle of Yalu, though fighting against armored battleships. The events of that war are too recent and too fresh in memory to call for description now. Throughout it the Japanese navy played a brilliant part. The successful night attacks in torpedo-boats on the Chinese fleet anchored in the harbor and under the forts of Wei Hai Wei, in the bitter piercing cold of mid-winter, were exploits carried out with a degree of skill, courage, and endurance of which any maritime nation in the world might be proud, and resulted in the capture or destruction of the entire Chinese fleet. The ships took an active part in the subsequent capture of the forts, both at Wei Hai Wei and Port Arthur, interchanging with them a heavy fire, while the siege inland was being carried out by the army. For its services the navy had its reward in the unqualified recognition by the people that it was pre-eminently the national force of the future for Japan, and that no sacrifice could be grudged that was necessary for its expansion and continued maintenance on a high plane of efficiency.

The expansion since 1895 has been such as to give Japan a fleet that is now in offensive and defensive armament, in steaming capacity, both in speed and distance, and in homogeneousness, equal to any in the world of the same size. It comprises seven battleships, ranging in tonnage from 12,000 to 15,000, seven armored and fourteen protected cruisers of an aggregate tonnage of 116,000, together with a large torpedo flotilla, every single ship being of the most modern type of naval constructive science.

The dockyard at Yokosuka has been already referred to. There are now two other fully equipped Imperial dockyards. The first is situated near Hiroshima, on the Inland Sea, where the principal naval college now is, and the second at Sasebo, a port approached by narrow winding channels, on the west coast of the Southern Island of Kiusiu. All three dockyards are so strongly fortified as to be impregnable to attack from the sea. Yokusuka lies inside the Gulf of Tokio, the narrow entrance to which is defended by heavy batteries mounted both on the surrounding hills and in forts built in the Gulf, and the entrances to the Inland Sea, also all narrow passages, are defended in the same way. Even, therefore, if Japan should at any time lose command of the sea, her ships can lie and be repaired with

perfect security in her arsenals, while the facilities for shelter and concealment afforded by her many harbors and islands would enable her torpedo-boats to render the task of a blockading squadron anything but light. Recent events in Northern China have suggested the advisability of a fourth dockyard at Maizuru, a port on the west coast of the main island, almost directly facing Port Arthur, and it is now well advanced towards completion. No battleship has yet been built in Japan. Yokosuka has, however, turned out cruisers of over 4,000 tons, and it may be safely stated that, short of building a battleship, there is no work connected with the complete equipment of a vessel of war that cannot be satisfactorily accomplished in the Imperial dockyards, while several merchant steamers of large capacity, admirably suited for transport purposes, have been successfully built in the great private dockyard at Nagasaki. There is to be no resting on the oars in the future. Provision is now being made for an expenditure on naval expansion during the ten years 1903-13 of 10 millions sterling, over 6 millions of which are apportioned to shipbuilding, three to armaments, and nearly one to dockyards.

In the naval review held by the Emperor in April last, twenty-eight ships of war, thirteen destroyers, and twenty-three torpedo-boats were ranged in four lines before his Majesty, constituting, together with such typical representatives of the British Navy as the battleship Glory and the first-class cruiser Blenheim, and representatives of the fleets of Germany, Russia, France, Italy, and the United States, by far the greatest naval display ever held in Far Eastern waters. The Emperor, as he steamed slowly round the whole fleet, in the Asama, one of his finest armored cruisers, of nearly 10,000 tons, with a speed of twenty-one knots, might well view the scene with feelings of unqualified pride in the people over whom he rules, who in less than thirty years have created from nothing so powerful and efficient a guarantee for the national safety. And the English officers who were so fortunate as to be present might with no less pride regard the ally with whom it may some day be their lot to be ranged in line of battle, well knowing as they do that the personnel of the Japanese fleet is in no respect unworthy of its magnificent ships. The facts of history teach them the undoubted bravery of that personnel, from the highest to the lowest, and their experience of Japanese ships in commission has shown them that, in earnest attention to duty and all its varied details, in zeal and ability, in the capacity of apprehension of all the principles of their profession, both officers and men are not behind themselves. Their pride will not be lessened by the thought that it was the example

and history of England that sowed the first seeds of Japan's naval ambition, that it was English officers who brought those seeds to maturity, and that it is in England that the finest and most powerful ships of the Japanese navy have been built. The alliance between England and Japan is one of the best safeguards for the peace of the world in the present condition of Far Eastern politics. England owes to Japan a debt of gratitude for the promised assistance, should occasion call for it, of a fighting force which, added to her own, should make both irresistible; Japan, on the other hand, owes a still greater debt to England for having provided her with that force and given the best help in making her what she now is, a formidable naval power.

JOSEPH H. LONGFORD

(*Late H. M. Consul at Nagasaki*).

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

An analysis of the contents of the principal military periodicals, systematically classified under a few general heads for the convenience of the reader and student, comprising extracts and comments, in which special attention is given to the most important and valuable articles.

ORGANIZATION, ADMINISTRATION AND MOBILIZATION.

The principal articles on these subjects relate to the General Staff, the Militia, the Cavalry, some new organization schemes in different countries, and the difficulties of recruitment and of the training of irregular mounted troops.

The more important articles are:

1. The Turkish and Bulgarian Armies Described.—*Mil. Mail*, August 21.

2. The Bulgarian Artillery.—*Int. Rev.*, August.

3. The Afghan Army.—*Jour. Mil. Serv. Inst.*, September-October.

4. New Army Organization in Sweden.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, August.

5. Evolution of a General Staff.—*Jour. Mil. Serv. Inst.*, September-October.

6. Staff and Staff College.—*Mil. Mail*, August 21.

7. Work of the General Staff.—*Army and Navy Jour.*, September 5.

8. Functions of the General Staff.—*Same*, August 22.

9. French and English Militia in Canada.—*Jour. Mil. Serv. Inst.*, September-October.

10. Colonel Parker on the Militia.—*Army and Navy Reg.*, August 22.

11. Troops of the Lines of Communications in Germany.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, August.

12. Cavalry of the Future.—*Jour. Mil. Serv. Inst.*, September-October.

13. American Cavalry.—*Indian Volunteer Record*, July 31.

14. On the Raising and Training of Irregular Mounted Troops —*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, August.

15. The Austro-Hungarian Officer.—*Rev. du Cercle Mil.*, August 15.

16. Difficulties of Recruitment in the British Army.—*Same*, August 8.

17. Changes and Progress in Military Affairs, 1902.—*Jour. Mil. Serv. Inst.*, September-October.

18. Changes in the World's Armies and Navies.—*Int. Rev.*, July and August; *Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, August.

The troubles in the Balkans lend a special interest to the article (the *first* of the above list) on the Turkish and Bulgarian armies:

THE TURKISH ARMY.

In Turkey all Mussulmans over twenty years of age are liable to military service, and this liability continues for twenty years. Non-Mahometans are not liable, but pay an exemption tax of about six shillings per head, levied on males of all ages. Nomad Arabs, though liable, furnish no recruits and many Nomad Kurds evade service. The army consists of (1) the Nizam, or Regular Army, and its Reserves; (2) the Redif or Landwehr; and (3) the Mustahfuz or Landsturm. Conscripts are divided into the first and second levies. The former serve six years with the Nizam—four with the colors and two with the Reserve; eight years in the Redif—four in the first ban and four in the second; and six years in the Mustahfuz, twenty years in all. The latter consist of those not drawn for the contingent. They form what is called the Tertib Sani and the Muinsiz; they constitute part of the Reserve, undergoing from six to nine months' drill in the first year of service, and thirty days' drill at their homes in subsequent years.

The whole empire is divided into seven army districts; with which are associated seven corps d'armée called Ordus, with their headquarters respectively at:—1, Constantinople; 2, Adrianople; 3, Monastir; 4, Erzinjan; 5, Damascus; 6, Baghdad; 7, Sanaa (the Temen). The troops of the 7th district are recruited chiefly from the 4th and 5th districts, while the garrisons of Tripoli are recruited from the 1st, 2d and 5th districts.

The Nizam infantry is organized in companies, battalions, regiments, brigades, and divisions. It contains sixty-six regiments of the line, each with four battalions, except three, which have three battalions; two regiments of Zouaves of two battalions each; one regiment of firemen of four battalions; and fifteen battalions of rifles. There are also twelve battalions of Tripolitan Militia for local service. Each battalion of the line, Zouaves and rifles, consists of four companies. Two line regiments form a brigade, two brigades and a rifle battalion form an infantry division, and two divisions form an ordu. Each line and rifle battalion, on a war footing, has twenty-four officers, sixty-two non-commissioned officers, and 836 men, the total being 922 men of all ranks, with fifty-one horses. The peace strength varies from 250 to 550, according to the locality. The total war establishment of a regiment of four battalions is 3,764 men of all ranks, with 207 horses. The infantry are being armed with Mauser rifles; the first three district corps have received the small bore weapon (7.65 m.m.); the fourth the large bore (9.5 m.m.). About 450,000 rifles have been distributed, 250,000 remain in the depots at Constantinople, and it is proposed to purchase 222,000 more.

The Nizam cavalry consists of thirty-eight regiments of the line, two regiments of the guard, and two squadrons of mounted infantry (at Temen).

There are thus 202 squadrons of cavalry, of which forty are depot squadrons. The war establishment of a regiment consists of thirty-nine officers and 647 men, 686 in all, or adding the depot squadrons, 854 of all ranks. Each regment has 880 horses, inclusive of train. It is proposed to form in the fourth, fifth, and sixth ordu districts forty-eight regiments of Militia, or Hamadieh cavalry, commanded by tribal leaders and associated with the Regular Army. The tribes will find the men, horses, and equipment, and the government the armament Each regiment will have from 512 to 1,152 men, in from four to six squadrons.

The field artillery is being reorganized in accordance with a scheme sanctioned in 1891, whereby the force will be considerably strengthened.

Turkey will thus have, in all, fifteen batteries of horse artillery, 169 field and thirty-eight mountain batteries with a total of 1,332 guns.

Of fortress artillery there are thirty-eight battalions, of which eighteen belong to the ordus, located chiefly at Constantinople and Erzeroum, and twenty to the Ordnance Department. Of these, twelve companies are in the Bosphorus batteries, eight in the Bulair lines, and the remainder in Mediterranean fortresses.

There are nineteen engineer companies (pioneers), and four telegraph companies distributed among the seven ordus, the second ordu having, besides, a pontoon train. There are also twelve engineer companies and four torpedo companies belonging to the Ordnance Department.

The following is a summary of the effective combatant services of the Turkish Army:

	Men.
Infantry, 648 battalions	583,200
Cavalry, 202 squadrons	55,300
Artillery, 1,356 guns	54,720
Engineers, 39 companies	7,400
	700,620

BULGARIA'S DEFENCES.

The northern frontier of Bulgaria is formed by the Danube, which, except on the east (bordering on the Dobruga), separates it from Roumania; at Widin are fortifications armed partly with siege and field gung; at Rustchuk are defensive works, but they are now dilapidated and unarmed; at Silistria some of the forts were recently modernized. The fortress of Varna, on the Black Sea, is unarmed and neglected. At Philippolis are defensive works which have recently been extended. Field works and other defences have been constructed about Slivnitza. Sofia is provided with a series of fortifications, armed with Nordenfeldt quick-firing guns, on the north and west. At Tumrush, defensive works have been commenced. On the west Bulgaria is bordered by Servia, and on the southwest and south by Turkey proper.

Military service is obligatory from the age of twenty (eighteen in time of war) to the age of forty-five.

The army is organized as follows: Infantry.—On peace footing, twenty-four regiments of two battalions and train, and twelve reserve regiments. On war footing, twenty-four regiments of four battalions and one transport company, besides twelve reserve regiments. On a war footing the regiment numbers 4,567 officers and men. Cavalry.—The Prince's bodyguard squadron, peace and war strength, 323; two regiments of six squadrons, two regiments of five squadrons, and one regiment of four squadrons; the peace strength of a squad-

ron is 142 officers and men, and the war strength 168. Artillery.—Six regiments of nine batteries of, on peace strength eight guns, on war strength six guns (a reserve battery of six guns being formed); three battalions of fortress artillery and nine mountain batteries. Engineers.—Three battalions of four companies, besides three companies for telegraph, railway, etc., service. The total war strength is about 205,000. The infantry is armed with the Mannlicher repeating rifle. The Bulgarians cannot be sent out of the country except in time of war. In peace the army is distributed in six divisions, with headquarters respectively at Sofia, Philippolis, Slivnitza, Shumla, Rustchuk, and Vralza. There is a military academy at Sofia.

The article (*second* of the list) on the Bulgarian Artillery (in the *Internationale Revue*) describes in detail the strength and organization of the field artillery, the train, the mountain artillery, the fortification artillery, and the arsenals and depots, at the present time (1903).

The *third* article is a brief description of the present character of the Afghan Army.

The *fourth* article gives some information regarding the re-organization of the Swedish Army.

The *fifth* article is so clear and concise a statement of the origin, duties and organization of the General Staff that we would like to quote it entire, but space is wanting, so we content ourselves with a few quotations, and at the same time recommend the original article to the careful consideration of all interested in the subject:

Immediately after the close of the Civil War the necessity for a modification of our many-headed bureau system became a never-ending source of discussion. Congress finally took up the matter and much evidence was received, particularly concerning the advisability of consolidation of existing corps and departments. Not, however, until General Emory Upton made a tour of the world and investigated the systems in vogue was a recommendation received for the establishment of a General Staff Corps. Since the publication of General Upton's investigations many officers have worked along the same lines; all have encountered the same insuperable obstacle, but in the end have helped to accomplish the final result through the educational effect of their efforts.

The Secretary of War was early in his official career convinced of the necessity for some action and, under the belief that the difficulty might be solved by a War College, he convened a board during the spring of 1900 to consider the subject generally After several months this board submitted a scheme for accomplishing some of the purposes, but recorded its views as to a general staff in this language:

"The existence and usefulness to the college call for continuity and permanance of function, the highest order of personnel, and the firmest administrative countenance and support. These can be permanently and reliably secured only by legislative enactment constituting the War College, or as it should be termed, the General Staff, an integral and permanent part of the army organization and of army administration.

It was recognized that a campaign of education would be necessary to overcome the opposition which would be produced in Congress by the active antagonism of persons interested in maintaining the old order of affairs. Although a warlike nation of the highest order, Americans are not a military people, and therefore, when high officials of the War Department appeared before the military committees of both Houses of Congress in opposition to the reforms recommended by the Secretary of War and the commander-in-chief of the army—the President—there was no suggestion of disrespect or insubordination, but rather an intimation that more evidence would be necessary. Equipped with indisputable arguments and facts based upon historic experience, the Secretary of War and General Schofield appeared before distinguished committees of Congress, and the burden of proof was so great that at last the question of the necessity of a General Staff Corps was taken up seriously and with the result now well known. Active opposition was continued to the last moment and amendments were thereby forced on the bill which will prevent the army and the country for a time from receiving the full measure of benefit which had been anticipated.

There are two defects as the act now stands which must, of necessity, be corrected by future legislation when the General Staff Corps shall have established itself in public esteem. These relate to the discontinuance of the inspector general's department and the filling of vacancies in other branches of the army caused by the detail of officers to the General Staff Corps

The time will soon arrive when the General Staff Corps must take up its duties and the whole army is watching hopefully for the good results predicted from the operations of the new organization The first step has been taken by assembling a board of officers to make recommendations for the detail of officers to compose the initial organization. The selection of officers was based upon recorded efficiency and probable aptitude. The board was sworn to make the selections impartially and the army should accept the results without question. Each individual officer who scans the list of those selected may know some one not recommended whom he may consider superior to some one who was. No system of records has ever been invented which will rate officers with such accuracy as to prevent criticism of partisan friends. What the army should consider is, not whether all the best men of the service are on the small list, but are those officers named competent and men of established high character?

The article (the *sixth* above) on the "Staff and Staff College," is of interest to us, as it illustrates so plainly the conditions in our late war, and indicates what our new General Staff will have to expect in time of war, unless it makes itself as nearly perfect as the German General Staff was in 1870.

The *seventh* article outlines some of the problems before the General Staff at present, the more important of which are the changes in the organization of the offices of the War Department, the re-establishment of the post exchange on its old basis (which, we trust, they will see their way clear to accomplishing), the realigning of the military departments, and the rehabilitation of abandoned army posts (now needed again for the new and larger army).

The *eighth* article relates to the same subject.

The *ninth* article, on the Canadian Militia, is of special interest to us:

> The history and organization of the militia of any country always offers a certain attraction at this period in history, when there is a tendency toward the reduction of the term of service.
>
> As far as Canada is concerned, this question presents, besides, the inseparable interest of everything pertaining to this New-France to which, even at this day, emigrate quite a number of Frenchmen. The history of the militia is principally devoted to the troops of Frontenac, Tandreuil and Montcalm.
>
> Even since the peace of Paris, when, in 1763, England definitely annexed Canada, the British military forces in the north of America were composed of numerous Franco-Canadian regiments, an account of which will be interesting to almost every Frenchman.

Then follows a very entertaining account of the work of the militia during the French Occupation, at the period of *La Petite Guerre,* 1690 to 1763, in the War of Independence (Revolution), and from 1781 to 1812, which closes the installment in the present number. The article is to be continued.

The *tenth* article is a good editorial on Colonel Parker's essay on the Militia Bill.

The *eleventh* article contains some information on an organization little known, but one of vast importance to an army in the field:

> *Troops for The Lines of Communication.*—These troops are, in Germany, formed into a separate group, at the head of which there is a special inspector, not under the inspector-general of engineers, but under the chief of the general staff, as these troops are regarded as special adjuncts of the general staff. As regards Prussia, they consist at present of:
>
> *a.* A brigade of three railway regiments.
>
> *b.* Three telegraph battalions.
>
> *c.* A balloon battalion
>
> The training of the railway troops is carried out partly on a drill ground near Berlin, partly on the Juterbog military line of railway worked by them, and finally by means of special exercises. Their mission in war time includes the construction and working of normal and narrow gauge railways, the building of permanent bridges, and the destruction of railway lines. But, in addition, there is also an experimental section of specially selected men engaged in studying automobiles. Special attention has been paid to the construction of bridges, and railway troops are now able to throw a bridge of sixty meters in length across rivers, etc. In addition to works of construction and repair, which are very thoroughly studied, the working of a railway line also receives great attention, thanks to the military line which is entirely worked by the *personnel* of the railway troops. This line, which runs from Berlin to Juterbog, is seventy kilometers long, and all the *personnel* take their turn on it for practical training. All the rolling stock of this line is kept up and repaired by the railway troops. * * *

Each telegraph battalion is so organized as to have a permanent team detachment, consisting of forty men and fifty horses. Their organization is calculated on the basis of giving, in war time, a half company to each of the German army corps, not including Bavaria, for duty in the first line, that is, for the establishment, use and repair of communications between fighting units either on the march or in quarters, and in certain cases even between the heads of columns and the cavalry scouting in advance. For this service the telegraph half companies use preferably the single cable, which can be readily laid down and taken up, and which requires no supports; but they have also a supply of uninsulated wire This is principally used in the construction of permanent lines in the rear of armies, or for the repair of existing lines. The *Internationale Revue* states that during the recent events in China the telegraph detachment was able to lay down a permanent line of 200 kilometers in length, between Pekin and Pao-Ting-Fou, in forty days. A provisional line, with a single cable, was still more rapidly constructed, viz., in eight days, at the rate of, on an average, twenty-five kilometers a day, in spite of the distressing climatic conditions. In addition to the battalions, there is also a cavalry telegraph school for the training of officers and non-commissioned officers in rapid demolitions and repairs, and for the instruction of cavalry telegraphists. Every regiment has the necessary *matériel* for this purpose.

The balloon battalion consists, in peace-time, of two pioneer companies and of a team detachment. Its *role* is the employment of free and captive balloons and the utilization of wireless telegraphy. * * *

Transport and Convoys.—In time of war, each transport battalion (one per army corps) is responsible for the mobilization of the following formations for its army corps:

6 provision columns.
7 park supply columns.
12 field hospitals.
1 remote depot.
1 bakery column.

In addition, each of them has to ensure the mobilization of a certain number of variable army units, or of services for the lines of communication, of auxiliary convoy sections, or of formations destined for the reserve divisions. Finally, each of them forms a reserve battalion of three companies as a depot, and a remount depot. The task is a very hard one, as will be seen from the fact that the German battalion in peace time only consists of three companies.

A provision column consists of either twenty-seven wagons drawn by four, or of thirty-six wagons drawn by two horses, and of two reserve wagons (one of which carries a forge) drawn by four horses, in all twenty-nine or thirty-eight wagons, 141 horses, two officers, two officials, ninety-seven men (thirty-four carbines). * * * The average wagon carries the rations for 750 men or 150 horses for one day. A provision column carries about a day's rations for an infantry division.

A park supply column consists of sixty two-horse wagons and of two two-horse baggage wagons, 162 horses, three officers or functionaries, 106 men (40 carbines). * * * A park supply column is about double the size of a provision column. The whole of an army corps' columns principally contain four days' rations for an army corps and for half a cavalry division. Each column is always loaded with complete rations.

A field hospital consists of nine wagons, twenty-nine horses, two officers, six doctors, one functionary, forty-eight men (six carbines). It is supposed to look after 200 wounded men.

The bakery column consists of twenty four-horse oven wagons, of a four-horse reserve wagon, 103 horses, three officers or functionaries, 258 men (204 carbines). In twenty-four hours it can bake 28,000 to 36,000 bread rations.

The remote depot consists of ninety-eight saddle horses, 104 draught horses, two officers, 117 men and three wagons.

Such are the units composing the mobilization transport battalion. They are army corps units, under the orders of a battalion commander, who receives his orders from the army corps staff. * * *

The bridging equipment of an army corps consists of thirty-four wagons (with twenty-six pontoons), 222 horses, under the orders of a captain of transport; with this unit there are also two pioneer officers, with seven non-commissioned officers and fifty-four sappers. The corps equipment allows for the construction of a barge of 132 meters. The telegraph detachment has ten wagons.

Each army corps possesses two groups of ammunition sections, each consisting of two infantry and four artillery ammunition sub-sections.

The infantry ammunition sub-section consists of twenty-six wagons, three officers, 179 men (sixty-six carbines), and 187 horses. The whole of the four infantry ammunition sub-sections contain eighty cartridges per rifle for the infantry of the army corps. As the company wagons carry fifty-five cartridges per man, and the soldier himself carries 120, the German infantryman of an army corps has 255 cartridges available.

The eight artillery ammunition sub-sections contain 128 shrapnel and twenty-six high-explosive shells per field gun, and thirteen shrapnel and fifty-eight high-explosive shells per field howitzer. In addition to the eight army corps artillery ammunition sub-sections there are also five light ammunition sections in each army corps, which are placed at the disposition of divisions. The reason for this organization lies in the small number of caissons of the German field battery (nine only to six guns). The light sections carry thirty-two shrapnel and twenty-four high-explosive shells per gun, and fourteen shrapnel and eighty-four high-explosive shells per field howitzer. As the batteries themselves carry 124 shrapnel and six high-explosive shells per gun, or fifty-four shrapnel and thirty-four high-explosive shells per field howitzer, the German army corps has altogether 340 shells per gun and 260 per howitzer.

The *twelfth* article is a most interesting statement and comparison. The editor of the *Journal of the Military Service Institution* evidently voiced in 1875 views similar to those so recently expressed by Lord Roberts.

The *thirteenth* article is a continuation of a reprint of General Carter's admirable article.

The *fourteenth* is of such direct application to our own conditions in time of war, and has so many useful lessons for us, that we quote somewhat freely from an article based on the author's actual experience in the raising and training of these troops:

The subject may, I think, be regarded as one of recent date, as I am not aware that irregular mounted troops in any considerable numbers have ever been raised in this country before the South African War. It would be conceded that prior to this date the regular army was considered sufficient in numbers to meet any contingency that might arise outside these islands. Consequently, there has never been any organization especially designed for this purpose. The opinion, however, of the War Office with regard to the auxiliary forces has been somewhat changed lately, and it is now proposed to incorporate special squadrons of yeomanry for service abroad with the regular cavalry. I do not intend to enter into the merits of that proposal on this occasion, as it might be more properly designated "The raising of drafts for regular cavalry in case of emergency." It is my intention to deal first with the three methods employed during the war to raise mounted troops, and in conclusion to make suggestions for a similar occasion in the future.

In the latter months of 1899 the idea was conceived of using the yeomanry for service abroad, a force almost universally considered and, no doubt, in some instances with great reason, as the plaything of the officers, and useless for any practical purpose. There was, however, this to be urged in justification of the plan, that the force formed an organizing nucleus in the various counties for raising mounted men for the war. It was therefore decided to form a committee, entirely separate from the War Office, composed of regular and yeomanry officers, who should be entrusted with the entire raising and organization of some 10,000 men from the existing yeomanry regiments. This committee, as you know, was responsible for the regimental staffs, officers, equipment, horsing, training and even of the transport of the force to South Africa. * * * I think no one will question the statement that the officer question proved a great, if not the greatest, difficulty, in all the three classes of yeomanry raised for the war. * * * One commanding officer, within my knowledge, had to select the whole of his staff, officers, and men within a week. It is a platitude to insist on the necessity of these officers being selected with care, but this fact was not less obvious before the war than it is now. Nor should it be forgotten that while each unit composing the battalions was drawn from a particular part of the country, the commanding officers and staff had no similar local origin or local tie with the units. Whence, then, could come thorough cohesion as a battalion? * * *

In the case of one battalion known to me, neither the commanding officer nor any of the staff had seen a single company of the battalion till they arrived in South Africa; it is again a platitude to assert that, if the battalion is chosen as the unit to work with, the commanding officer should have some acquaintance with the officers under his command, and should know the characteristics and capabilities of the men, even if he had not trained them as a battalion In any future raising of mounted troops, if done by a committee, no doubt rules would be laid down that commanding officers should have had some previous experience of mounted troops—should have had the opportunity of coming into contact with their officers and men, and should have held a high record in time of peace. It is almost too obvious to require argument, that if capable officers are necessary for a cavalry regiment, where everything goes with the precision of clockwork, where all the officers command their own men, where there is a full complement of non-commissioned officers, where the men have been fully trained, that in a regiment of irregulars, where many of

these requirements must, of necessity, be partially lacking, even higher qualifications should be required of the commanding officer.

I now come to the enlistment of men, and the terms of service of the yeomen enlisted in 1900. The pay was at ordinary cavalry rates—1s. 3d. a day for one year, or the termination of the war. * * *

There was, however, no difficulty in getting more than enough men in 1900 on these terms. * * * * It should be borne in mind that in the selection of men in 1900, as they were to take the field at once, with only two or three weeks' training, preference had to be given to those who had had a previous training of any description rather than to men specially qualified educationally or physically.

The question of training after mobilization, resolved itself into how much work could be crammed into a few weeks before embarkation; this was rendered more difficult by the fact that much of the time of those responsible for the training was occupied in the provision of horses and equipment, and the season of the year, with its heavy snow and frost, was a further and serious impediment. It is perfectly true that all these men had passed a riding and shooting test, but even with this advantage the time was all too short to produce compact and efficient units. The shooting, perhaps, was the best feature in the force, and was considerably improved in these few weeks, and on board ship. Outpost duty, however, and reconnaissance, were of necessity but slightly dealt with, excepting by theoretical knowledge of this subject. Training of the horses, and the learning of the mounted infantry drill, which though simple was new to all, occupied the remainder of the time. More time would, indeed, have been useful for instruction in horse management, although the three weeks on board ship proved invaluable.

But the greatest difficulty, I believe, felt alike by all who had charge of yeomanry squadrons, was the provision of non-commissioned officers. * * * How different it would have been had the permanent staff of the yeomanry been large enough to have allowed the provision of numbers of qualified N. C. O.'s. * * *

The 1901 yeomanry were raised under entirely different conditions, and were of a somewhat different class. Their pay was at the rate of 5s. a day—an inducement, no doubt, which secured the requisite numbers, though not unnaturally a source of envy to those who served with them in the field. They were supposed to have passed a riding and shooting test, but they had, so far as those with whom I came into contact were concerned, no training whatsoever before being put into the field. If instances were needed, I can point out that when eighty of these men were put under my command, with a sergeant-major to take them from the railway line to join a column, three-quarters of them had no idea of putting a saddle on to a horse, and many had never done it in their lives. It took on that occasion eight hours to saddle up and move off. What would have occurred had the enemy made an attack before the column was reached it is not pleasant to imagine! Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that they did not at once accomplish all that was expected of them. I think it is sometimes forgotten by their critics that their shortcomings were due to no fault of their own; and I can say, from my own experience, that I never met men more anxious to do what was required of them. It was found necessary, after a short period, in the field, to

take them to places where they could be trained in security, after which they did most admirable service to the end of the war. * * *

I now come to the yeomanry raised in 1902, which, for the purposes of this discussion, gives more instruction than either of the two already mentioned.

No riding or shooting tests were required, the only qualification being physical. The rate of pay was again 5s. a day as in 1901. The men were sent immediately to Aldershot to be trained, where there was a small depot responsible to the yeomanry committee in London. Recruiting was so brisk that the Aldershot staff was utterly unable to cope with their task, and in a few days they had thousands of men, and only a handful of officers to train them. * * *

As great, if not greater, difficulty was felt in securing capable non-commissioned officers.

The next difficulty was that of horses. The average number of horses available for each battalion of 500 men at Aldershot was about seventy. But using the horses twice a day, it was thus possible to put each man on a horse barely twice a week. That a general level of efficiency in riding can be obtained under these circumstances, is a proposition almost too ludicrous for discussion. However, by eliminating all those who could ride at all, and devoting the horses entirely to the worst riders, a better result was arrived at than seemed at first possible; the men were able, as a matter of fact, to ride sufficiently well after two months to go into the field in South Africa, and after four months they could do what the Boers did, gallop and fire from their horses without getting out of hand. I feel bound to add, what was the experience of every commanding officer without exception—that this was due to one thing only, the quite extraordinary and unflagging keenness of the men. This remark applies not only to riding, but to every detail of shooting and drill, and although they were detained in this country for two months longer than was at first stated, their energy was unabated to the end. I consider this a most important fact: after two years of war, when very large numbers of volunteers had gone to South Africa, by the inducement of 5s. a day, it was possible, at a moment's notice, to get within a fortnight 5,000 men of this class. Recruiting on this scale, and with this rapidity, was far in advance of the expectations of the authorities, as was demonstrated by the inadequacy of the preparations at Aldershot.

The question that the authorities would have to decide would be whether the provision of the proper cadres of officers from existing forces would be justified by the results. I venture to think, in view of the class of men that can be obtained at a higher rate of pay, it would be more than justified. The demand for officers would not be a great one in point of numbers: to supply officers for 5,000 men means only thirty colonels, majors and adjutants, and these, I suggest, should largely be provided from regular forces. * * *

I now come to my second proposition, which deals with the provision of non-commissioned officers, perhaps the greatest crux in the forces raised during the war. * * *

My proposal, as may have been gathered, is to increase the permanent staffs of yeomanry regiments at home; if an addition of only two sergeant-instructors per regiment were made, that would give 108 non-commissioned officers. These men would be invaluable, as all officers commanding yeomanry would agree, in time of peace in increasing the efficiency of the regiments to which they were attached. * * *

Having now made provision for the cadres of officers and non-commissioned officers, the question of men remains. On this point we have definite data on which to rely. We know that for 5s. a day, or possibly a smaller sum, even in unfavorable times, a splendid class of men can be obtained.

The *fourteenth* article has been previously referred to; the *fifteenth* is a continued article on the qualities of and the demands made on the modern Austrian officer.

The *sixteenth* is a résumé of *Von Löbell's Jahresberichte*, an annual (and perhaps the very best) on changes and progress in military affairs.

SERVICE SALAD.

Readers of the "United Service," are cordially invited to contribute to this department items of either fact or fancy, grave or gay, instructive or only entertaining; in short, any literary flotsam and jetsam likely to interest our subscribers.

The editor of THE UNITED SERVICE takes very great pleasure in reprinting below an editorial from the *Army and Navy Journal* of September 26th. We are quite sure that in this article Colonel Church voices the opinion of all who have the best interest of the service at heart.

"We publish in another column as a matter of general interest the savage rebuke administered by Rear Admiral R. D. Evans, U. S. N., commanding the Asiatic Station, to the members of a court-martial with whose findings he does not agree. It is a companion piece to the review of the findings of the Wortman court-martial by the Secretary of the Navy which we published last week. It would appear from these two orders that some of our high officials have read with approval and emulation the story told by Rear Admiral Melville, and quoted here, which was to the effect that a President of our sister republic of Haiti was accustomed to descend upon the officers of his military forces and beat them with a club whenever they displeased him in any way. We would suggest that perhaps the Oriental punishment of the bastindo might be found to be an improvement upon the Haitian plan. Whatever the method adopted, it is apparent from the action of the Secretary and that of Admiral Evans that it must be something more summary and effective than the slow process of the court-martial. The use of the club or the bastinado has this great advantage: It not only humiliates the victim, but it leaves a reformatory impression upon the cuticle of an officer who may not be over sensative to merely verbal assault, if we have any such officer in our navy. Still, such rebukes as those administered by the Secretary and by Admiral Evans, while they spare the body, have the wholesome result of humiliating the officer and wounding that sentiment of pride and personal dignity which is so out of place in a military service that no tolerance should be shown to it We think that it might be well, however, in the interest of humanity to regulate the number of blows with the stick, or the bastinádo, that may be summarily inflicted, in case some physical punishment for recalcitrant members of courts-martial should be decided upon. It is obvious that the maximum number of blows should be reserved for officers of flag rank, as they are the most likely to be incorrigible.

"It would seem that court-martial proceedings are now in order to determine whether there are four or

more officers of the navy in the Asiatic fleet who have been guilty of deliberate perjury, as is charged in effect by Rear Admiral Evans. No officer should rest under the imputation of such a charge without having the question of his guilt or innocence determined This we say without entering into the question as to the propriety or impropriety of the findings of the court in this case, concerning which we know little more than is contained in the order of Rear Admiral Evans. He is possibly right in his comments on the inadequacy of the punishment in this case, but in view of the charges he makes against the members of the court who are named by him the matter should not be allowed to rest as it is. The signatures to the appeal for clemency would indicate that the two members of the pay corps and Lieutenant Williams were in favor of the sentence imposed by the court. One or more, if not all, of the other line officers composing the court-martial must have joined in the verdict and are subject to Admiral Evan's strictures. The decision which the reviewing officer condemns is in any case the decision of the court, and there is nothing to show that it was not unanimous. The president of the court was Uriel Sebree, an officer held in universal esteem throughout the navy service, and deservedly popular with his fellow officers. He is an officer of large experience, sound judgment, even temper and most excellent record. There is no man in the navy less likely to take any action to discredit the service to which his life has been devoted, and he is as jealous for its honor as a lover for that of his mistress. Moreover, he possesses a quality for which Admiral Evans, with all his conspicuous ability, is not noted, and that is judicial calmness of judgment. As to the facts of the case, our information is that the court-martial grew out of a personal difficulty between Paymaster Nicholson and the German vice consul, resulting from an insulting remark concerning American officers, and that there was satisfactory evidence before the court to show that Mr. Nicholson did not act without provocation. Assistant Paymaster Nicholson was appointed from Ohio in 1901, Paymaster Biscoe in 1895 and P. A. Paymaster Venable in 1899. The service of Captain Sebree dates back to 1863, that of Commander Marshall to 1867 and that of Lieutenant Williams to 1885."

There is always more or less rivalry between the army and navy, and probably there always will be, says the *Washington Star*, when men of either service can work off a joke at the expense of the other.

It was at Fort Monroe, where one of the vessels of the navy was temporarily awaiting orders, that a delegation of army officers stationed at the fort came aboard. There is a set naval regulation that nothing can be so on board ship until the commanding officer orders it. While the army officers were looking over the ship 12 o'clock arrived. A junior officer approached the captain and said, with a salute: "It is twelve o'clock, sir." "Make it so," respond-

ed the captain, and eight bells were struck. The army officers suspected that the navy men wanted them to ask some questions, and get sold, or that this was a piece of fooling got up to joke the land warriors.

Some time after a party of the army officers invited the officers of the warship to dine with them. The dinner was progressing when a lieutenant entered and, saluting the senior officer present, said gravely:

"Colonel, the major's blind horse is dead."

"Make it so," responded the colonel, with the greatest gravity, and the dinner proceeded. Nothing was said at the time, but the navy officers tell the story.

HYMN SAVED HIS LIFE.

And Long Years Afterward His Forman Told Him About It.

(From the Pittsburg Gazette.)

The power of a song is something wonderful at times. This is well illustrated by a story, and a true one, told not long ago.

Two Americans who were crossing the Atlantic met in a cabin on Sunday night to sing hymns. As they sang the last hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," one of them heard an exceedingly rich and beautiful voice behind him. He looked around, and, although he did not know the face, he thought that he knew the voice. So when the music ceased he turned and asked the man if he had been in the Civil War. The man replied that he had been a Confederate soldier.

"Were you at such a place on such a night?" asked the first.

"Yes," he replied, "and a curious thing happened that night which this hymn has recalled to my mind. I was posted on sentry duty near the edge of a wood. It was a dark night and very cold, and I was a little frightened because the enemy was supposed to be very near. About midnight, when everything was very still and I was feeling homesick and miserable and weary, I thought that I would comfort myself by praying and singing a hymn. I remember singing this hymn:

'All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

"After singing that a strange peace came down upon me, and through the long night I felt no more fear."

"Now," said the other, "listen to my story. I was a Union soldier and was in the woods that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, although I did not see your face. My men had their rifles focussed upon you, waiting the word to fire, but when you sang out

'Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing,'

I said, 'Boys, lower your rifles; we will go home.'"

The drum major's baton of the First Grand Regiment in Berlin has a curious history. During the reign of Frederick II., it was the custom for Prussian officers to carry a stick as a sign of their dignity, and this stick was used not only as a commander's staff, but was employed in keeping up military discipline. At that time a certain Frederich Wilhelm Rohdich served as captain in the King's Life Guards. This officer had obtained great successes in the battle of Prague, and received in recompense various orders and honorable posts, and also a patent of nobility. After his death in 1796, the stick he had used was preserved as a relic by his relatives, till, in 1840, one of his grand nephews, one Major Bre-

dow, gave the stick to the First Guard Regiment, with the request that it should be used for the drum-majors. The stick, which was a simple bamboo, was provided with a silver button, upon which were engraved the Rohdich arms, the cross of the Order of Merit, and the following words: "In memory of General von Rohdich, from 1779 to 1796 head of the regiment founded by the Kurfurst Frederich, and reformed by Frederick II. as the Guard Grenadier battalion, which, dissolved in 1806, still exists in the First Guard Regiment.

NAPOLEON AS A HORSEMAN.

Napoleon was a most cruel horseman, and changed his mount frequently during battle. At Waterloo, however, he rode only the famous Marengo. Another celebrated war horse of the great Corsican was Austerlitz. Napoleon always insisted that his horses should be white or grey. Twelve were killed under him. He was once carried quite within the enemy's lines, whence he narrowly escaped capture, by a mad charger.

For a dumb combatant of unqualified savagery we must go to the camp of those masters of warfare, the French of Napoleon's day. One of the emperor's aides, Captain de Marbot, owned a mare named Lizette, noted in peace or war for viciousness under certain provocation.

Once, with the master on her back, she was surrounded by Russians. A huge grenadier made a lunge at Marbot with his bayonet, but Lizette dispatched him with tigerish ferocity; using only her teeth. Afterward she backed off, clearing with her iron heels a space among the Russians pressing on her flanks, then wheeled, dragging down to death beneath her hoofs an officer as she did so and darted through the astonished crowd to a place of safety. In that brief encounter she killed two Russians outright and crippled several others with her heels, and it all came from a cruel bayonet thrust that aroused all the poor creature's latent frenzy.

"RED TAPE" BY THE YARD.

Story of an English Soldier Who Died by Mistake.

One of the soldiers who had been reported killed in a certain battle in South Africa, and against whose name in the regimental books a note to that effect had been made, afterward turned up and reported himself. Then the sergeant made another note in the book: "Died by mistake." The man was placed in the hospital, and a few weeks later succumbed to the injuries he had received. The fact, says the London V. C., was communicated to the sergeant through the colonel of the regiment, and a third note was made: "Redied by order of the colonel"

Senator Perkins was a sailorman in the early days before he attained fame and a seat in the Senate. Once he was on a ship that carried amongst its passengers a preacher. An awful storm came up and the ship seemed to be doomed. The seamen swore until the air was blue The minister was shocked, and asked the captain for leave to pray with the men "They're too —— busy swearing just now for prayers," said the captain. "Besides, so long as they swear we're not in danger." The minister went below, but presently an awful jolt brought him and his wife on deck. He listened to the men for a minute, then turned to his wife and

said: "Thank God, dear, the sailormen are still swearing."

WHY DEWEY BOUGHT IT.

While Admiral Dewey was in command of the Asiatic Squadron he purchased a large quantity of much needed coal without previously consulting the Navy Department. When this became known in Washington an official sent him this curt dispatch:

"Why did you buy so much coal?"

The Admiral replied:

"Bradford, Chief of Bureau of Equipment, Washington: To burn. Dewey."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

DON'T LIKE OFFICERS' FARE.

Anybody with any knowledge of nautical matters at all knows what an habitual growler "Jack" is. Never was he known to be satisfied with any possible condition of affairs, no matter what efforts might have been spent in pleasing him.

A good example of this is shown in a story told by the skipper of a large American sailing vessel now in port. On his last run from San Francisco to New York he had with him some passengers; so to prevent friction he humored the seamen more than he otherwise would have done. On the second day out the crew all came aft and demanded to see the skipper.

"Well, boys, what's the growl now?" he asked. The spokesman, an old seaman, stepped forward with a tin of beef in his hands.

"Wot we wants to know, cap'n," began the old salt, "is, are you agoin to feed us on this muck right along?" "Well," answered the captain, "it isn't swell grub, I'll admit, but what can I do?"

"Give us cabin fare," growled a dozen voices.

The captain agreed. The steward was ordered to prepare the tinned stuffs of the officers for the "fo'c'le," and also to have the cook make them cabin pastry.

For several days all went well. Then the men came aft again.

"Well, not satisfied yet?" asked the captain.

"No sir," growled the old seaman, "we don't want any more o' this stuff. Give us back our old whack."

"What's the matter with this?" exclaimed the skipper, examining the chicken, charlotte russe and ice cream.

"Matter," growled the spokesman —"matter enough. There ain't no chaw to it."

PAT SCORED.

An Irishman who was out of work went on board a vessel that was in harbor and asked the captain if he could find him work on the ship.

"Well," said the captain, at the same time handing the Irishman a piece of rope, "if you can find three ends to that rope you shall have some work."

The Irishman got hold of one end of the rope and showing it to the captain, said:

"That's one end, your honor."

Then he took hold of the other end, showing it to the captain as before, and said: "And that makes two ends, your honor."

Then, taking hold of both ends of the rope, he threw it overboard, saying:

"And, faith, there's an end to the rope, your honor—that's three."

He was engaged.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

The following anecdote, which is essentially Scotch, was told at the last meeting of the St. Andrew's Society by Mr. D. M. Henderson, one of the members:

"Two Scotch sailors landed in Melbourne, Australia, and set out to see the town. While walking along a street in the business section of the city they saw a handsome Scotch collie dog sitting in the doorway of a shop gazing serenely out at the passers-by, as only a Scotch collie of high degree can. The sailors stopped a minute to admire the animal, when two fierce bulldogs made a rush on the inoffensive collie and tackled him fore and aft. In a minute each indignant sailor had seized a bulldog by the off hind leg and a few minutes later both bulldogs were looping the loop down the street, while the Scotch collie had resumed his interrupted contemplation of the passing throng.

Then the owner of the collie rushed from his shop to thank the sailors, and in his gratitude would have grasped them by the hand, but with a lordly air they waved him back, saying:

"Na thanks to us, na thanks to us; bluid is thicker than water."

When the Duke of Clarence, afterward William IV., went down to Portsmouth to inspect the British seventy-four, the guide allotted to him was a battered old lieutenant with one eye, who, lacking "a friend at court," had served years without promotion. As the veteran removed his hat to salute his royal visitor, the latter remarked his baldness, and said jestingly, "I see, my friend, you left." A few days later the "old salt" was surprised to receive his appointment as captain.

FIVE TOASTS.

A story is told that recently in Los Angeles five prominent gentlemen of foreign birth chanced to meet. One was a Russian, one a Turk, one a Frenchman, one an American and the other an Englishman.

The gentlemen became bosom friends and finally a champagne supper was proposed, at which each gentleman, to be in keeping with the times, was to give a toast to his native country; the one giving the best toast to be at no expense for the wine.

The Russian. "Here's to the stars and bars of Russia that were never pulled down."

The Turk. "Here's to the moons of Turkey, whose wings were never clipped."

The Frenchman. "Here's to the cock of France, whose feathers were never plucked."

The American. "Here's to the Stars and Stripes of the United States of America, never trailed in defeat."

The Englishman. 'Here's to the rampin', roarin' lion of Great Britain that tore down the stars and bars of Russia, clipped the wings of Turkey, plucked the feathers off the cock of France, and ran at top speed from the Stars and Stripes of the United States of America."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

BOOK NOTICES.

The Commission of H. M. S. Terrible, 1898-1902. By George Crowe, Master-at-Arms. London: George Newnes, Ltd. 1903. Pp. 370.

The work of Mr. George Crowe, have not spared your hair in your country's service."

"Why, your Royal Highness," answered the old salt, "so many young

fellows have stepped over my head that's a wonder that I have any hair Master-at-Arms, is a personal narrative of his experiences on board the Terrible (and with her crews on land) during some four years, which were passed partly in the Boer War in South Africa and partly in the China War, but incidentally the author also gives a good account of the events of these two great wars, in so far as his own experiences were related thereto.

The splendid work of the Navy in assisting the Army, or in furnishing land forces, in these two wars, are well known. The 4.7 inch guns sent from the ships to Ladysmith in the very nick of time (just 48 hours before it was entirely cut off) and others mounted on extemporized field carriages by the Navy, together with the excellent work done by their gun crews in the war, will be a lesson for future generations, not only as an example of the highest type of energy and initiative, but also as a model of cordial co-operation between the Navy and the Army.

The volume is interesting and entertaining, illustrated by a number of good photographs, and is a valuable contribution to the history of these two campaigns. J. P. W.

Handbook for Non-commissioned Officers of Infantry. By Captain M. B. Stewart, 8th U. S. Infantry. Kansas City, Mo.: Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co. 1903. Pp. 102.

The instruction of the non-commissioned officer in these days of short service and rapid changes in the Army, is a very difficult matter, and good non-commissioned officers are comparatively rare nowadays. Consequently, every effort to simplify his instruction or to aid it, should be hailed with pleasure by the Company Commander and his subordinates.

The little work before us is an excellent addition to this class of literature, and constitutes a most useful handbook both for the instructor and the instructed. It contains practically all the ordinary duties of non-commissioned officers, and is well arranged and clearly written.

This handbook should be in the hands of every non-commissioned officer in the Army, and will be found constantly useful, especially for such as are newly appointed, and the supplementary chapter on the list of Reports and Returns to be Rendered by Company Commanders, as well as much else in the book, will be found useful to young commissioned officers as well. J. P. W.

To the Editor of THE UNITED SERVICE:

DEAR SIR: I notice in your Service Salad for August an inquiry for the authorship of the lines beginning,

"He does well who does his best;
Is he weary? Let him rest."

They were written by Ebenezer Elliott (better known, perhaps, as "The Cornlaw Rhymer"), a Yorkshire iron founder, who was born in 1781 and died in 1849. Thank you for reprinting them.

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FOUNDED 1879

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UNITED SERVICE

EDITED BY L. R. HAMERSLY.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

THE TRIALS OF STAFF OFFICERS.

THE STATE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

BY GENERAL CHARLES KING.

(Continued.)

As described in the preceding chapter, betwen the Assemblies, Conferences and Synods of various religious denominations, the resolutions passed in council and the appeals to powers far more influential with our governor than were considerations purely military, the existing order of things had been overturned and the movement of troops to camp on Sunday forbidden.

In this somewhat formidable crusade against established custom some of the best people and most sincere Christians in the state, and many of what our English brethren term "dissenting" sects, were represented. The Roman Catholic and Episcopalian churches, apparently, saw no reason to interfere. Two companies in our one city regiment were made up almost entirely of good Catholics, who went to early mass before repairing to their armories and reporting for duty, while of the Protestant Episcopalians we had, or had had, so many chaplains in the Guard that they perhaps had pointed out the difficulties besetting the military authorities, and from these great church communities there came no second to the motion of the others.

But what had been said and done proved all sufficient; yet even that had its humorous side.

Away up among the pine woods was a thriving little town that supported one of the finest companies of citizen soldiery to be found in the West, if not in the whole country. Almost every man had been brought up from boyhood with a gun in his hand. Bear, deer, wolf

and wildcat were thick in the woods that stretched for miles in every direction from the outskirts of the town. Eight out of ten the members of Company "A" were expert shots, born woodsmen, hunters, scouts, accustomed to "roughing it," to the camp fire and bivouac. Moreover, that company, after its first few years, was so well commanded and so ably managed that it became a vast power for good in the community. It stood among the foremost in rifle practice in the Western States, compelled all its men to practice regularly and, that the best results might follow, enjoined early hours and insisted on temperance in meat, drink and tobacco. The "tough" element had long since been weeded out. The best men in the county were mustered in, and presently it resulted that to belong to Company "A" was the surest card to social or commercial success in the young city. It brought such prizes home from camp. It won such praise from the keen-eyed inspectors—all "regulars," mind you, for never since 1880 had the Badger State been without them—that the bulk of the populace flocked to see the command on drill; crowds came to watch it shoot, and, when it went for its annual tour in camp, much more than its weight in civilians, male and female, to the embarrassment of the adjutant and quartermaster generals, insisted on following.

In the summer of '85 it appeared at Camp Ruggles (so named for the adjutant general of the army, who had shown a deep personal interest in the Badger camps and guardsmen) without a man missing from its membership and with an overwhelming escort of enthusiastic friends and fellow citizens of both sexes. The hotels and boarding houses at the railway station could not begin to accommodate them, and the quartermaster's department, rather than see them shelterless, opened store rooms, set up spare canvas and did what it could to house them. They had "rations to burn," as they said. The company went through camp in a cloud of triumph and home in a blaze of glory, never dreaming of the array of complaint laid at their door in a long letter from an aggrieved pastor whose overburdened soul found relief in a flood of accusation and lament that made Mr. X's eyes pop when he read it.

The indignant gentlemen had written, he said (and the letter is doubtless still on file), to add his protest to that of those eminent Christians whose souls had been shocked by the open and wanton sacrilege and Sabbath breaking of which the militia had been guilty and which, according to the writer, reached its climax the previous Sunday in this usually peaceful, law-abiding town. At the very hour designated for divine service, with crashing drums and shoutings and unseemly noise, the firing of guns and heaven knows what all besides,

the local company had marched to the railway, rendering the sacred lessons of the day inaudible, divine worship impossible, and drawing after them to the station by dozens the lambs of the flock, who would otherwise have been searching the scriptures within the walls of the sanctuary.

What the reverend gentleman expected, probably, was that the adjutant general would swallow the statement entire, after the manner of the newspapers, and proceed to score the officers and men without hearing the other side of the story. The last thing he expected, certainly, was that, in accordance with War Department methods, his letter should be "Referred to the commanding officer Company 'A,' ——th Infantry, for remark."

And these remarks were a caution: A straightforward veteran was that captain—a square, solid, reliable and much respected man. He called in the leading soldiers and citizens and read to them the aspersions emanating from that far-western "little church around the corner,"—as narrow as its New York namesake was broad under Dr. Houghton's wise and Christian rectorship—and the indignation of the hearers knew no bounds. It was promptly established that, so far from marching anywhere near the church, they had taken another way; that, so far from marching to music, they had proceeded by order in utter and disciplined silence; that the only crashing of drums and shoutings occurred at the railway station, a mile from the church; that the only firing of guns came from the opposite direction and by persons in no wise connected with the company, though some, it seems, were children of the church; and finally, that the only truthful thing in the entire charge was that many lambs had skipped the sheepfold and gamboled away to bleat their good-byes to the soldier boys, and so did not get back for the sermon, which, probably, was where the shoe pinched, for the dominie was said that day to have preached to deaf, not deafened, ears and "a beggarly array of empty boxes."

Then both letter and reply got into the local papers, and it is to be feared that the captain's course in having so many confidential advisers and backers led to this unauthorized proceeding, and then the whole community rose in wrath at the luckless cleric, and there was the very mischief to pay. There came another letter from him to the adjutant general, begging that the matter be dropped—that he had written in haste—that after mature reflection he could see that he had been unintentionally unjust, etc., etc., but in the meantime it seemed advisable that he pay a long projected visit to another locality, and then, little by little, the excitement simmered down.

But, except in the case of a few detached and widely separated

companies, the governor's reluctant order stood, and "the Guard" traveled to camp in a way to set a soldier's teeth on edge. Such of its membership as *could* get away on Saturday did so; the rest followed singly or in small squads. Officers, as a rule, went with the colors on Saturday. The men who followed went as they pleased, and, being under no restraint, the result was that, instead of traveling through the state in their special train, in disciplined order and silence, they swarmed all over the Sunday express trains, skylarking from one car to another, jumping off at every stop, making wild rushes at every beer saloon and more noise and devilment in plain sight and hearing of far more critics, church people and strangers than all the Sunday troop trains of all the years of our experience massed in one huge excursion could ever have matched. It was in the power of the governor to prevent them, as organizations, from traveling on Sunday, but not as individuals, hence the utter failure of the plan, for if the object aimed at by our friends of the various religious bodies was to keep holy the seventh day the result had been the reverse. But very possibly, as in the later case of the canteen, these good people persuaded themselves that all the disorder that occurred as a consequence of the change was the fault of "the military authorities," who incited the men to their evil deeds by way of resenting the interference of outsiders.

The governor, however, saw with eyes unclouded by prejudice or passion: "We complied with their wishes," said he, "and tried their plan in all good faith. It has made things much worse than they were, so they ought to be glad to see the old way in force again." The last regiment to camp, therefore, came by special train, and in Sunday quiet and order, seeing which, or hearing it, the church militant returned to the charge, somewhat reduced in point of numbers, perhaps, but not a whit in fervor. We may as well finish the subject here and now with a sample of the correspondence and the comments thereon.

Take this letter, for instance:

"OCTOBER 22, 1895.

"To the Adjutant General,

"DEAR SIR:—At the recent meeting of the Synod of Wisconsin, held at Oshkosh, the following paper was unanimously adopted, to wit:

"The Presbyterian Synod of Wisconsin, believing that to require our state militia to travel to and from camp on Sunday encourages the violation of law and compels young men of Christian principle either to refuse to enter the state militia or trample on their religious

convictions, does earnestly petition the governor and the adjutant general of our state to make such arrangements that henceforth the military companies shall not go to or from camp on the first day of the week, called Sunday.

"Attest:

"(Signed) ADDISON V. C. SCHENCK,
"State Clerk."

Referring to this a local paper said the request, as had been announced, has been complied with this year, but the adjutant general to-day sent the following letter to the Reverend Mr. Schenck:

"ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
"April 18th, 1896.

"DEAR SIR:—Your letter enclosing the resolution passed by the Presbyterian Synod (similar resolutions having been passed by the Synod of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist) has been the subject of long thought and earnest consultation, the governor especially interesting himself in the matter, and I have now the honor to reply as follows:

"The State limits the number of days to seven in which the National Guard can be ordered into camp of instruction, and these seven days include the time spent in transporting the troops to and from camp. It has been found, therefore, that only five working days can be had at camp, where, so short is the time, so broad the scope of instruction, and so important each and every one of the drills, maneuvers and exercises, that every moment is precious. Even now it is remarked on all hands by experienced soldiers that our men have only just begun to get settled down to their work when it is time to quit camp and go home. If the troops were sent to camp in mid-week, and Sunday allowed to intervene as one of these five precious days, it would mean exactly twenty-four hours taken out of the 124 to be devoted to instruction. One-fifth of the year's progress in drills, discipline and rifle practice in the open field would have to be sacrificed, and, from a military, an economic and business point of view, would prove a total loss. Hence, some years before the present administration entered upon its duties it became the rule to send the troops to camp on Sunday so that they could be in readiness to begin work the first thing Monday morning, and then to send them home Saturday so that they could have their peaceful Sunday rest before returning to their avocations on Monday morning. Now they leave their armories in disciplined silence and order; they are not permitted to straggle

from their trains, and the very first duty expected of officers and men after reaching camp is attendance at the divine service conducted by the regimental chaplain, thereby bringing under the influence of the gospel hundreds of young men, most of whom are not regular attendants at divine service when at home.

But, so impressed is the governor by the action taken by your own and kindred associations, that he has directed me to endeavor to send the troops to camp this year again on Saturday, and the experiment shall be made. In so doing we must invoke your earnest aid, for the following reasons:

"Employers, as a rule, are most reluctant to let their men off at all, but in the greater number of cases, yielding to our pleas, have permitted them to be gone from Sunday to Sunday. Now we shall have to urge them to grant an additional day, as you can readily see that troops from such points as the far north and west and southwestern parts of the State must be up and away as early as five or six A. M. in order to admit of their special train starting in time to pick up all the other companies of their respective regiments and reach camp before evening.

"This also, will involve demanding of the men that they forfeit one day's wages or salary at home, for which we can offer no equivalent. It demands of them eight days' service for seven days' pay. It demands of them that they shall go down into their pockets and pay their bands for an extra day's service, also their cooks and camp servants. It means that they *may* be turned loose on the village Saturday night, for we have no legal hold on them on the extra day and cannot compel them to remain in camp. It demands that we permit our men to come to camp by squads and detachments instead of by battalions and regiments as hitherto, for, no matter how you may plead or we may argue, many employers will prove obdurate and refuse their men permission to leave before six o'clock Saturday night. Then these eager young soldiers will, individually or in small parties, take the first train, late at night or Sunday morning, and being suddenly relieved of all restraint, and there being neither organization nor officers to enforce discipline, there may be drinking, card playing and many disorders in the cars, to the scandal of our uniform and the distress of all good Christian men and women who may see or hear of it. Under the system as it is, we have quiet, decorum and respect for the day. Under the system which compliance with your resolutions will entail, I foresee evils far worse than those which exist to-day. Nevertheless, in full sympathy with your efforts in behalf of a sacred cause, it is the intention of this administration to use every means to carry

out the wishes expressed in your communication; and if, in recognition of the spirit in which these resolutions have been received, you desire to aid the state troops and put an end at one and the same time to the necessity for traveling on Sunday, let me urge that you and your associates unite in an effort to induce the next legislature to give to the National Guard pay and subsistence for ten days in camp instead of seven.

"This letter has been submitted to the chaplains of our four regiments and their replies, emphatically endorsing these views, are on file in this office and very much at your service should you care to see them.

"Trusting that you will convey to your associates early notification of the result of their resolutions, and with every assurance of our appreciation of the motives which prompted you to seek to maintain the sacred character of the Lord's day, I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully,

"(So AND So),
"Adjutant General."

This long letter had at least one effect. Quoting from the State Journal of April 20th, '96, we have the following: "In a prelude Sunday morning on 'The State's New Regard for Sunday,' Mr. Cochran referred to the recent action of the governor, changing the time of militia movement to Camp Douglas from Sunday to Saturday. After outlining the steps which brought about this change, Mr. Cochran made reference to the letter of the adjutant general in Saturday's Journal, characterizing it as so courteous, so wise, so eminently fair, so evident an effort to face the manifest difficulties squarely and to overcome them conscientiously, that one would imagine the general was issuing an order on a frontier post and never within a thousand miles of the political maelstrom. 'Though he be a soldier, it is a most refreshing peace document,' said the gentleman, 'and if it indeed be political capital, let us have some more of it.'

"Quotations from the letter were read revealing the difficulties in the way of moving troops a day ahead of time. The speaker remarked that ordinary politicians would have contented themselves with rehearsing these and telling the Christian people of the state to go to the legislature for redress. But the administration would carry out this reform in the face of the manifest difficulties. It is the duty of the churches to commend heartily this honorable step and to follow out the pertinent suggestion that a bill be framed to the next legislature to give the militia ten days in camp instead of seven. The chaplains of

the regiments were called upon to arouse public sentiment towards this end."

And so ended that chapter.

The camps of '95 were valuable principally because of the presence with us of strong detachments of regulars, a model regiment of infantry, a famous light battery and two troops of cavalry that the country folk for fifty miles round came thronging to see. The fine military reservation, with its shady groves, its picturesque and towering buttes and its almost unequaled rifle ranges, became one vast picnic ground, and Hercules at the Augæan Stables had little harder a task than did the troops, regular and state, in cleaning up after each successive coming of our admiring and enthusiastic fellow citizens. The debris of innumerable lunches littered the grassy slopes in every direction, and the soldiers began to take it much to heart that they should have to turn out twice a day and clean up a hundred acres left in most unsightly shape by these otherwise welcome visitors. Seeing this, some of the parties had the thoughtfulness and grace to "tidy up" on their own account, while others, it must be owned, sat grinning in the midst of their own wastage as though enjoying the sight of soldiers picking up greasy paper, half eaten scraps, orange peel, squeezed lemons and the like, so this made some of the men rabid, and Mr. X didn't blame them. He desired to issue orders that "lunching" would be permitted only in a certain convenient grove on the reservation where shade, shelter and water were all to be had, and where the quartermaster general could provide receptacles for the scraps, but it was some time before the governor, eminently a man of the people, could be so persuaded, and then camps were about over for the summer.

It had been a difficult thing to teach our troops that reveille meant "everybody up" in a soldierly camp, and that taps meant every light out except the lanterns of the Guard and the officers—that it meant absolute silence and bed. The systems varied in the different regiments, some colonels being lax, others striving to exact discipline; some companies being soldierly, some slouchy, so Mr. X decided to inist on uniformity.

Reveille roll-call, as it had been conducted, was a farce. Officers and men slept through or turned out as best suited them, or compromised by squatting in their blankets and lazily answering "Here." The order that every officer should be up, dressed in proper uniform and supervising the formation of roll-call and that every man must be in ranks and proper uniform by or before the last note of the assembly was, in the descriptive language of the Guard, "a corker." Fifteen

minutes exactly were allowed between the sound of the gun, accompanied by the first notes of reveille, and the last toot of the assembly, and Mr. X was up every morning to see that the order was obeyed, the camp being considered a big military post of which he had been placed in command by order of the governor. Under the lamented Adjutant General Porter this plan had worked well for years in the Empire State and well did it work here.

At first the men growled a bit, so did some of the officers, but the *soldiers* among them took to it from the start. The post commander sped from street to street, afoot or in saddle, and whether "the boys" liked it or not, obey they had to. By the third day they had begun to see the benefit and importance of the system. By the end of the camp there was only one regiment that in its entirety had not taken hold of it with keen zeal.

Then, to make them "smart," soldierly and quick at formation, Mr. X insisted that the companies should not begin to form until the first note of assembly and then should spring to ranks and be ready for the sergeant's "Left Face"—not too easy a thing to do with even fifty men in double rank, but even this they did and did well—did so well that one company one never-to-be-forgotten morning played a capital game on their "persistent prodder," as he had been called, and one which tickled him as much as them. By Friday, before the assembly was due, pretty much every man of every company was standing close to the formation ground ready to jump into his place, but this Friday morning as Mr. X hastened from street to street, bustling with blue-coated lads buttoned up to the throat, he suddenly came to one street absolutely tenantless. Not a man in sight! The tent flaps without exception were closed! The tent walls were down! Glancing toward the officers' line Mr. X saw the captain and his subalterns just stepping forth, and then, before he had been tricked into saying a word, all on a sudden, quick and spirited, the bugles on the general parade in front of the colonel's tent struck up the assembly.

Instantly every tent flap flew outward; every tent gushed forth a little blue-coated squad that, with laughing cheer, came scampering to ranks. They formed in a twinkling of an eye, and then, with ranks and faces straight as a martinet could demand, proceeded to answer roll-call.

When the Badger regiments went away to the Spanish-American war three years later many of their companies occasionally observed reveille in just that way, to the amaze of the few officers who happened to see it. They said "that was the way they had been taught at home." The scamps!

Then taps, too, had a significance it had never had before. Many a man in most of the camps in all the regiments knew it meant "lights out" and silence, but so long as nobody had insisted on that interpretation why not have fun? Camp was often, therefore, alive with frolic, pillow fights, blanket tossing, etc., and sometimes with such racket that men who wished to sleep found it impossible. At officers' school Mr. X notified them that the company officers should patrol their company streets for twenty minutes, to insure every light being out the instant taps sounded, every man in his blankets and all silent. Then, if all was absolutely quiet, one officer should remain ten minutes longer to suppress the faintest sound; after which he need no longer patrol, but one company officer must remain close to the head of the company street for at least an hour after the sounding of taps. It was easier to bring about than the reforms instituted for reveille. Camp became dark and still as the depths of a cave and stayed so all night long.

They were talking last summer, at the time the Committee on Military Affairs of the House of Representatives was visiting the big reservation, about the records made by certain adjutants general and the epitaphs they deserved—for many of them are gone—when up spoke a veteran of the great war, the man who through one administration after another for years has served the state as its valued inspector of small arms practice. "My epitaph for General X," said he, "when his time comes, will be this: Here lies the man who put our Badger troops to bed at taps and kept them there till reveille."

Yet it hadn't been such a hard thing to do. There were three companies that went home and told stories about the hard drills and privations to which they had been subjected, giving the reporters and anti-administration sheets a chance to reproduce and air the old, old stock phrases about "Military Martinets," "Regular Army Straight Jacket for High Spirited Militia!" "Outrageous Punishments Inflicted on Citizen Soldiery" (half a dozen young roysterers caught after taps "raising the devil about town," as said the pious marshal, had indeed been committed to the guard-house and made to do "police" duty about the kitchens all next day). "Ripe for Mutiny." "Burned Him in Effigy," etc., etc. But as these served to call forth very energetic expressions from prominent citizens, giving the opposite view of the case, they suddenly ceased.

One of the comical features of camp life both years, though I dare say the quartermaster general and certain evicted or homeless victims could not see it in that light, grew from the governor's overwhelming geniality and lavish kindliness. His mind was much occupied with questions of state, and yet he never met a fellow creature that he

didn't long to make happy. In his travels about the state he was forever meeting prominent citizens to whom he began to talk at once about the Guard and that wonderful reservation and the fine, disciplined camps they were having, usually ending with, "Say, now, I want you to go up there and see it—*see* it thoroughly. I want you to take the madam and the little folks—it will do 'em all good. You go right up there and occupy my cottage. I can't get out again until next week. Just tell General X or the quartermaster general or Major W—— to put you right in the governor's cottage and you'll be all right."

Then the train or carriage would start. Somebody would get the governor's ear, and in five minutes he would have forgotten the whole circumstance, and in five hours would have met other statesmen whom he wished to impress with the manifold excellences of our great reservation and would similarly bid them to come, "bring all their girls and boys" and occupy his cottage. Some accepted; then fun and trouble both began—trouble topmost except to those who had abnormal development of the gift of humor and had not the task of straightening matters. Statesmen and soldiers thus doubled up were easily appeased. Their better natures speedily triumphed over the temporary discomfiture. It was their better halves that "raised cane," looked daggers, spake icily and fumed internally. Will Mr. X ever forget the dawn of that eventful day when, by the Owl train from somewhere, there reached the station a sleepy couple who were straightway driven out to camp, were shown by the officer of the guard to the governor's bungalow; found it occupied, and stirred up the quartermaster general, who in turn stirred up the chief of staff? A lady left that reservation before the sun was many hours high, saying, without reservation, things about the chief and his staff that some of them shudder still in recalling. Bad as was the situation, it might have been worse had their ladyships been on speaking terms.

Guard duty had always been one of the weak points of the Badger troops, despite strenuous efforts to teach it. Every summer brought about thirty-three per cent. of raw material into the force, and rarely did the recruits come to camp even partially instructed in what might be called the School of the Sentry. About one-half of the officers, in 1895, were well informed, experienced men, who had studied faithfully and who had striven, in the limited time they had, to "coach" their recruits. Perhaps one-fourth the non-commissioned officers were also well schooled and able to instruct. Some few companies there were that prided themselves on their thorough knowledge of the craft, and members of these commands could be seen closely watching, and even

criticising, the work of the sentries along the line of the regulars. The object lesson was always of value. Each member of the Guard had long been provided with a little pasteboard slip on which were printed the general orders, which he was expected to memorize, and the special orders, which he was enjoined to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest. Each corporal was expected to catechise his relief an hour before posting it. Each sergeant of the Guard and each officer, senior and junior, was instructed to visit each relief and question each sentry, and *still* men would be seen slouching along their posts, with their rifles at "knapsack rest"—a militia invention—their heads hanging, their eyes on the ground and their thoughts on anything but the duty in hand. Others, loafing in the shade, with rifles resting on the ground, would permit officers and men to pass without notice, and when overhauled for their sins would say they "didn't see 'em," and were virtuously indignant when punished for that very reason. It took persistent pounding to hammer the ideas into the heads of the men (and it was often quite as bad in old frontier days in the regulars) that a sentry *must* see, and that nothing short of being suddenly stricken blind could excuse his not seeing. Time was in the early history of the Army of the Potomac when Badger regiments had some reason to pride themselves on their expert performance of guard duty, and veteran officers in the Guard strove to inspire these modern Badgers by telling incidents illustrative of Badger prowess in the past. One tale had such solid foundation in fact, and was so good a soldier story, that, old as it is, it deserves to be retold here.

Away back in the fall of '61, when "Little Mac" was daily riding the lines, reviewing and organizing that grand army about Washington, a Badger regiment lay camped in a ravine out in front of the newly built field works of Forts Marcy and Ethan Allen. The headquarters of General "Baldy" Smith were long rifle shot away, and thither few, if any, of the Badgers ever wandered, because though October was close at hand, they were still wearing the gray uniforms in which they had marched from home in May, drilled across the Long Bridge in June and fought at First Bull Run in July. They were now in tatters. They knew it, and, though the fault was not theirs but Uncle Sam's, they felt it, and with it, the cussedness that comes with rags.

One wonderful September day there came marching into view a beautiful brand new regiment, in brand new gray uniforms, with polished arms and accoutrements and snow white gloves and canvas tents, and with wonderful precision they proceeded to pitch the latter, and then to post their sentries—three spick span, stalwart fellows tramping the southward side of their allotted rectangle, parallel with and

not thirty paces away from the Badger scarecrow sentries on their northward line—a line where now whole companies of shabby, unkempt commentators sprawled on their stomachs and indulged in audible and sarcastic criticism, coupled with patronizing instructions, all for the benefit of the new arrivals. Other and younger boys in gray were doing the same thing a summer later at West Point for one at least of these spectators.

That new regiment had a colonel who evidently meant his men to be up in guard duty, for the corporal made the rounds; then came the junior officer of the guard; then, a little later, the senior; then the red-sashed officer-of-the-day, and finally even the handsome, blonde-moustached, slender young colonel himself, a "graduate," as any experienced eye could see. "Gosh! but what won't those fellows know about sentry duty by sunset?" said a satirical Badger. "Gosh," indeed! What a lesson in the possibilities of sentry duty *wasn't* learned before sunrise!

Night came on, black, drizzly and gusty. A little fire burned in front of the guard tents of the new-comers, where No. 1 paced slowly up and down, but, except for the dim lights flitting about the general's headquarters up on the road some six hundred yards away, and the faint glow on the canvas walls of the colonel or some of his officers, all was darkness everywhere about the camps and sentry posts in the lowlands, and sentries of the new regiment were counting the minutes to the coming of the third relief toward midnight, when No. 2, over a hundred yards to the right rear of the guard tents, heard the tramp of armed men, and there came looming dimly out of the darkness shadowy shapes in double column of files. "Who comes there?" he challenged. "Relief," was the muttered answer. "Halt, relief," said he. "Advance, corporal, with the countersign." "Relief, halt!" gruffly, yet low, came the corporal's orders, and the rifles dropped from support to the shoulder (carry), while a figure in gray overcoat, collar shrouded, strode up and whispered "Monterey."

"Countersign's right," said No. 2, after the vogue of the day. "Advance, relief." Up came the new No. 2, rifle at port. Briefly the relieved one mumbled a few words as instructions he had given twice before that day, then fell in at the rear of the tramping squad, as, guided by its corporal, it swept on to the post of No. 3; relieved him with the same mumbled formalities, and so on went the whole north, east and southern fronts, replacing each sentry in turn with one of their own muffled-up number, until 2 and 3 found themselves gradually promoted from the rear to next to the head of the little column,

with only two more sentries to relieve before they reached the guard tents.

But, when they came to the southwest corner of camp and expected to file to the right, for some unaccountable reason the corporal failed to give the command. The two men in front marched stolidly on, straight to the west, heading across the uneven fields toward the headquarters lights, and the whole relief came stumbling after, and that for a time was the last of them.

Then presently there arose a hubbub in camp. Corporal Green, having formed his third relief at the guard tent, having been duly inspected by the senior officer of the guard and directed to, "Post your relief," had marched away through the pitchy darkness; had found the "beat" but not the sentry at No. 2; was scandalized to find No. 3 similarly missing and amazed to hear from a wakeful and observant member of Company "A" a query as to what 'n'ell he was doing. The relief had gone round ten minutes before. Then up rose the voice of the corporal in shouts for the other corporal; and the officer-of-the-day, lantern bearing, came running to the spot, and the colonel stuck his head out into the drizzle and followed with his whole soul and body, for the lantern went dancing from post to post, revealing one after another unguarded, tenantless, every sentry gone, and who knows what uproar might have resulted had not some bedraggled fellows come drifting back from the far front of camp to tell the tale of a phantom relief and a bogus corporal. Then the colonel heard snickering through the night from the direction of the scarecrow camp, and all on a sudden "caught on." Those ragged rascals had sent forth sentries by one of their own fellows, who had then promptly deserted post and made his way back to his gleeful comrades; and presently the extemporized corporal and relief were safe within their own lines, all except the two file leaders, still taking the wondering but subordinate fellows across ditch and hump and hollow until they landed them in the very face of the indignant headquarters guard, where those leaders promptly vanished into the darkness, leaving the bedeviled victims to explain as best they could. It was a joke never to be mentioned in the presence of the men of a certain regiment of a far Eastern State for many a long month thereafter.

But Mr. X was insisting on the same thoroughness of instruction to the end that officers and sergeants of the guard were out visiting sentries at all manner of hours day and night, and one day when he himself was inspecting, the guard turned out to receive him as he neared the post of No. 1, and a sturdy, stocky little chap in the chev-

rons of a corporal brought them to the present. This being acknowledged, he commanded order arms and there stood blushing and embarrassed.

"Well, sir," said the post commander, both amused and sympathetic, "what report?"

The little man bit his lips, shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, made valiant effort to recall the words his seniors had used in like cases, and finally blurted out:

"I—don't know just how to say it, sir, but—there's two fellers shy."

(To be continued.)

VAN DERVEER'S BRIGADE AT CHICKAMAUGA.*

By General J. W. Bishop,

(Then Colonel Second Regiment Minnesota Infantry Volunteers.)

During the period covered by this narrative, the following infantry regiments, viz., the 9th Ohio (Col. Gustave Kammerling), the 35th Ohio (Lt. Col. H. V. Boynton), the 87th Indiana (Col. Newell Gleason), and the 2nd Minnesota (Col. James George), and Battery "I," 4th U. S. Artillery, commanded by Lt. Frank G. Smith, constituted the Third Brigade of Third Division, 14th Army Corps, Army of the Cumberland.

The Army was commanded by Major General W. S. Rosecrans, the Corps by Major General George H. Thomas, the Division by Brigadier General J. M. Brannan, and the Brigade by Colonel Ferdinand Van Derveer, of the 35th Ohio, and was called and known as "Van Derveer's Brigade."

On the 16th day of August, 1863, the Army of the Cumberland, at and near Tullahoma, Tennessee, commenced the campaign for the capture and possession of Chattanooga, involving the expulsion therefrom, and the defeat in battle, if possible, of the Confederate Army under General Bragg, then occupying that city and the country about it.

We cannot even briefly describe in this paper the masterly strategy of the ensuing thirty days, by which our army was taken over the Cumberland Range, across the Tennessee River, over the Sand Mountain Range into the Lookout Valley, and then over the Lookout Mountain Range, in eager pursuit of our old enemy.

On the 8th of September, finding us pervading the country and threatening his communications south of Chattanooga, he had evacuated that place, and, with his whole army, retired some thirty or forty miles southward, towards Rome.

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*Paper read before Minnesota Commandery of Loyal Legion, U. S., May 12, 1903.

A few days later, as our army descended the eastern slope of the Lookout Range, by the several narrow and difficult passes, from twenty-five to forty miles south of Chattanooga, we found the situation had suddenly and completely changed. Bragg, being reinforced by Longstreet's Corps from Virginia, by Buckner's from East Tennessee, and by a detachment from Johnston's Army in Mississippi, was concentrated at and near Lafayette, and with largely superior numbers was now intent upon attacking *us* as we emerged in detachments from the mountain passes. Twice he attempted such attacks, only to have his plans fail, as he claimed, for want of co-operation by his corps commanders.

Rosecrans, appreciating the new situation, by energetic maneuvering, was withdrawing his army from pursuit and collecting it for battle; and so we found, on the 18th of September, both armies concentrated and confronting each other in the Chickamauga Valley, at and extending southward from the vicinity of Lee & Gordon's Mill; the Chickamauga Creek flowing northward between them, in a tortuous course, and with a deep and silent channel down the center of the valley.

At this mill the Lafayette-Chattanooga Road crosses from the east to the west side of the creek, and then runs northerly parallel with it about five miles, to the Cloud Church, so-called, thence northwesterly about three miles to and through the Rossville Gap in Mission Ridge, to the Chattanooga Valley, and thence northerly about four miles to Chattanooga. This road, for the first five miles northward from Lee & Gordon's Mill, was, so to speak, the axis of the coming battle, and its possession was the immediate object of the contest. It lay about midway between the Chickamauga Creek to the eastward, and Mission Ridge to the westward, at an average distance of about two miles from each; so the battle field may be said to be contained in the rectangle five miles north and south by four miles east and west, though not all that ground was actually fought over.

As we faced northward toward Chattanooga, the Mission Ridge on our left afforded two practicable passes to the Chattanooga Valley lying west of it, the one known as "McFarland's Gap," or the "Dry Valley Road," seven miles south of Chattanooga, and the other and better one, through which led the main Lafayette-Chattanooga Road, was the "Rossville Gap," already mentioned. The battle field was mostly covered with timber, much of it with a dense growth of underbrush, though there were several farms with open fields and log buildings, with narrow local roads or trails (not shown on the map) leading in various directions from one farm to another and to the several

fords and bridges crossing the creek about half a mile apart. Nowhere was any extended or comprehensive view of the field possible, even by daylight; and as both armies came onto the field during the night time, neither could have any definite knowledge or understanding next morning of the presence or position of the other until they actually came into collision from time to time.

On the 17th Van Derveer's Brigade had bivouacked—(encamping had long been obsolete with us as a word or a practice)—near the west bank of the creek, some six or seven miles above (south of) Lee & Gordon's;—a brigade of the enemy was in the woods just across the creek, and, as has been said, the two armies were looking, as it were, defiantly into each other's faces. All that night and the next day they were moving by brigades and divisions, closing up from the south and stretching out to the north, we moving by the left flank and the enemy by the right.

Bragg had given up his plan of attacking Rosecrans in the upper valley, and on the 18th ordered a general movement, the scheme of which was to extend his right beyond our left, cross the creek during the night, at the various fords and bridges, place his army across the Chattanooga road ahead of us, and on the morning of the 19th to attack the Union Army on its left, double it up and drive it back up the valley. This plan was so far worked out as to place his whole army (except three divisions) in the woods on our side of the creek before sunrise of the 19th.

Meantime Rosecrans had also moved to his left, on the Crawfish Springs and parallel roads, and at sunrise that morning was again facing the enemy, with a line of battle hastily and irregularly formed in the darkness and in the woods, but between the enemy and the main Lafayette-Chattanooga road.

Returning to Van Derveer's Brigade in bivouac away up the valley. There we spent the day (the 18th), listening to the racket of moving artillery and trains, and watching the long clouds of dust before and behind us, until, at four o'clock, we were called to take our place in the procession. The roads were choked with troops, with artillery and wagons, alternately moving and standing, never halting long enough to stack arms and rest, and never moving more than a few rods at a time. We spent the next fifteen hours in marching probably some seven or eight miles, in the blinding, suffocating dust, unable during the night to see, and too tired and exasperated to guess what was going on. At daybreak we passed General Rosecrans' headquarters at the Widow Glenn's Log House on the battlefield, and we now began to observe the regiments and batteries ahead of us moving off

into the woods to the right of the road, and presently we seemed to have got through the army to and beyond its left flank, and had a clear road ahead of us as far as we could see. We could now understand what a slow and tedious process had been the formation of the army into line of battle during the night, and that others, perhaps even the enemy, were as weary and hungry as we were.

An open field lay to the left of the road, and our brigade was marched into it, and arms were stacked on information that we were to have "twenty minutes for breakfast." We need not in this presence describe the eager haste with which the little fires were lighted, and the coffee and bacon and hard-tack were made ready; but before we had tasted a morsel an order came to take arms and march immediately. Some desperate emergency was of course to be presumed, but to meet it with empty bellies at that moment was a severe trial of our patriotism. We had no time, however, to argue or to think about it. Arms were taken and we filed out into the dusty road again and started northward, every man carrying as best he could his little can of boiling coffe, nibbling at his hardtack, and relieving his indignant soul, at every step, of thoughts not to be quoted here, but at the time better uttered perhaps than suppressed.

One of these men said to me some thirty years afterwards: "Colonel, d'ye mind that breakfast we didn't ate at Chickamauga?—be Jazis, Oi can taste it yet."

BATTLE OF JAY'S MILL.

Meantime in explanation of the situation, and of our orders, I quote from General Rosecrans' Report—(Vol. 50, p. 56, Official Records). Speaking of the morning of the 19th, he says: "At this point Colonel McCook of General Granger's command, who had made a reconnaissance to the Chickamauga the evening before, and had burned Reed's Bridge, met General Thomas and reported that an isolated brigade of the enemy was on this side of the Chickamauga, and the bridge being destroyed, a rapid movement in that direction might result in the capture of the force thus isolated." So we were expected to find that lonesome brigade and bring it in before breakfast.

Marching down the main Chattanooga road we soon passed beyond the left of our general line of battle (then forming in the woods to the east of and out of sight from the road), and arriving at McDonald's house we turned squarely to the east on the cross road leading to Reed's Bridge about two miles distant. Jay's Mill, near where the coming engagement took place, is about forty rods south of this road and 160 rods west of Reed's Bridge. Our way lay along a ridge of

low elevation, with easy slopes to either side; the land, so far as we could see, being covered with trees mostly of small size, and without underbrush, giving an open view of perhaps forty rods or more in every direction. As we advanced the brigade was deployed—the 2nd Minnesota to the left of the road, the 35th Ohio to the right, with the battery in the road between the regiments, and a line of skirmishers in advance. The 87th Indiana was placed behind the 35th Ohio, the 9th Ohio being absent in charge of our division wagon train.

We had thus preceeded about a mile and a half toward the creek, when a spluttering skirmish fire broke out away to our right and front, and changing direction to face it the regiments moved off the road to the right about a hundred yards, where we halted as the enemy came in view, and the battle was promptly opened by both opposing lines—our battery remaining in the road and firing over our heads and through the interval between our regiments.

In a few minutes the enemy's fire began to weaken, and presently their line broke and went to the rear out of our sight. They soon came back with a fresh attack more energetic and persistent than the first, intending apparently to sweep us out of the way, without spending much more valuable time on the job. As we read the reports now, we know how impatient the Confederate commanders must have been to find their supposed open way around Rosecrans' left, thus obstructed so early in the day; but this second attack was also promptly repulsed, and the enemy (Ector's Brigade of Walker's Division) soon disappeared.

Now the 87th Indiana replaced the 35th Ohio on our right, and our bandmen commenced to gather up our wounded men, carrying them back across the road to the northern slope, where the surgeons gave them such attention as the time and place permitted—and the 2nd Regiment was moved a little to the left to give the battery a wider interval.

Then the firing broke out again in the same direction; first the scattering fire of skirmishers—then the terrific file firing of regiments, then the artillery, then the "rebel yell," and the firing gradually approached us. We stood attentive and expectant for a few minutes, then a straggling line of men in blue appeared coming toward us in wild retreat, their speed accelerated by the firing and yelling of the exultant Confederates who were close behind them. I do not remember any more appalling spectacle than this was for a few minutes; but our men took it with grim composure, lying down until the stampeded brigade had passed over our line, then rising and blazing a volley into the enemy's faces, which abruptly ended the yelling and the charge.

They had not expected such a reception, and all efforts of their officers to get or hold their men in line for a fight were in vain. They promptly retreated in their turn until out of range and out of sight. This was Walthall's Confederate Brigade of Liddell's Division. They had successfully assaulted the left brigade of Baird's Division on Rosecrans' left, breaking and driving it out of line and capturing its guns—Guenther's Battery "H," U. S. 4th Artillery.

Now came up the 9th Ohio. They had heard the firing, and following Van Derveer's trail arrived just as the last fight was finished, as above described. This was a German regiment, using only German language and German tactics, and was originally commanded by Colonel Bob McCook. They had been in the Mill Springs battle, in line with the 2nd Minnesota, and they were furious now to find that, as they supposed, the fighting was all over before their arrival. Colonel Kammerling soon learned what direction the retiring enemy had taken, and shouting in German to his men, they passed our lines to the front and disappeared among the trees. Van Derveer sent an aid after them, with peremptory orders to return, but before his arrival they had recaptured Guenther's Battery after a sharp fight in which they lost a good many men, and were then obliged to leave it for want of horses to bring it away.

Meantime it soon became apparent that the enemy had not given up their scheme of enveloping Rosecrans' left. We could presently see Confederate troops moving northward across the road to our left, and an attack was made on us from that direction. The 2nd Minnesota anticipated and met it alone by facing left and filing left, and so forming across the road north and south, facing east, thus placing its right where its left had been. This attack was easily repulsed—it was probably intended only to cover the movement of troops around us, yet more to the left.

As this movement became apparent the 2d Minnesota again changed position by facing left and filing left, thus getting into line just north of and parallel to the road with its left next the battery, which had, without leaving its first position, "about faced," so to speak, so as to fire in the opposite direction or northward. The other regiments of our brigade took places to the left of the battery, and a part of Connell's Brigade of Brannan's Division arrived and were placed to extend our line still farther to the left or westward.

In this position our regiment found our wounded men on the ground in front of us, but there was no time to make any changes. The enemy were approaching in orderly array—ranks behind ranks—no skirmishers or preliminary firing, but with the evident intention

of forcing an actual collision, in which they should have a large majority. We opened on them at about 200 yards, with carefully directed file firing, while the battery treated them with canister in double doses. They made no reply, but with splendid courage continued their steady advance. Their ranks were soon so depleted, however, as to make it plain that they could not make a successful rush—at fifty yards they began to "wabble" and commenced firing wildly, and presently they started back in wild disorder, retiring out of sight. Thus ended the fighting of Van Derveer's Brigade for the day, of which Gen. Rosecrans says: "This vigorous movement disconcerted the plans of the enemy on our left *and opened the battle of the 19th September.*" Vol. 50, O. R. P. 56.

During the day thereafter divisions and brigades came into collision as they found each other out, and plans had to be improvised and lines readjusted from hour to hour. We heard the roar of the battle as it extended southward, involving most of the divisions in both armies, but in our vicinity no further attack was made.

The troops whose attack was last repulsed as above, were, as we now know, Davidson's and Dibrell's Brigades of Forest's Division of Cavalry dismounted, comprising nine regiments and five battalions or squadrons. The 2d Minnesota commenced the day with 384 officers and men, and lost here, 8 men killed and 41 wounded. The brigade, out of 1,788 men, lost 42 killed and 236 wounded—total 278, or 15½ per cent. of the force engaged.

After collecting and caring for our dead and wounded, and replenishing our cartridge boxes, our brigade was ordered to a position in reserve, and at sunset was bivouacked for the night, without fires. Of course we knew that the battle was to be renewed next morning, and that before it was over many more of us would doubtless join our dead and wounded comrades who lay in thousands all over the field that cold September night. Yet, with sorrow for the dead, and pity for the wounded, and with thoughts of loved ones at home, we sought rest as best we could on the hard, gravelly hillside under the sentinel stars.

BATTLE OF KELLY'S FIELD.

On Sunday morning, September 20th, the sun rose clear and soon dissipated the hazy mist that had settled over the field during the night.

Bragg's Army was now all in the woods on the west side of the creek, extending in irregular line from the Reed's Bridge Road near Jay's Mill, southwestwardly about three miles to a point southeast of the Viniard house.

Rosecrans' army was in line east of and nearly parallel to the main Chattanooga Road, and between it and the enemy, except that his right had been swung back and rested between the Viniard house and Widow Glenn's.

The official records now show that Bragg had given to General Polk the command of the Confederate right wing, and to General Longstreet that of the left wing, with positive orders to Polk to commence a vigorous attack at daybreak, by his right division, to be promptly taken up by all the Confederate Divisions from right to left. Also, that when Bragg, at his headquarters, had waited with furious impatience until 8:30 for the attack to begin, he sent an aid, who found Polk at a comfortable farm house eating a leisurely breakfast; and, it is said, that on learning this, Bragg dispatched his whole staff up and down the line, with orders to every captain to put his men into the fight at once. So it was that up to so late an hour the solemn quiet of that Sabbath morning was unbroken.

Van Derveer, at 8 o'clock, was placed in reserve in an open field, on west side of the road, about 80 rods south of the Kelly House and in rear of our general line of battle, which, being in the woods, was invisible to us. The Confederate attack was commenced on our left about 9:30 o'clock, and, in a few minutes, had extended to involve nearly all of both armies. To us, idle in the open field, the roar of musketry and artillery was appalling. The enemy's bullets and shells came through the trees to and among us in a very disquieting manner, and presently a horde of stragglers in blue came back out of the woods, and passed on to the rear, singly at first, then in squads, until it seemed that our line in front must be breaking up, and we were expecting to be ordered in to replace or support it, when an order came for us to go immediately to Kelly's Field.

Bragg had renewed his scheme for enveloping our left, and while the battle was raging along the line of both armies, with terrific slaughter and varying success, Breckinridge's Division, which overlapped our left, was ordered to swing around it to the south and attack our flank in the rear. He had three brigades in line from left to right, Helm's, Stovall's and Adams'. Helm's Brigade struck the left brigade of Baird's Division, and was wrecked right there and then—Helm and two of his colonels being killed. But Stovall and Adams found no opposition, being beyond our left, and soon reached the main road near McDonald's, where they turned south and were coming gayly on—Stovall on the east of the road, Adams on the west, and a battery trailing down the road between and behind them.

Of all this we were ignorant, Breckinridge's operations being

screened from our view by the woods about and north of Kelly's Field; so our brigade moved by the left flank northward until opposite Kelly's Field, and then facing eastward, marched through a strip of thick woods and underbrush to the main road, and crossing it, into the field. Here we stood for a moment, the brigade in two lines in rear of and facing east towards our main line of battle, which, in the woods, was not to be seen from our position. The 2d Minnesota was on the right in the front line—the 87th Indiana on its left—the 9th Ohio a few paces in rear of the 2d Minnesota, and the 35th Ohio in rear of the 87th Indiana. (Smith's Battery had been taken away from us in the morning.)

Along the north end of the field, and perhaps 50 yards from the left of our left regiments, was a thick woods with underbrush, into which nothing could be seen from our position. We had hardly halted, when, with a crash of musketry and a cloud of gray smoke from the edge of the woods on our left, the air was filled with bullets, and our men began to fall. A change of front to face this attack was instantly commenced, and was executed on the run; but before it brought us face to face with our enemy a good many of our men, and nearly all of the horses in the brigade, were killed or wounded.

As our men came into line the 2d Minnesota and 87th Indiana rushed down to the edge of the woods, and for a few minutes the opposing lines fired into each others' faces, at less than thirty yards' distance. But we were at a disadvantage, standing in the open field, while the enemy were protected in the woods, and moreover, the two regiments behind us were fully exposed to the enemy's fire, and unable to return it—so the second line (with guns all loaded), was ordered to pass the first, and then both lines joined in the charge into the woods. The enemy promptly gave up their position at the edge of the field and retired back among the trees and brush, where, for a time, they stubbornly resisted our further advance; but after a hot contest of perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, they withdrew altogether.

It will appear from what has been said, that Stovall's Confederate brigade was in this affair opposed to ours. Adams (on Stovall's right) was opposed by other Union troops which we could not see during the action, and only know from the reports to have been parts of Stanley's, Beatty's and Willich's Brigades. Adams, the Confederate brigade commander, was badly wounded, and was captured (according to the official records) by at least seven different regiments.

Stovall describes this collision as follows (Vol. 51, p. 231, O. R.): "Here (near McDonald's) the brigade was halted, and by a flank movement formed nearly perpendicular to its former position. Thus

re-formed, I moved forward, and had not gone far before I encountered the enemy in heavy forces and strongly entrenched. Here the battle raged fiercely; a concentrated fire of grape and canister, shot and shell of every conceivable character, was poured into us from the front, while my left suffered no less from an enfilading fire, equally galling and severe."

Now we commenced collecting our dead for burial, and bringing our wounded back to the vicinity of Kelly's house, where the surgeons could care for them. About 2 o'clock, and before this duty was completed, the battle away to our right seemed to open again with increased fury, and to be trending around to our rear; and presently orders came to go to General Thomas, who was then collecting all available troops at

SNODGRASS RIDGE.

We arrived there about 2:30, and were placed in a single line, the 35th Ohio on the right, then the 2d Minnesota, the 87th Indiana and the 9th Ohio. On our left were parts of Stanley's, Croxton's and Connell's Brigades, and Smith's Battery, all, as we were, under the command of General Brannan; also, on his left were parts of Hazen's and Harker's Brigades; on our right there were then no Union troops.

Snodgrass Ridge was a spur extending out from Mission Ridge to the eastward, about 80 or 90 feet higher than the plain into which it descended, and terminated about 80 rods west of the Lafayette Road. The Snodgrass log buildings were located on the northern slope and about 30 or 40 yards back from the crest. The ridge was covered (except the Snodgrass field east and north of the buildings) with timber, and on the southern slope was a growth of underbrush, when the battle here commenced. This was mostly shot away before 4 o'clock, so that we had thereafter a clear view down the easy slope up which the advances of the enemy were made.

In view of serious misfortunes which had befallen several divisions of our right wing, compelling them to vacate that part of the field south of Snodgrass, the possession of this ridge had become of the greatest importance to each army.

Longstreet, commanding the Confederate left wing, had swung his lines around to the west and north and now they lay south of and parallel to the ridge. He says in his official report (Vol. 51, p. 289): "It was evident that with this position gained I should be master of the field;" and with soldierly appreciation of the situation he prepared to take it, probably not anticipating much resistance. But General Thomas was there before him, and with more than equal energy and

determination was gathering and posting for its defense all the troops, organized and fragmentary, that could be found, not engaged elsewhere. The Union Army Commander, two of the three Corps Commanders, four of the ten Division Commanders, and broken brigades, regiments, stragglers and skulkers unnumbered, with artillery, ammunition wagons and ambulances, had drifted or been swept from the field, passing through McFarland's Gap and behind Mission Ridge, and were making their way to Rossville. An orderly withdrawal for Thomas, and that part of the army that remained with him, was now only possible by keeping Longstreet and his army south of Snodgrass Ridge until night. As our 2d Minnesota Regiment moved up to the crest of the ridge we found there the 21st Ohio, a fine, large regiment, armed with six chambered revolving rifles. Upon our appearance they immediately asked to be relieved, claiming to be out of ammunition. We had been unable to replenish at or after Kelly's Field, and had only fifteen or twenty rounds in our cartridge boxes, but we took their place, and they retired down the slope to the rear. An hour later we heard that they had got ammunition from Granger, and, with the 89th Ohio and the 22d Michigan, attached temporarily to Whitaker, had taken places on the right of our brigade.

Longstreet had vainly assaulted the ridge before our arrival, and within thirty minutes thereafter he made two more unsuccessful attacks with the troops he had nearest at hand. Meantime, General Granger had arrived with two fresh Union brigades under Whitaker and Mitchell, Gen. J. B. Steedman commanding the division.

They had come from McAfee's church, two miles east from Rossville, and for a mile or more had marched through a cloud of Confederate skirmishers, straight to the sound of our guns. Granger had orders to aid Thomas, and seemed to know where and how to find him. Never were reinforcements more welcome. Thomas immediately ordered them to the crest of the ridge on our right, which the enemy had found to be vacant, and had in fact just occupied; so that, Steedman's brigades had to assault and drive the enemy off, thus accomplishing with desperate fighting and heavy loss just what the enemy had attempted and failed to do in our immediate front.

The firing was terrific while this was being done, and we were much relieved when we heard that Steedman had gained the ridge. He had brought some ammunition with his column, and we got a few rounds, of which we were in desperate need, from his wagons.

In the intervals between the enemy's assaults we had robbed the boxes of the dead and wounded—Union and Confederate alike—and

had carefully avoided waste, but we were nearly destitute when Granger's wagons arrived.

It had become plain to both commanders that here was to be the supreme contest for the field, and Longstreet now marshalled the veteran divisions of Kershaw, Hindman and Johnson and sent them in to take the ridge. Each of their successive and repeated assaults were repulsed with heavy loss; finally, at 4:30, Preston's Division, which had not been previously engaged at all on either day, was lined up at the foot of the southern slope, and with courage and enthusiasm, stimulated to the utmost, advanced to their fate—Gracie's brigade in front of Van Derveer's and Trigg and Kelly against the troops on our right.

The slope in our front was now well cleared of underbrush, and we could see the gray legs of the front line, as, in regular step, they crossed the road at the foot and commenced the ascent, a second line following, each containing more men than were in the thin, single line of defenders. "Don't waste any cartridges now, boys," was the only instruction given (and this was quite unnecessary) as our line commenced firing and the men in gray commenced falling; but they seemed to bow their heads to the storm of bullets, and picking their way among and over their fallen comrades, who already encumbered the slope by hundreds, they came bravely and steadily on; as, however, they approached nearer, and the firing in their faces grew hotter and more deadly, they seemed to lose the assuring touch of elbows, and as the vacancies rapidly increased, they began to hesitate—"Now we've got 'em, see 'em wabble," were the first words that passed in our lines since the firing had begun—then they halted and commenced firing wildly into the tree tops, then turned and rushed madly down the slope, carrying the second line with them.

(This was substantially the story of the preceding assaults which, at intervals of twenty or thirty minutes, had been met and repulsed during the past two hours. Each assaulting brigade had made two, and some of them three, such attempts.)

Gracie's brigade was promptly re-formed and advanced again, this time getting so near to us that some of their men came in and surrendered rather than to be shot in the back, as were many of those trying to run. A third attack was made by this brigade as soon as it could be re-formed, only to result in further sacrifice of its men and a third and final repulse.

It was now sundown, and we felt that the contest was over; but our satisfaction was tempered by the reflection that "they *may* come

again," and we had now in our regiment less than 100 cartridges for 250 guns. Meantime Trigg and Kelly had been more successful. Steedman's troops had been withdrawn, leaving the three orphan regiments only on our right. These had exhausted their ammunition, but had been ordered to fix bayonets and hold their lines.

Trigg and Kelly, finding Steedman's lines vacant, and getting no more bullets from the detached regiments, soon enveloped them with loaded guns against fixed bayonets, and called on them to surrender or be shot down where they stood; and they surrendered and were started for Andersonville—a most pitiful ending of two days of gallant service in battle.

Being engaged with Gracie in our front, we were ignorant of all this for a time, but when, elated with their success, the enemy next came sneaking around the right of our brigade, they were discovered by Lieutenant Colonel Boynton of the 35th Ohio, who promptly swung his regiment back and confronted them, and *fired the last volley of the day,* and the last cartridges he had, into their faces. It was now getting dark among the trees, and uncertain of the situation, the enemy withdrew and the battle of Chickamauga was over.

Meantime, about 5 o'clock, Thomas had ordered the withdrawal by divisions of all his troops except those who were holding the ridge to cover the movement. Reynolds, Palmer, Johnson and Baird were holding their lines in that part of the field north of Snodgrass, in a semi-circle north, east and south of the Kelly House, the enemy closely watching their front—both sides much depleted in numbers, and well nigh exhausted by the two days' fighting.

Longstreet (Vol. 51, p. 289) says: "At 3 o'clock in the afternoon I asked the Commanding General for some of the troops of the right wing, but was informed by him that they had been beaten back so badly that they could be of no service to me." When the movement began, the enemy, in a weary fashion, attacked each division in turn, but the withdrawal was accomplished without serious hindrance or disorder about 6:30 o'clock. Probably Polk was more than willing that Thomas should withdraw at that time if he wanted to, and, not to be outdone in courtesy, Thomas waited an hour later for Longstreet to retire first.

When all was over some of us walked down the slope in our front in the darkening twilight—the dry leaves and twigs had taken fire and little serpents of flame were creeping around and among the Confederate dead and wounded, who now thickly covered the ground. We carried back our own wounded men and left them near the Snodgrass buildings—nothing more could be done for them—and at 7:30 the field having been quiet for an hour or more the men with Brannan

on the ridge filed down the northern slope, and, unmolested, took the road to and through McFarland's Gap to Rossville, all on our left having previously gone; Van Derveer's Brigade being the last to leave the field, followed only by the 68th and 101st Indiana as rear guard, which as Brannan explained, "were the only regiments that had any ammunition whatever." (Vol. 50, O. R. P. 393.)

Some of the wounded were able, with more or less aid, to accompany the troops in the retirement, but more than twenty thousand of them, and four thousand dead and dying, were left on the field, abandoned for the night by both armies. So cruel is War.

On the Ridge, as the day wore on from 2.30 to 6.30, the situation had at times seemed absolutely desperate. We had no relief or reserve whatever, every man being in the single firing line, which, excluding Steedman's troops, could not have extended more than 160 rods, with our right flank wholly vacant, and on our left an interval of perhaps 80 rods protected only by the six guns of Smith's Battery, Willich's Brigade being beyond the interval.

Brannan says (Vol. 50, P. 403, O. R.) that "his entire force during the day and afternoon on this ridge could not have been over 2,500 men, including the stragglers of various regiments and divisions, besides my own immediate command." Longstreet's four divisions, which assaulted the Ridge after 3 o'clock, lost, in killed and wounded, 5,589 men, most of them in front of the Ridge, and that is more than one-third of the total Confederate loss (15,801—K. & W.) in the two days' fighting, and more than three times the total loss of the United States army in the Spanish-American War of 1898 (K. 280 W. 1577—1857). In our front it seemed as if the whole Confederate army were against us, and every available brigade was there in fact. But our chief worry was the ammunition question. We knew that Thomas' trains had been piloted off the field to Rossville, and but for Granger's arrival we would have been absolutely destitute by 4 o'clock. To "fix bayonets (without cartridges) and hold the line" against loaded guns in the hands of twice as many equally brave men, is an order which should not be given unless it has become necessary to sacrifice the men to whom it is given.

The royal presence of General Thomas there was an inspiration to us all, who knew and loved and trusted him, and there were no stragglers or skulkers or cowards there—nor was there any dramatic enthusiasm or excitement. This was the afternoon of the second day of battle—our work and duty were plain and simple, and by every man they were well understood and well done.

It is interesting now to read over the reports (in Vol. 51, O. R.)

of the Confederate commanders who participated at Snodgrass, and so get the story from their point of view. Only a few paragraphs can be given here, but, speaking generally, those officers credit us with having repulsed their first, second, and some of them, a third assault, describe our firing as terrific and wholly unbearable, our intrenchments (of which we had none whatever) as formidable, and our numbers are greatly exaggerated in their imagination.

Hindman says (P. 305, O. R.): "I hoped to secure the capture or destruction of the enemy by driving him in confusion upon the right wing of our army." He says also, after mentioning arrival of Preston's Division about 4:30: "From this time we gained ground, but though now commanding nine brigades, with Kershaw co-operating, and all in action, I found the gain both slow and costly. The enemy fought with determined obstinacy and repeatedly repulsed us, only to be again assaulted. I have never known Federal troops to fight as well; it is just to say also that I never saw Confederate soldiers fight better."

Preston's Division lost after 4:30 o'clock, 1,336 in killed and wounded, and Preston says of Gracie, whose brigade made the last attack on Van Derveer (P. 416): "This brigade carried into action 2,003 officers and men, and in the space of an hour lost 698 men killed and wounded. The Second Alabama Battalion, out of 237 lost 169 killed and wounded in the action—its color was pierced in 83 places."

Captain Toulmin, commanding the 22d Alabama (P. 357), says: "Twice did it (the regiment) rally and attempt to recover its ground and lost colors (which had been literally riddled with bullets), but the storm of grape and canister was so terrific and destructive that every effort proved unavailing. Having fallen back a third time in some disorder, the regiment retired to the foot of the hill and reformed there."

Gen. D. H. Hill says in his *Century* paper on Chickamauga: "There was no more splendid fighting in '61, when the flower of the Southern youth was in the field, than was displayed in those bloody days of September, '63—but it seems to me the *elan* of the Southern soldier was never seen after Chickamauga—that brilliant dash which had distinguished him was gone forever."

Chaplain Van Horne, the official historian of the Army of the Cumberland, says of the Snodgrass Ridge contest (Vol. 1, P. 350), that it, "for the vigor and frequency of charge and counter-charge, and successful resistance to vastly superior numbers, is perhaps without parallel in the war."

Brannan says in his official report, of Van Derveer's Brigade: "This gallant brigade was one of the few who maintained their organization perfect through the hard fought passes of that portion of the field."

The State of Minnesota has erected on the Chickamauga battlefield, now a beautiful National Military Park, three monuments, to commemorate the services of its only regiment engaged in the battles there, one at Jay's Mill, one in Kelly's Field, and one where the colors of the regiment stood all that memorable Sunday afternoon on Snodgrass Ridge. The last one is conceded to be the finest and most appropriate monument of the hundreds now there. It represents, by three bronze figures, the color guard in action, and bears the following inscription, duly verified as historically correct, by the Park Commissioners and by the Secretary of War:

"The Second Regiment, Minnesota Veteran Volunteer Infantry, occupied this position Sunday, September 20, 1863, from 2:30 P. M. to 7:30 P. M., successfully maintaining it against repeated assaults by the enemy, and withdrawing only after the attempt to take it had been abandoned.

"This regiment was engaged September 19th on the Reed's Bridge road, and in the forenoon of September 20th at Kelly's Field; in every contest repulsing the enemy opposing it. Having 384 men engaged, its loss was 34 killed, 114* wounded, and 14 men (detailed for care of wounded) were captured; total loss, 42 per cent."

"It is a notable fact that the Second Minnesota had not a single man among the missing or a straggler during the two days' engagement." (Quoting the) Official Report of Col. Ferd'd Van Derveer, Commanding Brigade.

Our march through the gap and thence to Rossville was uninterrupted, and about 11 o'clock our brigade had lined up across the road, again facing the Confederacy, stacked arms, re-filled our cartridge boxes, and sent out a few pickets to the front. Then we laid ourselves down in the dusty grass and weeds along the line of stacks, glad to know that the battle was over, and that we were still alive and between the enemy and Chattanooga.

At daybreak next morning a careful inspection and roll call verified the presence of every man of the Second Minnesota Regiment not killed, seriously wounded or captured.

During the operations of the 20th our Second Minnesota Regiment lost 26 men killed and 73 men wounded. Of the wounded, 11 died

*Eleven mortally wounded.

on the field where they fell; so that the figures then reported should have been 37 killed and 62 wounded. It will at once occur to old soldiers that when three men are killed out of every eight men hit, the fighting must have been desperate and at close quarters, which was the case at Kelly's Field, where most of the casualties occurred. At Snodgrass we ourselves did most of the killing and wounding, and while we had some casualties there, they cannot be stated separately.

At Kelly's Field our Assistant Surgeon, Dr. Otis Ayer, the hospital steward and twelve men detailed to gather up and care for the wounded, were left there, to join us as soon as their work should be done. The enemy's skirmishers and stragglers soon swarmed over the field, however, and our men left there were captured—they were the only men not wounded that we lost from capture during the two days. So our total loss at Chickamauga foots up 45 killed, 103 wounded, and 14 captured, in all 162, or 42 per cent. of the 384 men engaged—38½ per cent. of killed and wounded (Our total Union loss —11,413, K. & W.).

Van Derveer's Brigade commenced the battle with 1,788 men and lost 748, or 42 per cent. killed and wounded, the heaviest loss in proportion to the men engaged, of any of the thirty-six brigades in the Union Army. As has been recited, it had three separate engagements with the enemy, either of which considered apart from Chickamauga, would be regarded as a battle of some importance. In two of these—at Jay's Mill and at Kelly's Field—the brigade was isolated, receiving orders only from its own commander. It was, however, our good fortune that this brigade was not forced to, and did not, at any time yield any position in presence of the enemy. Its gallant commander and three of its four regimental commanders, have passed to the Great Beyond, as have also the division corps and army commanders. Some of the veterans, however, still survive, and will meet next September to celebrate the 40th anniversary of Chickamauga, and may they yet "live long and prosper."

PAUL JONES.

A Sketch.

One of the most remarkable men of any country was John Paul, who is known to the world as Paul Jones. His career was connected with events which occupied the attention of the then civilized world. He was a lover of American freedom and institutions; he lived and died a pure patriot. He was born on the 6th of July, 1747, at Arbigland, Scotland. His grandfather was a man of uniformly respectable character and intelligence. John Paul was the fifth child of his parents. When he afterwards became the terror of the seas, the hero of a hundred fearful legends and the subject of admiration and jealousy in the most brilliant courts, many stories were current of his birth, parentage and education, which were weak inventions long since exploded. His father was a simple market gardener, who lived near the shores of the Solway in one of the most picturesque points of the Frith. So strong was his disposition to begin a seafaring life that at the age of twelve he was bound apprentice to a respectable merchant in the American trade. All the education he received was at the parish school of Kirkbean, which he must have improved to the best advantage. The general correctness of his style and orthography indicates that he had been well founded in the rudiments of grammar, and it is known that during the period of his apprenticeship he applied himself to learning the theory of navigation and to other subjects of practical use. In the letters written in after life in French, which are in his own hand, the spelling is infinitely more accurate than that of many of his illustrious and titled correspondents.

He made his first voyage before he was thirteen years old, and while in port in Virginia his home was with his elder brother, William, who had married and settled there. His prepossessions in favor of America and sympathy with colonial feelings were here naturally fostered. The correctness of his conduct and his extraordinary intelligence and aptitude for acquiring knowledge in naval matters caused him to be most favorably regarded by his master, who, finding his affairs embarrassed, was induced to give up his apprentice's indentures, and Paul obtained the appointment of third mate of the King George,

of Whitehaven. This vessel was a slaver, as was the brigantine Two Friends, of Kingston, Jamaica, in which he subsequently shipped as chief mate. He became so disgusted with the business of stealing human beings so generally followed by English merchants at the time of our Revolution, that it is fair to infer that the exhibition of these horrors strengthened his love for that liberty in whose cause he afterwards fought; and for that land which knew how to vindicate the cause of liberty.

It is stated that he returned to Scotland from this second slaving voyage as a passenger, on which voyage the captain and mate both died of fever; and there being no one on board equally capable of navigating the ship Paul assumed the command and brought her safe into port, for which service he was appointed master and supercargo. He continued in his profession, sailing from Scotland to Virginia at most, until 1771, when in his twenty-fourth year he saw his relatives in Scotland for the last time. In 1773 he went to Virginia to arrange the affairs of his brother William, who had died. He was soon called upon to act in the great struggle for liberty, whose coming events were to swallow up in their importance the calculations of private interest.

In the year 1775, the General Court of Massachusetts passed an act authorizing letters of marque and reprisal to be issued against ships infesting the American sea coast. General Washington, as Commander in Chief, gave commissions to a number of vessels to intercept the supplies intended for the British at Boston. Privateers swarmed in Boston Bay and off the neighboring sea coast. On Dec. 13, 1775, the Continental Congress recommended that thirteen frigates should be got ready for sea, five to be of thirty-two guns, five of twenty-eight and three of twenty-four, and appointed the following naval officers: Ezek. Hopkins, commander in chief of the fleet; Dudley Saltonstall, captain of the Alfred; Abraham Whipple, captain of the Columbus; Nicholas Biddle, captain of the Andrew Doria; John B. Hopkins, captain of the Cabot, and John Paul Jones headed the list of first lieutenants, and he was ordered to the Alfred; it is a matter of record that the flag of America was displayed on board the Alfred by Paul Jones for the first time before Philadelphia. After Paul Jones had served his adopted country in the subordinate position of first lieutenant, he received a captain's commission, under the United States of America, from the President of Congress the 8th of August, 1776, as follows:

To John Paul Jones, Esq.:

"We, reposing especial trust and confidence in your patriotism, valor, conduct and fidelity, DO, by these Presents, constitute and

appoint you to be Captain in the Navy of the United States of North America, fitted out for the defence of American Liberty and for repelling every hostile invasion thereof. You are therefore carefully and vigilantly to discharge the duty of Captain by doing and performing all manner of things thereto belonging. And we do strictly charge and require all officers, marines and seamen under your command to be obedient to your orders as Captain. And you are to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time as you shall receive from this or a future Congress of the United States or Committee of Congress for that purpose appointed, or Commander in Chief for the time being of the Navy of the United States or any other superior officer, according to the rules and discipline of war, the usage of the sea and the instructions herewith given you, in pursuance of the trust reposed in you. This commission to continue in force until revoked by this or a future Congress.

"Dated at Philadelphia, Oct. 10, 1776.

"By order of Congress.

"JOHN HANCOCK, *President.*

"Attest: CHARLES THOMPSON, *Secretary.*"

Paul Jones continued to serve his adopted country in his capacity as Captain of the Navy with great vigor. In one short cruise he took, burnt or sunk sixteen prizes of various kinds. His capture in particular of the Mellish, a clothing ship, was one of the most valuable that had been taken by the American arms, and was a serious privation to the enemy, as it was the last intended to be sent out to Canada for the season. Jones wrote: "The situation of Burgoyne's army must soon become insupportable. I shall not lose sight of such a prize, but will sink her rather than suffer her to fall again into their hands."

About this period Paul Jones was placed in command of the Ranger by the American commissioners in France, in which he proceeded to Quiberon. It was here he claimed from M. La Motte Picquet, commanding the French squadron, the first salute the flag of America ever received. Some days afterwards he claimed and obtained the same honor from Count D'Orvilliers, commander in chief of the fleet at Brest. Both these salutes preceded the publication of the treaty of alliance. The first salute was not obtained, however, without some diplomacy and negotiation, in which Paul Jones showed both firmness and address. He wrote to Mr. Jonathan Williams, February 15, 1778, as follows: "I propose to salute the Admiral in open day, that no evasion may afterwards be made." He wrote as follows to the Marine Committee, on the 22d of February: "I am happy in having

it in my power to congratulate you on my having seen the American flag, for the first time, recognized in the fullest and completest manner by the flag of France. I was off Quiberon Bay the 13th and sent my boat in the next day to know if the Admiral would return my salute. He answered that he would return to me, as the senior American continental officer in Europe, the same salute to which he was authorized by his court to return to an Admiral of Holland or any other Republic, which was four guns less than the salute given. I hesitated at this, for I had demanded gun for gun. Therefore I anchored in the entrance of the bay, at a distance from the French fleet, but after a very particular inquiry on the 14th, finding that he had really told the truth, I was induced to accept his offer, the more so as it was in fact an acknowledgment of American Independence. The wind being contrary and blowing hard, it was after sunset before the Ranger got near enough to salute La Motte Picquet with thirteen guns, which he returned with nine. However, to put the matter beyond doubt, I sent the Admiral word that I should sail through his fleet in the brig and would salute him in open day. He was exceedingly pleased, and returned the compliment also with nine guns."

This daring seaman sailed from Brest on April 10th, on his first memorable cruise, in which by his captures on the coast of Scotland and elsewhere he was a thorn in the side of Great Britain, of whom he wrote that "what was done on that cruise is sufficient to show that not all their boasted navy can protect their own coasts; and that the scenes of distress which they have occasioned in America may be soon brought home to their own door." It was on this cruise that the brig Ranger, vastly inferior in force, fell in with the British ship of war Drake, of twenty guns, which being cut to pieces in sails and rigging and masts and yards and hull severely wounded, with a loss of forty-two men, surrendered. In this sea fight, the Ranger lost one officer and one seaman and six wounded. Paul Jones carried the Ranger and Drake into Brest, having been absent on this memorable cruise only twenty-eight days.

There was considerable surprise produced in Great Britain by this daring and successful attempt upon her coast. The objects of this bold navigator were distinctly to strike some bold stroke, which should inspire fear of the American arms, to retaliate for the burning of towns and destruction of private property, to destroy as much public property as he could and to secure a number of prisoners, as hostages for the better treatment of the captured Americans, who were suffering miserably in the jails and hulks of the enemy. The extent of Paul Jones' success cannot fail to excite astonishment. It was one of the

most impudent attacks since the time of the sea kings, and it is no wonder that those whose eyes were so rudely opened to a discovery of their weakness stigmatized it as inglorious and its conductor a pirate. But war is not waged upon sentimental principles. Paul Jones was neither a pirate nor a privateersman. He was in command of a regularly commissioned United States vessel of war and was performing his duty to the extent of his ability.

When Jones wrote to the Countess of Selkirk, May 8th, 1778, he forwarded triplicates, one of which he enclosed to Dr. Franklin for delivery, and in the letter accompanying it he said: "I cannot but feel myself hurt by the dirty insinuation of the enemy that my enterprise at Whitehaven was in consequence of a capital sum, paid me in hand by the court of France. They have more visits of the same kind to expect, if I am not deprived of the means of making them, and that, too, without my having either a certainty or a hope of gain." With regard to the family plate which Paul Jones took from the Selkirk mansion, every piece was returned in the same condition in which it had been removed. Lord Selkirk wrote to Paul Jones and acknowledged the restoration of the plate and the affair ended with the bestowal of credit upon the good name of the American commander.

Paul Jones from his own funds and credit fitted the Ranger and Drake for sea, and he was longing to be again employed in active service and in acquiring renown, but the authority of the commissioners, Franklin, Lee and Adams, was limited, and their funds still more so. Such was Jones' situation after his return to Brest. His seamen had to be cared for and his two ships had to be refitted. Had he or our government then had supplies in France, Jones could have continued his depredations on the English and Scotch coasts to the very severe loss of Great Britain, but he was thwarted at every step; he was opposed where he should have been encouraged, and the American cause languished until it became almost paralyzed.

The necessity of condensation compels the omission of much that is interesting in the life of Paul Jones at the French court, and we must hasten to close a career devoted to American liberty by one of the fiercest and bravest engagements.

The battle between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis was fought on the evening and in the night of September 23d, under a bright and beautiful harvest moon, and its issue awaited by multitudes who watched the engagement from the shore at Flambourough Head. The remark often made, that it has no parallel in the history of naval engagements, has no exception of which we are aware, if restricted to those between ships of civilized nations.

Paul Jones in his official account of the battle said: "The Serapis, being much more manageable than the Bon Homme Richard, gained thereby several times an advantageous situation, in spite of my best endeavors to prevent it, as I had to deal with an enemy of greatly superior force. I was under the necessity of closing with him, to prevent the advantage which he had over me in point of maneuver. It was my intention to lay the Bon Homme Richard athwart the enemy's bow; but that operation required great dexterity in the management of both sails and helm, and some of our braces being shot away, it did not exactly succeed to my wish. The bowsprit of the Serapis came over the Bon Homme Richard's poop by the mizzenmast, and I made both ships fast together in that situation, which by the action of the wind on the enemy's sails forced her stern close to the Bon Homme Richard's bow, so that the ships lay square alongside of each other, the yards being entangled and the cannon of each ship touching the opponent's. When this position took place, it was eight o'clock, previous to which the Bon Homme Richard had received sundry eighteen pound shots below the water, and leaked very much. My battery of twelve pounders, on which I had placed my chief dependence, being commanded by Lieutenant Dale and Colonel Weibert, and manned principally by American seamen and French volunteers, was entirely silenced and abandoned. As to the six old eighteen pounders that formed the battery of the lower gun-deck, they did no service whatever except firing eight shot in all. Two out of three of them burst at the first fire and killed almost all the men who were stationed to manage them." The details of this famous battle are exceedingly interesting; in addition to the actual fighting going on the Bon Homme Richard was a poor, weak vessel, entirely unfitted for active service upon inspection at L'Orient, but it was the best that could be done, and the fight went on to a close in desperation.

The Serapis was a new ship of forty-four guns, with two complete batteries, one of eighteen pounders. Captain Pearson, her brave commander, stepped on board the Bon Homme Richard and delivered up his sword to Paul Jones, who returned it to him, because he had bravely used it. The surrender was at half past ten o'clock at night. The next morning Captain Pearson saw with astonishment the inferior force and mangled condition of the Bon Homme Richard, which was entirely cut to pieces between decks. In that space there was an entire break *on both sides,* from the gun deck almost to the water's edge; so that towards the end of the action, almost all the shot of the Serapis passed through the Bon Homme Richard without touching. At the close of the engagement the Bon Homme Richard had five feet of

water in her hold, and the three remaining pumps could with difficulty keep the water from gaining. Her rudder was entirely cut off, and stern frame and transoms almost entirely destroyed. Only an eye-witness could form a just idea of the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck and ruin which everywhere appeared. Humanity cannot but recoil from the prospect of such finished horror and lament that war should be capable of producing such fatal consequences. It was impossible to save the Bon Homme Richard; she was kept afloat for twelve hours after the surrender of the Serapis.

Richard Dale, Jones' first and only surviving lieutenant, afterwards a distinguished post captain of the U. S. Navy, in his report said that soon after the action commenced the Bon Homme Richard was hailed by the Serapis: "Has your ship struck?" To which Paul Jones answered: "I have not yet begun to fight." There were, too, nearly 500 prisoners on the Bon Homme Richard, who were let loose, some of whom made their way on board the Serapis, which was lashed to the Bon Homme Richard.

Of the crew of the Serapis at least 100 were killed and the same number wounded out of 400. Both ships were on fire during the engagement.

Britain was incensed at finding this celebrated American a second time carrying dismay into her harbors; and at the loss, in a fairly fought battle, of one of her finest frigates.

Dr. Franklin wrote Paul Jones from Paris, October 15th, in reply to the dispatches of the latter: "I received the account of your cruise and engagement with the Serapis, which you did me the honor to send me from the Texel. For some days after the arrival of your express, scarce anything was talked of at Paris and Versailles but your cool conduct and persevering bravery during that terrible conflict." Much of the life of Paul Jones is told in his correspondence with our government and the government of France; a sketch, therefore, can only be given in a journal like THE UNITED SERVICE, and the principal events of his life attended to. But his services to the cause of American Liberty are a part of our history. His was an adventurous life; his health became impaired and at one time he was almost blind, and he was annoyed almost to death by secret enemies. The French court made promises of aid to him. Franklin and the other commissioners were put to their wits' end to procure supplies, and the American cause seemed to be so far delayed that it was out of sight. Arrangements that were made for the payment of prize money and for the wages of seamen were abandoned, and things looked blue enough for the American cause.

At last, after an absence from America of more than three years, Paul Jones appeared at Philadelphia in 1781, and Congress adopted the following resolution: Resolved, That Congress entertain a high sense of the distinguished bravery and military conduct of John Paul Jones, Esq., captain in the navy of the United States, and particularly in his victory over the British frigate Serapis on the coast of England, which was attended with circumstances so brilliant as to excite general applause and admiration, etc. In May, 1781, Washington wrote to Paul Jones a letter closing: "That you may long enjoy the reputation you have so justly acquired is the sincere wish of Geo. Washington." On the 20th of June, 1781, Paul Jones was unanimously elected by Congress to command the line of battle ship America, then building at Portsmouth, N. H. But a different disposition was made of the America than that originally contemplated by Congress. In the summer of 1781 the Magnifique, one of the finest ships of the line of the French navy, was wrecked near Boston harbor and the America was presented to our ally, Louis XVI, and she was delivered up to the Chevalier Martigne, who had commanded the Magnifique. The America was afterwards captured from the French by the English in one of the Franco-Spanish naval battles of either Nelson or St. Vincent about 1805, and was subsequently changed into a 50-gun ship and was stationed on the Pacific coast in 1846. She was commanded by Lord George Gordon, brother of Lord Aberdeen, once Prime Minister of Great Britain.

The subsequent career of Paul Jones was a sad one. He served in the Russian navy as rear admiral under the orders of the Empress Catherine II. against the Turks, but was never fully paid. He returned to France, where he died in reduced circumstances. He was buried by a committee of the National convention. A writer has said of Paul Jones that "no naval commander who sailed under the stars and stripes during our Revolution can claim more respectful notice in our annals than the sailor boy from the shores of Solway Firth; who knew to fight for the rights of human nature. Franklin and Jefferson duly appreciated his value and La Fayette was his friend. Let us revere the memory of Paul Jones, who contributed so much to the powers of our infant navy, and who was the first to raise the American flag at home and the first to demand respect for it abroad.

BENJAMIN F. STEVENS.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

By Henry Romeyn, Brevet-Major U. S. A.

CHAPTER XX.

An added score of years brought upon life's stage another generation of those in whose fortunes we are interested, and fairly into the second decade of the eighteenth century.

All of those who had left homes in Europe (save those who had done so in childhood) had "gone the way of all flesh;" and the inevitable law of change had altered situations, associations, and surroundings. Inter-marriages of individuals of the various nationalities among residents had become common; the English language was the legal one for civil records; names were frequently anglicized in spelling and pronunciation; Dekker became Decker; Van Kampe, Van Campen; Du Puis, De Pue, or Depew; and others of whom our chronicle has made no mention changed as much.

The small tribes of Indians who had resided in the immediate vicinity of Esopus—the name of which had been officially changed to the modern one of Kingston—had been nearly exterminated by various causes; and hunters and traders, crossing the low mountains at the southwest, had found the beautiful and fertile Minisink* valley of South river, and in the rugged face of old Pahaquolong,† had detected the presence of what was thought to be veins of copper ore; and had opened a wagon road to facilitate its transport to the North river, en route to Europe.

Some of those who made homes there purchased land from the native owners; others received grants from the colonial governors of West Jersey. None knew of the course of the stream after it broke through the mountain range, and they had farms cleared, and fruit

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*Indian word, signifying "The place where water was." The tradition was that long ago, before the river had broken through the Water Gap, a lake filled the valley as far or farther up than where Port Jervis now stands.

†Indian name for the mountain range north of the Water Gap. It exists in a corrupted form, in the name of township Pahaquarry, of Warren Co., N. J.

trees in bearing, when the surveyors of Penn came to view the land, and were surprised to find settlers already in possession.*

The term "race suicide" had not been coined or thought of in those days. The scriptural injunction, "Multiply, and replenish the earth," was a canon honored of all those in whom our story has an interest, and young men, before settling in life, generally spent some time in the forest, either as traders, hunters, or in prospecting for places where, with plenty of room, they might "enlarge the bounds of their habitation," and hew a homestead out of the wilderness.

Of such were those of the families with whom we have become familiar. Before they had fairly attained man's estate, sons of Jochem Schoonmacker, Jan Van Campen, and the Deckers, had crossed the high lands, and had floated down South river, in the bark canoes of their tawny neighbors, past the Waelpeckt and into the deep, still waters of the Water Gap; and gazed with awe at the rocky cliffs towering hundreds of feet above their heads. From their summits the explorers looked westward over unbroken forests, extending none knew how far; and with the vigor of youth planned expeditions of discovery which, twenty-five years later, resulted in settlements in the fertile valley of the Susquehanna.

Jacobus, the younger of the Decker brothers, sons of Klass, of a more roving disposition than his brother, had made several journeys to the new land, and secured a tract on the left or Jersey bank of the river, and to it came his son of same name, with the wife married while both were in their teens—a granddaughter of the immigrant Nicholas Du Puis.‡

With them came Abraham, son of Jan Van Campen,§ with his young wife, Susan De Pue, and scores of others whom lack of space forbids us to name, dispersing through the valley from the mouth of the Navesink to the Water Gap, and laying the foundations of empire firm as the everlasting hills by which they were surrounded; to be

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*For copy of deed to Nicholas Du Puis for 3,000 acres of land lying on right bank of Delaware, about five miles above Water Gap, which deed bears signatures of two chiefs of "Minzies," or Minisink Indians, see Vol. 9 Annals of Pa. See also article on "Dupui's Fort," Vol. 1, p. 322, Frontier Forts of Pa.

†Name given by the Indians to a whirlpool in river at mouth of Plaatkill (Flatbrook), and which gives its name to the adjoining township—Walpack—Sussex Co., N. J.

‡The name of Jacobus Decker appears on the first tax roll of Sussex Co., N. J.

§For record of baptism of Abram, son of Jan Van C., see "Records of baptisms and marriages of Dutch Church of Kingston, N. Y."

cemented by the blood and sweat of more than one generation. Religious matters were not forgotten or neglected, and though only one church organization was effected, the "Dominie" had a parish extending about fifty miles along both sides of the river, with four houses of worship within its limits.*

Abraham Van Campen (we use the English nomenclature) established his new home on the left bank of the river, a few miles above the Water Gap; near him were Jacobus Decker, and sons of Jochem Schoonmacker—most of the De Pues chose their lands on the opposite shore. For years the Indians gave no trouble, but mingled quite freely among the settlers, and young men of both races made long excursions through the forests, reaching the tributaries of the Susquehanna, and, ere long, the main stream; and the whites looked with covetous eyes upon the broad, fertile valley, and planned for its possession.

Daughters were fast growing into womanhood, and among them were those of Abraham Van Campen, whose sons were frequently companions of Kesmitas, son of Tedyuscung, of the Minzies, who in his capacity as chief had signed the deed to Nicholas Dupûi; and this companionship brought the young chief frequently to the home of his white friend, and into its family circle. Soon he began to bring with him presents of game, fine furs, feathers of eagle and richly plumaged birds, and to give them to Blandinah, the sister of his hunter friend. On one occasion, when he had been severely injured by a wounded buck, she had assisted her brother John—whom we now introduce to the reader—to care for the unfortunate man, and at first thought of his gifts as but expressions of his gratitude. But when she noticed that she was the sole recipient of his attentions, that he followed with longing eyes all her movements about her home, and asked for her if absent, she became alarmed.

On one occasion he disappeared for months, and on his return brought to her a beautifully dressed buffalo hide, the first one seen in that region, and the first intimation had by the settlers of the existence of such an animal. In broken English, aided by signs, he made known the distance he had traveled, and the efforts he had put forth to secure it, and asked for the hand of "the White Pheasant," as he designated the blushing, startled maiden.† As kindly as it could be done, she made him understand that his wish could not be granted, and

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*For record of arrival of Dominie Mancius in Minisink, see Hist. of Sussex and Warren Cos., p. 49.

†So called because of her plump, well developed figure and tidiness of dress.

as in duty bound, by custom, and in the present instance by desire to be rid of the earnest, dusky suitor, referred him to parental authority. To that authority he at once appealed his case.

"I love White Pheasant," he said; "I love no other. Some time I will be chief of my nation. My wife have no work—have everything —you know I am good hunter, good warrior, have good lodge. You want more land? Where want it? Give me White Pheasant—have all you want"—with more in the same vein, which need not be repeated here.

While he wished to avoid all causes for trouble with his wild neighbors, the father thought best to be explicit in his reply to the tawny suitor.

"I am sorry, Kesmitas, to have to refuse a friend anything; but what you ask cannot be granted. In the forest, the deer does not mate with the beaver, nor the hawk with the pheasant. My daughter could not live as you do, nor would you long be happy in trying to live as I do. Be content as a friend; seek a wife among your own people."

Nothing more was said regarding the matter, but events proved that the wild lover had not abandoned his pursuit. While the females of the settlement did not go unattended from house to house when the distance would take them out of view of both, no danger was apprehended when moving about the home, even after nightfall. The enamored red swain had lounged about the houses of the colonists for several days, when, after having partaken of a morning meal at the house of Jacobus Decker, he departed, ostensibly for the home of his father, on one of the small branches of the Susquehanna. But he did not at once leave the vicinity. He had arranged matters with two of his friends, who were to have a canoe secreted at the nearest point on the river, and as the object of his passion, in the course of her household duties during the early evening hours, passed over the threshold of her home, she was suddenly seized by two persons, one of whom forcibly closed her mouth by covering it with a hand, while the point of a knife was pressed against her throat. At first the captive thought the matter a rude practical joke, and made no outcry, till swift motion, and the sound of an Indian word, showed into what hands she had fallen. When she attempted to scream, a thong of tanned deerskin was drawn through her mouth, and tied behind her head, and a voice, which she recognized as that of her wooer, bade her to be silent, if she valued her life. She was half led, half dragged to the river's brink, and held there a few moments, while a canoe was hurriedly drawn from its place of concealment not far away, when she was

carefully lifted on board, and seated; her captors followed, and taking the paddles, pushed off, and, turning the prow of the craft against the current, the quartette was fleeing into the wilds as rapidly as strong, skilled arms could force the pace. There was but little relaxation during the hours of darkness, and when the morning dawned, they were more than a score of miles away from the home of the captive, and, for the moment, safe from pursuit.

Meanwhile, consternation reigned in the home of the abducted one. When her absence became noticed, and loud calls failed to bring response, torches, made of the "shag" bark of the hickory, such as were in common use among the inhabitants, were lighted, the trail of the captors at once discovered and followed to the place of embarkation. Suspicion fell at once upon Kesmitas, and before the dawn of the ensuing day, the neighborhood was alarmed, and preparations made for a pursuit.

As a preparation for any troubles with their red neighbors, a company of scouts, consisting of thirty-five men, had been organized among the settlers living in the lower third of the Minisink valley; and they were now called upon for duty.* But the waters carried no trail. A careful search along the right bank of the river failed to disclose any landing, nor could anything be discovered to indicate the direction of the flight of the kidnappers and their prey. Believing, however, that if spared, the captive would be found in the village of Tedyuscung, that was made the objective point, and the march toward it was begun.

As soon as the morning hunger of the fugitives had been appeased, their flight was resumed by land and in a direction a little south of west. While there was no unnecessary dallying along the route, the pace was not severe enough to exhaust the captive, accustomed as she was to an active out-door life. The march was made in "Indian file," the leader generally in the van—next him the captive. With the caution characteristic of the race, one lingered at the rear, at times, to watch for pursuers. It was not the custom of the aborigine to perform any service for the females of his tribe or family, but the chief deviated from the habit far enough to dress and roast the venison which constituted the evening meal. He could not force himself to prepare a shelter for her, but, handing her a hatchet, bade her prepare one for herself by using bushes which grew abundantly near by.

Satisfied, by this time, that her captors intended no present harm,

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*For list of names of members of this company see Hist. of Sussex and Warren Cos. Two of the Van Campen name were lieutenant and ensign, and *six* of the Schoonmackers, and of two generations, were in its ranks.

the prisoner sought to attempt forecasts of her future. She began with the past; with the awkward wooing of her dark-skinned lover—thought over his list of presents—his attempts at learning her language—and to teach her his; his proposal, and her rejection; the occurrences of the preceding twenty-four hours—what the next day would disclose—the probabilities of pursuit—what would be her fate if the party were overtaken—if not, what would be her reception at the village of her captors, and her status afterward;—what her ransom;—and thus the hours wore on—till at length "tired nature's sweet restorer" overpowered her senses and the rest so much needed was unbroken until the dawn.

As there were no signs of pursuit, the march of the second day was more leisurely made, and the party halted for the night while the sun was still high above the horizon. The last meal of the day, venison and parched corn, had been eaten, and one of the company had gone back to reconnoitre along the trail, when Kesmitas seated himself near his captive and opened a conversation.

"Has the walk been long and hard for the White Pheasant?" he asked, in the broken dialect, aided by signs, usually employed to eke out the paucity of words in the strange tongue.

"The path is hard and long," was the reply, the same form being used as in the question—"why should it not be? Kesmitas and his friends are going to their lodges. The White Pheasant is going from those of her people—she does not know why she has been made to walk in the hard path, or where it will end."

"It will end at the door of the lodge of Kesmitas, when she will become his wife. If good and kind, she shall have all she can desire. Kesmitas will learn to speak more of her tongue, and to live as do her people, and when he is chief her words shall have power through him at the council fires of his nation; and her home shall be rich in all that her eyes shall be glad to look upon. Lands shall be given to her brothers, and her sisters may come to visit her, and there shall be no other wife in her lodge. Kesmitas wants no other.

The enamored warrior was making what was, in his mind, a princely offer. The words of the prayer book—"With all my worldly goods I thee endow"—are not more comprehensive in language or spirit, and it was with a clouded face and scowling brow that he listened to the reply:

"I want none of these things. I cannot live as your people, nor will they see you live as do mine. Nor will my people submit to be robbed thus of their children, and demand will be made upon Tedyuscung for my return, as soon as it is known that I am your prisoner."

"Does the White Pheasant want to die? On his own ground, no man says 'No!' to Kesmitas. When the white man seeks to take away what he has gained, some one will die."

The face of the captive blanched as she heard the words and saw the ferocious looks of her captor, and made no attempt to continue the conversation; and no further reference was at the time made to the subject.

When she prepared her lodging place, she noticed that her keepers cut a quantity of brush, and after she had retired (if that word can be applied to occupation of a brush shelter in a camp) this was heaped over her, and the guards so disposed themselves that escape without awakening them was well-nigh impossible.

This precaution was repeated on each subsequent night during the journey. It was a rude sort of chivalry for which she could not account which prevented the usual binding hand and foot of their prisoners.*

Late in the afternoon of the fourth day of the march the little party struck a trail leading from the village of the Indians to the mouth of the stream now known as the Lackawaxen, and here halted for the night, when it was joined by a runner just from the village, and but few words had been spoken between him and the leader, when the countenance of the latter changed rapidly, and the prisoner saw that the tidings brought by him were of very serious import to her.

CHAPTER XXI.

The pursuing party was composed of men accustomed to forest life and its exigencies, and was not delayed by transportation of any superfluous impedimenta. Beyond his blanket, rifle and hatchet, with a liberal supply of ammunition, its members carried nothing, and, confident regarding the destination of the raiding party, paid slight attention to looking for trails, but pushed on as rapidly as possible, and at the close of the second day was within a short distance of its destination. Those best acquainted with the region were confident

*It may not be generally known that among most of the tribes east of the Alleghanies female captives were safe from dishonoring violence. Especially was this the case with those who fell into the hands of the Six Nations A woman might be killed and scalped during the heat of an assault, or if she failed to keep pace with a retreating party; or even by members of her own sex, after reaching their villages, but lustful crimes were almost unknown, when on raids.

that they were ahead of the abductors, and a council was held to decide upon the course to be pursued. The force was large enough to produce serious alarm among the Indians, if marched without warning among them, but, if only two or three went forward, would not the risk both to them and the captive be great; and the alarm once given, would not the latter be spirited away, or worse, murdered, when it was known that a rescue would be attempted?

The decision finally arrived at was to move the whole body up to a favorable position not far from the village, and halt it there, while three of the members, all of whom, to allay any feelings of jealousy on the part of Kesmitas, were to be relatives of the captive, should go into the village, seek Tedyuscung, tell him the object of their visit, and demand the prisoner. It was a bold course thus to penetrate into the haunt of a tribe many of whom were already discontented and ready to fight on account of land frauds, as well as other real or fancied grievances; but the company commander, an uncle of the abducted girl, with two of her cousins, offered to make the attempt, and soon after dawn of the next day left the little command posted on a rocky hill in the forest and entered the town, going directly to the lodge of the chief, the location of which was known to one of the party.

They were hospitably received, food furnished them, pipes produced and smoked, after most of the chief men had arrived and greeted the envoys, and then the subject of the visit was touched upon by the visitors.

Nearly every one present at once and emphatically denied all knowledge of the raid or its contemplation. But one of the younger men of the visitors, who scrutinized carefully, but very cautiously, every red face in the assemblage, noticed a start and slight change of countenance on the part of the youngest member of the group, and that he soon left the lodge and did not return. The elders did not dispute the absence of Kesmitas, and gave the names of two others, who they said were also absent, but where, or for how long, none could tell. When the council had broken up, he who had noticed the behavior of the Indian who had previously left the room, mentioned the circumstance, adding, "he knows something about the affair." But when sought by Tedyuscung, or on his order, he could not be found, and his rifle was missing.

Said the boy—for such he really was, though bearing arms among men: "That fellow knows where to find them, and has gone to warn Kesmitas."

The older members of the party were of the same opinion. His action had complicated matters. Once warned of the presence of the

rangers at the village, the raiding party would remain in concealment, and by delay wear out the searchers, who were not prepared for a long campaign. As delay, if only for an hour, made discovery of the party in its close proximity very probable—in fact, certain—in the course of the day, the Indian leaders were informed of its location, though not of its strength. This led, at first, to a stormy discussion, but Tedyuscung kept the situation well in hand and listened patiently to the plea of the white leader for the return of his kinswoman.

"Will not Tedyuscung and his warriors listen to the words of their white brother?" was his first plea.

Consent was at once accorded, and he continued:

"Let my brothers put themselves in the place of him whose child has been carried off. This is not a captive taken in war. Kesmitas has been fed and has slept in peace in the lodge of him who called him brother. He has asked for that friend's daughter as his wife, and his wish, after long thought, was denied. Then he carried her off in the darkness. Has Tedyuscung, or have his warriors, any daughters? What would they do if one was carried off, as was this one, in time of peace? Let my brothers think, and answer."

Love of their children is a characteristic of the red race, as it has existed in this country. This appeal to their sense of justice touched a chord of sympathy in their breasts; it was a case of "put yourself in his place," and as he carefully scanned the faces of his listeners, the speaker saw, even under the stoic masking of features, that he had made a good impression, and proposed a retirement of his party for a short time that the council might deliberate freely among themselves, and, passing out of the lodge, the party of whites retired to the shade of a large tree nearby, and awaited the action of the red men.

The council was a stormy one. Many of its members had grievances to recount, and some of the younger warriors advocated an attack on the special envoys, and, these put out of the way, one on the rangers in their camp nearby. Others, more cautious and far-seeing, deprecating war, advised the forcing of Kesmitas to terms; others still, that he should be left to enjoy his captive, and trust to time to soothe the feelings of the whites.

But Tedyuscung, anxious for a peaceful solution of the trouble, insisted that his son must surrender his prize, and promise not to make any more trouble—quoting the put-yourself-in-his-place argument of the white envoy—and finally carried his point, the chief pledging the commander of the rangers that he would become personally responsible for the return of the prisoner, if he would order his command

to return to their homes before anything should occur to provoke an outbreak of hostilities. It was finally arranged that two of the three envoys should remain in the lodge of the chief, to act as escort for the captive, and the main body was to start at once on its return; and at nightfall of the same day it camped at a point miles from the village, on its homeward way.

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The courier who had reached the camp of Kesmitas was the young warrior who had left the council room before the close of the conference there—a friend of the raider, and perfectly aware of all his plans.

Now, as he hastily told his tale, the captive knew that her friends had reached the village, but, with her very imperfect knowledge of the language, she could not divine the full meaning of his words and gestures. She knew, too, that her captor was very angry, and waited for him to speak, hoping to be able to turn aside the force of his wrath enough to prevent any more serious consequences.

She was not long left in doubt.

With brow black with passion, which showed also in the gleam of his eyes, and drawn and rigid muscles of his strong jaws, and hatchet in hand, he approached the place where she sat, and, in tones husky with anger, asked:

"Does the White Pheasant know what the warrior has said?"

"She does not know all."

"The white man's chief, with a company of his warriors, is at the home of Kesmitas, and demands the return of his captive."

"Then Kesmitas must give them what they ask. He surely does not want war over one poor woman. He will take her to his village, give her to her brothers, have peace, and forget that he has done this thing."

It was not usual for the Indian warrior to give outward or violent expression to his anger, but at this reply he drove the blade of his hatchet savagely into the bole of a small tree near which he stood, with a force which made its branches quiver, and said:

"Kesmitas will not give back what he has taken from the white man's lodge—he will first do to it as to this tree," and wrenching the weapon from the place where it was sticking, he drove its blade again into the trunk, and left it there, an object lesson to the terror-stricken girl, while he and the lately arrived warrior, seated too far away for their words to be heard, entered upon a long and earnest conversation.

Darkness brought no relief to the now thoroughly alarmed pris-

oner. Would the anger of her captor overpower his asserted love, and cause him to slay, rather than risk recapture? Could his father force him to surrender his prize, and, even if such was the fact, would he do so? These and other similar questions, with thoughts of home and friends, kept sleep from her eyes, and it was a haggard, anxious face which greeted the first rays of the ensuing day.

She was not surprised when she noted no preparation for a movement on the part of her captor. But the latest comer, with one of the original party, after a consultation among the quartette, disappeared, and had not returned when evening's darkness enshrouded the scene. This caused the captive to think that they had gone to the village, and that the next arrival from there would determine her fate. This thought gained strength when the leader, contrary to his custom, bound the hands and feet of the now well-nigh distracted prisoner, as additional precaution; and covering her with brush, left her a prey to her anxious thoughts and fears.

During the ensuing day he held no conversation with her, and as it wore away, her suspense became, if possible, more aggravated. The Indian was also uneasy, and his companion absented himself from the camp for several hours, evidently on a scout, for on his return she noticed that his gestures indicated that he had made a wide circuit about it, without finding anything suspicious; and the night passed as had the previous one.

The following morning was well advanced when a body of ten or twelve was seen approaching, and as it drew near, the anxious girl discovered at its head Tedyuscung, whom she had often met during his frequent visits to the settlement. No attention was paid to her, but the new arrivals at once set about appeasing their hunger, and till that was done, nothing was said regarding the object of the visit. Not even then was any notice taken of the captive, but, seated in a circle, too far from her to be heard, the discussion began. As leader, the old chief opened the council, and after recounting the occurrences of the past few days, gave his orders—the prisoner must be given back to her friends. There was angry refusal by her captor, backed by the young warriors who had aided in the abduction; and two or three of the older ones, who demanded that some concessions should be made by the whites, before any attention was paid to their demands.

But the leader was firm; he had passed his word for her return, and on it, the rangers had gone home, except two who were waiting for her at the village.

To show that he was in earnest in his decision, he strode to where —"her heart in her mouth"—the frightened prisoner stood, and, tak-

ing her by the arm, assumed control of her. Kesmitas, all stoicism lost, and self-control gone, drew his hatchet from his belt, and stepped forward as if to throw it, but his father quickly thrust the girl behind him, and another of the older warriors sprang in front of the maddened lover.

Divided as the party was, the only safety of the prisoner lay in instant departure—at any moment one of the discontented ones might sink a tomahawk in her brain—and Tedyuscung lost no time in starting back to his village, the older members of his party acting as guards for the captive. Nor was he content to turn his charge over to her friends. They were but two, and the furious, baffled captor could raise ten times that number of friends to pursue, if so inclined; and the rescued girl had the escort of her liberator, and half a score of warriors, back to her home.

CHAPTER XXII.

Other changes had come to the settlement in the Minisink valley. Nearly forty years had passed since Nicholas Dupui had erected his first dwelling on lands purchased from the native owners; and half a score since grandchildren had wept at his grave. Abraham Van Campen, a little past middle age, had been made a civil magistrate years before, and now, when troubles with the Indians, fomented by French influence from Fort Duquesne, threatened the lives and property of the settlers, he was appointed colonel of a regiment of troops raised in the border counties of Jersey, and ordered to hold himself and it ready for instant service.* The original houses of the settlers had either been enlarged and strengthened for purposes of defense, or been superseded by stronger and larger ones, some of which still stand, to attest the honest labor of their builders.†

On the right, or Pennsylvania bank of the stream, Mr. Samuel Dupue had erected a large dwelling, which, when surrounded by a stockade, became Fort Dupue, and was garrisoned and used as a place of refuge during the war 1755-63.‡

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*For copy of letter of Gov. Belcher to Col. Van Campen, see Hist. of Sussex and Warren Cos., N. J.

†The stone house, built by Col. Van Campen about A. D. 1753, is still standing in good condition, and occupied as a dwelling.

‡See article on Dupue's Fort, in Frontier Forts of Pennsylvania. Vol. 1, p. 323.

The Dutch language was still spoken to some extent, but was disappearing. Names were still more anglicized than earlier in the century. We have already mentioned the change in two or more families. Now, in the branches of the family in Minisink, Schoonmacker became Shoemaker, Du Pui, Depue.*

True to racial and family tradition, all the families in the valley of the Delaware had representatives in Sussex Co. regiment, and though as a body it did not come in contact with either the French or their nearer allies, the "Minsies," its members saw service on a smaller scale, in the vicinity of their homes, and on long and frequent scouts over all the region between the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers. They were fortunate, in that none of them fell victims to the small raiding parties which harried the valley, and used fire, bullet, and hatchet with dreadful effect.

Tedyuscung had endeavored to hold his tribe to neutrality, but they chafed under the exactions of the whites, and their discontent was sedulously increased by emissaries from the French at Fort Duquesne, and was still more aggravated by their hatred of the overbearing Six Nations of New York, who in the struggle were firm allies of the English.

So, as the chronicle would have only matters of general historical interest to record regarding the families of our friends, we turn to more tragic scenes, on familiar ground, in the valley of the Hudson, and more northern waters.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Johanis, the older of the sons of Klaas Dekker, the immigrant, had remained in the vicinity of Esopus. His duties, after his succession to the military title of his father, had taken but little of his time. He had been promoted to the rank of captain in the small body of troops raised in the colony for the reduction of Louisburg in Acadia, A. D. 1746, but did not accompany the New England contingent, and the ancestral sword for another decade hung quietly on the wall.

During this time his sons had grown to manhood, and when the call came to raise provincial troops for service against the French, and their Indian allies of Canada, there was another generation of

*On the records of the Minisink church, for the year 1756, in the early months, we find the name Benjamin Schoonmacker. In the autumn of the same year he wrote it Shoemaker.

Deckers and Schoonmackers in the valley of the Hudson, ready to take the field and sustain the family traditions. Resigning his position in favor of his eldest son, Johanis Decker gave up all thought of further military service, and the company of rangers which helped to swell the force gathered at and in the vicinity of Lake George was commanded by Cornelius Decker; and with him were Heinrich Schoonmacker, as first lieutenant, and Paul Depue, grandson of the immigrant of that name, as ensign. Grandsons of Jochem Schoonmacker were in the ranks—all though young, versed in woodcraft, and both by tradition and experience in the wiles of Indian warfare.

Exigencies of service sent the company to the new fort built to guard the northern terminus of the carrying place or portage extending from the head of batteau navigation on the upper Hudson to Lake George, where it formed a part of the forces under command of Sir William Johnson, which was expected to repel the column of French regulars, Canadians and Indians, known to be en route from Canada, with Albany as its first objective point.

The young and enthusiastic militiamen did not take kindly to the work of fort-building, and were ever happier when scouting, roaming the dense forests lying about their position—going down Lake George nearly to Ticonderoga, and on at least one occasion passing that post in the night, and penetrating to the vicinity of Crown Point, and frequently passing over the trail to Fort Edward, at the head of Hudson river navigation.

The knowledge of country thus gained proved invaluable later, when in September, 1755, Baron Dieskau made a movement against the combined regular and provincial forces, posted as stated.

Passing in boats up Wood Creek to a point opposite to the middle of the narrow road running from Fort Edward to Fort William Henry, the French leader led his motley force to it, and posting an ambush beside it, awaited the passage of some small party, by the capture of which he might gain some information regarding the British strength and dispositions. He had not long to wait.

Captain Decker, with his company, had that day been ordered back to Fort Edward to guard a train of pack-horses with supplies from that point, and, incidentally, to scout the forest on his left on the way thither; and the contending forces discovered each other at the same moment, and immediately engaged. Captain Decker soon found his party largely outnumbered, and to avoid being surrounded, was forced to give ground; and fell back, still fighting, toward Fort William Henry, sending two of his fleetest men as couriers with

request for reinforcements. These soon met the little force, which was nearly out of ammunition, and exhausted with hours of fighting, and at once turned the tide of battle. As the combined forces pushed through the forest, driving the foe back toward his boats on Wood Creek, the company of rangers suffered considerable loss, and became very widely scattered.

But three or four remained near their captain, who, looking from behind a tree at the enemy close in his front, was struck on the head by a bullet, nearly as his grandfather had been years before; and fell as one dead. The Indian who had fired the shot sprang forth to scalp the fallen officer, but was himself killed by one of the men who was near. There was no time to care for the dead, and the senseless officer was left where he fell, as the battle scene shifted more toward the boats of the Canadians. After the contest had closed, and when parties came back upon the field to succor the wounded and identify and bury the dead, he was found still breathing, and on a rude litter made of branches of trees carried into the fort, where he was found to have suffered a fracture of the skull, which rendered necessary a severe surgical operation, from which he rallied but slowly. His company had suffered severely in the action, but among its dead were none of those in whom we have had a particular interest.

It may be well to follow their careers to the close of their service before concluding the story of the wounded captain.

Under the command of Lieutenant Schoonmacker (promoted to fill the place vacated by resignation of the wounded captain) the company remained at Fort William Henry, where on March 18, 1757,* the garrison of less than four hundred men, seventy-two of whom were Rangers, withstood successfully the attack of more than four times its numbers, and on that memorable July day when the capitulation arranged with Montcalm by the commander of the closely invested garrison was so murderously violated by Indian allies of the French, it had to bear its share of suffering and death. In vain did its captain try to keep his disarmed little force together.

When, after the evacuation was complete, and the disorganized horde was ready to start on the way to Fort Edward, the war-whoop was heard, and wounded were slaughtered by scores, less than half the company reaching Fort Edward; and among the missing were both its officers, the captain dead in the forest, where he had been struck down by a blow of a hatchet, as he vainly strove to save the lives of a mother and her infant; Depue, a wounded prisoner, en route to Can-

*See Bradley's "The Fight with France for North America," p. 167.

ada, whence he returned after more than two years' imprisonment, to be ready to take up arms, nearly twenty years later, for the patriot cause.

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The wounded French commander, Baron Dieskau, as soon as able to bear transportation, was sent as a prisoner to Albany; and with the same cortege was sent the wounded captain of rangers. Unable to long bear any position other than a recumbent one, he was soon exhausted, and by the time the city was reached, was delirious from fever. Hospital accommodations were scanty and poor, and in one of his daily visits, soon after the wounded officer was admitted, good Dominie Frelinghuysen found him; and was at once attracted by one of those sympathetic intuitions which every person has at some time experienced, and had him removed to his own home, as being a place where he would have better care. For months his life seemed to hang upon a hair; trepanning was resorted to as a measure of relief for the injured brain, and strength returned but slowly to the exhausted body.

Then, what might have been expected happened. Margaret, the beautiful, talented daughter of the Dominie, had been assiduous in the care of the invalid; and as she sat in his room, with its windows overlooking the river, and the wooded hills on the farther shore, when he was able to occupy the invalid's well cushioned chair, and, tired of reading—the small library of her father contained none of what is now termed light literature—the volume would be laid aside, and the wounded guest asked some questions regarding scenes in which he had so actively participated—interest, with one party, gratitude on the part of the other, soon gave way to deeper feeling, which both at first endeavored to suppress—with the thought, on the part of the convalescent, that he might never be in a condition to cherish or care for any one, even if his life were spared—on the part of the nurse, that she might be indulging in dreams which could never become realities, or bestowing her love unsought.

The father, his time fully occupied, and his mind absorbed in parochial cares, saw nothing special in the conditions existing in his home, but when the mother of the sufferer, after some weeks of delay, arrived on the scene, but one day was required for her love-sharpened maternal eyes to make the case plain. Had nothing else done so, the blush which mantled the cheeks of the girl, as she welcomed the visitor to her home, would have indicated her feelings, and while she suddenly assumed a very discreet manner, and expressed her entire

willingness to allow the mother to assume the care of the invalid in his room, the preparation and serving of his food still occupied much of her time and thought.

On one occasion, a short time after her arrival, she had left the room to partake of a meal with the family of her host, while at the same time the food of the wounded officer was carried to his room by his zealous nurse.

As the tempting viands were placed within his reach, and the gentle purveyor seated herself where she could assist him if necessary, he once more expressed his thanks for all the care bestowed upon him, and added:

"I shall miss this care, in a few days, when I hope to be strong enough to go to my home."

"We shall miss you very much, but are pleased at your progress toward recovery. We are pleased also to have had your mother with us, and have learned to esteem her highly."

This was talking "at long range,"—when both minds were intent on more momentous things. As her hand, in presenting some portion of the meal, came within reach of that of the eager man, it was caught and confined, and "the old, old story was told again," while "soft eyes looked love to eyes which spoke again;"—food stood untasted, while the blushing young woman listened to the torrent of words from the lips of her hero lover. Time passed unheeded, and the kiss of betrothal had just been given, when, unannounced, the mother entered the room. The maiden endeavored to withdraw her hand, while vivid blushes suffused her face and neck, but the straightforward, enamored swain retained his grasp and said:

"Congratulate me, mother. I am repaid for all my suffering. This is my promised bride. We have found that we love each other, and you must love her for her sake, as well as for my own."

"I do congratulate you, my children," said the happy parent, as she took the girl in her arms, and sealed her words with a kiss, and asked her:

"What will your father say?"

They were not left long in doubt, for before the tableau was dissolved, that individual appeared on the scene. The lady in the case left the room before anything could be said, and the lover at once told his tale. The surprise of the dominie was unbounded, but his consent to the betrothal was readily given, his only stipulation being for a delay until the ensuing spring. His wife had passed away some time previous, and a change at once would disrupt his household. The

absent one was recalled, and hand in hand the happy pair heard his words of consent and advice, and separated full of visions of future happiness.

But the course of their love was not destined to run smoothly. The recovery had progressed far enough for it to be thought safe to place the patient on board a sloop bound down the river, and he was being carried on board in a litter when one of the bearers fell, and the invalid was thrown from it to the deck, opening afresh the wound in his head and nearly ending his life. He was carried back to the home of his betrothed, and there lay for some time unconscious, hovering between life and death. When, days later, he recovered sufficiently to speak, he called for his betrothed and her father, and asked for an immediate marriage. His wish was acceded to, and, with fingers on the pulse of his patient, the surgeon was witness to the ceremony, performed with faltering voice by the father of the bride.

The words, "till death doth you part," sounded ominously through the room, but, to the astonishment of every one, the man seemed to gain strength from that hour, though it was not till the river was opened for navigation the next spring that it was considered safe for him to attempt to renew his homeward journey. It was performed safely, and we bid adieu to the valley of the Hudson, for the time, and return to "the Minisink."

(To be Continued.)

*THE FUTURE OF THE ARMY.**

No one can be greatly surprised at the verdict of the War Inquiry. It was predicted long ago in this *Review,* and must have been anticipated by all behind the scenes, or who had been at pains to consider the matter. It might have been guessed from the manifest reluctance first shown by the Government to grant the Commission. Ministers know too well the results that must follow the turning of the searchlight into dark places, and exposing to the full glare of day the many significant and damaging facts still hardly appreciated concerning the conduct of the war. On the whole the Commissioners have done their duty well. The report is perhaps a little too tame and tongue-tied, but it is judicial and undoubtedly honest, while it has shown great wisdom in publishing the whole of the evidence so pregnant and conclusive, and allowing it to speak for itself. Vague rumors are current that there is an inner strictly confidential report based upon testimony it was not thought advisable to publish. This impression is borne out by the Commissioners themselves. "We have had no desire to conceal anything which could properly be made public, and we have insisted on the publication of much information which, under ordinary circumstances, would be treated as confidential." Then follows a negative admission that something at least has been withheld. While the records "contain everything which can be made public with due regard to the interests of the public service," obviously there is a balance reserved. We need not enquire too curiously into this cryptic statement, for the report as it stands is creditable enough to the Government in allowing the whole, or very nearly the whole, truth to be told, even to their own undoing. The net result is one of the most important State papers ever put into the hands of an indignant public.

It is a poor policy to cry piteously over spilt milk. We should rather resolve to carry the pitcher straight for the future. Our course is clearly marked out, although we can have but small hope that it will be resolutely and consistently followed out to the end. The hot fit is too certainly succeeded by the cold. We have seen that unmistakably

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within the last two years. When the present administration came into power, it was with an urgent mandate to reform our military institutions. A new War Minister brought forward a new and elaborate scheme for the reorganization of the home army, a scheme far from perfect we may admit, and one that did not commend itself to every expert, but if too ambitious, too ill-digested, too hastily put forward, it was well meant and at least it deserved a fair trial. Already a fierce attempt has been made to tear it to pieces, to undo any good achieved—and there has certainly been good; ground ahead has already been gained. At the beginning of last session a few Parliamentary malcontents consumed with strong dislike of an unpopular Minister, and most imperfectly informed in their subject, sought to wreck the half-built edifice in slow process of construction needing time that could not fairly be denied it for development, and this without offering any alternative, any suggestion for replacement of the new system it was proposed to so recklessly destroy.

There can be no continuity in reform, or rather no settled policy of administration where such ill-considered disruption is possible. This is the true lesson taught us by the late war, and brought home to us if we read it aright in the Inquiry. We may rage against the Cabinet for its obstinate adherence to a mistaken policy, weakly determined to avoid giving offence to a potential enemy whose hostile aims were patent to all the world; we may blame individual ministers, more directly responsible for their steadfast neglect to prepare for the inevitable; we may empty the vials of our wrath upon the particular department charged with the conduct of war; the real blame, if we get down to the bed-rock, rests with ourselves. It is always convenient to find a scapegoat, to escape our penalties vicariously. Let us own up honestly that the nation is at fault and our system of party government. For years and years past, and in the teeth of pregnant reminders of the dangers courted, we have uniformly refused to believe that the safety of the Empire was for ever imperilled by the inadequacy of its armaments, in the first place for defence, and in the second and little less urgently, for the offensive action that may at any time be fixed upon us. Economy has ever stood before military efficiency; it has been naïvely confessed by Lord Lansdowne in his minute of February, 1896, replying to Lord Wolseley's appeal for an increase to the army. The then War Minister could not agree to the doctrine that the army could be constituted on any other lines than those of finance. "Financial and military considerations are inextricably intermixed, and, however much we may desire to make the army strong and efficient, we cannot emancipate ourselves

from the financial limits which the state of the national Exchequer imposes upon us from time to time."

This is as false as the principle that a man cannot attend to the roof of his house, but would rather it fell in than strengthen and repair it. We hesitate to do what is indispensably necessary to guarantee the safety of the Empire, because we think we cannot afford it, and prefer to cut down our expenditure to a bare minimum sooner than seek out means of increasing our revenue or of adjusting our Budget to provide funds for adequate insurance. So we have suffered our military institutions to be continually kept at a standard much below our requirements, both actual and potential. This has always emasculated our military policy. It has been seen in the persistent haggling over our Army Estimates and the injudicious parsimony that has for ever caused us to ignore our essential needs. We cannot, however, forget that if many successive administrations have greatly sinned in this, their guilt originated with their masters, who so jealously watched outlay and made it plain to the party in power that to spend too much money, or what was rashly deemed too much, meant the withdrawal of confidence and ultimate expulsion from office.

Now, however, the truest wisdom lies rather in prospective remedy than in retrospective philippics. A first and material step towards revising our position is to examine and analyze the sources of the present outcry. In what did our rulers fail, encouraged to do so, let us not forget, by ourselves? Diplomacy was of course to blame, but on looking back to that summer of 1899 we must remember that the temper of the country was by no means in favor of war, and that war credits would not have been very certainly voted had the Government adopted a bolder and more decided policy. Again, when hostilities were forced upon us, we entered with easy assurance upon a campaign of the difficulties of which we had not realized, and still more, with exaggerated and quite unjustifiable confidence in our means to cope with it. One or two far-seeing, specially well-informed people foresaw what was coming, and were thought to be miserable croakers; their warnings were wasted breath; every one, from the highest to the lowest, all opinion, expert and lay, thought that Buller with his Army Corps would finish the matter out of hand. A triumphant march into the interior, ending with a Christmas dinner eaten at Pretoria, was in the minds of all. According to our invariable custom, we underrated our enemy, and over-estimated our own strength. The conditions of things, moreover, were worse than they appeared. Not only was the force sent out quite inadequate, but it was honeycombed with inherent defects, plainly due to the causes already mentioned, the evil effects

or which were soon too painfully apparent. Not only was the personnel insufficient, but at the outset it was deficient in the material which is the life-blood and motive power of an army in the field.

Taking quantity first, this vaunted Army Corps was just half of the whole number which had been agreed upon by Ministers and their military advisers as quite equal to any foreign adventure we might undertake. By Mr. Brodrick's new scheme there are to be three such Army Corps, and we may hope that we are approximating to that ideal, although it can scarcely be accomplished without adding considerably to our normal establishments. As we know, the two Army Corps were soon exhausted by the demands made by the Boer war, and to conduct it effectively it was necessary to accept aid from outside the regular army. The first Army Corps was expanded into an army which would have made up eleven Army Corps, and this by sweeping into the net every man that could be found at home or abroad, and drawing from the garrison of India. How exhaustive were these demands may best be shown by a few figures. The total peace establishment of the regular army numbers 284,375, and of this 256,340 men of all ranks were sent to South Africa. Nearly double the number were required to finish the war, and we got them as best we could. "We should have come to the end of our tether," said Sir T. Kelly-Kenny, the present Adjutant General, "if we had not had extraneous aid." It came from the auxiliary forces, from the Militia, the Imperial Yeomanry, the Volunteers, and last, but not least, the Colonial troops, our brave kinsmen from beyond the sea. The net result of this enormous strain which the Nation and her Colonies met so nobly, was however, that England, in the early days of 1900, was left practically defenceless. Only thirty-six regular battalions remained at home, and many of these were under orders to embark, or were composed of recruits and immature soldiers; and the terrible gap so menacing to our existence was barely filled by calling upon the veterans who had once served to return to the Colors, and forming them into Reserve regiments. At this time, moreover, thanks to the culpable niggardliness that had ruled in the Exchequer, the storehouses were empty, the stocks of material short at the outset had been exhausted to meet South African demands, and it was only through the courage of Sir Henry Brackenbury that we obtained a much needed supply of field guns from Germany.

Can this occur again? Can we possibly count upon escaping such grave risks in the future? Assuredly not, and if the next trial be nearer home, if we are ever drawn into a struggle with a first-class Power, there will be a much more calamitous issue. The crucial

question is how to meet the situation. It is idle to expect that with the constant expansion of our Imperial responsibilities we shall not be called upon to increase our army *pari passu*. Even the Little Englanders are alive to this, and will surely consent now to any increase that may be found inevitable to meet the further needs of the Empire. The War Commission declined to speak definitely as to the "numbers of men trained and equipped as regular troops which the nation can rely upon at any moment," but it is clear that the limit, laid down by Mr. Stanhope in 1888, of two Army Corps is too small. The deficiencies are glaring, and in every direction. The Commissioners touch on some. They have pointed out that in 1899 two branches of the service, the Army Medical Corps and the Army Service Corps, were barely strong enough for the two Army Corps limit, and there is still the same shortage to-day. They do not speak with sufficient emphasis, however, of the very meagre supply at hand of officers, and more particularly in the junior ranks, a class which, as Sir Coleridge Grove bears witness, "it is absolutely impossible to improvise." The dearth of officers during the war was felt in every department; they had to be drawn from anywhere and everywhere, even the Militia and Volunteers were denuded, very much to their disadvantage. "It is impossible not to condemn the system," says the report, "which caused whole Militia regiments to be sent to the front under officers, who, in many cases, were wholly untrained." As yet no proper steps have been taken, they are not even contemplated, to increase the establishment of officers and maintain a sufficient margin for the future. As a matter of fact, officers are scarcer than ever, and especially in the auxiliary forces. How this imperative need can best be met is one of the chief limbs in the great army problem.

A solution may be found in giving effect to a sugestion, the most pregnant and valuable of all made by the Commissioners. "The true lesson of the war," they state, "in our opinion, is that no military system will be satisfactory that does not contain powers of expansion outside the limit of the regular force of the country, whatever its limit may be." There is a reserve of military strength at home and abroad, which to use the words of the Commission, "We cannot and do not wish to turn into a great standing army, but to which we may be glad to turn again in our hour of need, as we did in 1899." They consider that we should lay down clearly the conditions of service, the pay, armament and organization of this, the great backbone of the nation. But this is surely putting the cart before the horse. We should first collect the material, and hold it in hand properly trained for immediate use when the great emergency comes. One of the

Commissioners, Sir G. Taubman Goldie, earnestly recommends the enforcement of universal military training at National Cadet Schools, through which every adult male should be obliged to pass and obtain a certificate of efficiency. The result would be the reserve advocated above: an almost unlimited supply of good material, of youths physically fit, and possessing something more than the rudiments of military knowledge, disciplined and trained to the use of arms, expert shots and fair horsemen, ready at any moment to take their place in the ranks. The idea is excellent, but to be of real value it must be carried much further. The effective organization of the great forces thus obtained is indispensable, and it must be thought out and established beforehand, by fitting in slowly and carefully every perfected part of the whole military machine. Masses of men do not constitute an army, and the suggested so-called "hedgerow defence," with thousands of local riflemen spread over the country working independently, means utter confusion when put to the test of war. Every individual should find his place in a properly constituted array: companies, regiments, brigades, each with its own appointed leader, the pawns and pieces that can be efficiently handled by the principal player. It may be said that in a sense we have this already in our auxiliary forces, the militia, yeomanry, and volunteers. But their existing organization is faulty, and two at least of these forces are seriously handicapped by the scarcity of officers and other defective conditions that would prevent their being immediately available at the time of need. The Royal Commission now sitting upon this important branch of our supposed strength may be expected to mend matters somewhat, and a rumor has already crept out that it will recommend the amalgamation of the militia and volunteers in spite of the many grave difficulties that stand in the way. It will not be easy to bring into line two such different categories of men, paid and the unpaid, those under a distinct obligation to serve and others who, by their very name, are bound only by their own good will. Nor—and herein lies the true application of the lesson conveyed—can they ever be depended upon to the full extent without recourse to some form of compulsion, and the facts prove it. The militia has been for years below its establishment, the volunteers are ready to fade and dwindle away at the first frown of officials dissatisfied with their inefficiency. As for the great uprising of our manhood in the hour of greatest trial, let us look a little more closely into its extent and value.

Too much stress must not be laid upon the response made in the darkest days of the war and afterwards; the comforting doctrine that in any future great crisis we can rely upon unofficial reserves in large

numbers is likely to disappoint us. As a matter of fact the assistance so generously offered from outside, although at first of fine quality, and in regard to the Colonial troops always of the best, did not come up to the same high standard as the demands continued, nor were any great numbers forthcoming. Taking this outside help at its best, and examining the figures as set forth by the Commissioners, the totals are not very considerable. We get from these independent sources some 125,000 men in all, without counting the South African Constabulary, and the forces locally raised at the Cape. The militia numbered 43,875, and never hesitated to volunteer for service beyond the realm, and their fine temper was as well shown as it was seemingly ill-requited. The same may be said of the volunteers who to a large extent gladly acknowledged the lien that bound them to their territorial regiments, although independent bodies were easily raised and might have been from the first, but the authorities showed no desire to accept their services until the strain actually came. The Colonials also exhibited a keenness to share in the struggle that pressed the Mother Country so hard, that did them infinite honor. The most unstable of the supports drawn in was the Imperial Yeomanry, and the point cannot be too strongly emphasized, for it is calculated to qualify our complacency at the results attained.

In the first instance the very flower of our youth came forward in the 1st Contingent, which numbered in all about 10,000. But there was a distinct falling off in the 2d and 3d, of 17,000 and 7,000 respectively, making up a grand total of 34,000 above-mentioned. The Commissioners criticise these contingents very fairly, basing their judgment on the most authoritative evidence. They note, speaking of the 1st Contingent, that they had a brief training of three months in the district where they were raised, that they were of a class superior to that of the average recruit of the regular army. Many could ride and handle firearms, although their shooting was bad, but their general physique was excellent. Their intelligence must have been high, for a witness (Lord Methuen) says: "They gained in military knowledge to a surprising extent during the campaign." The 2d Contingent were, with some exceptions, such as the corps of "sharpshooters," distinctly inferior in quality, and very severe strictures were passed upon them at the front. One General (Sir Bruce Hamilton) said: "They knew nothing at all; they did not know how to handle a rifle at the commencement." Another General condemned them as "very bad. I do not know where they were got, but they had no idea of riding, shooting, or anything else." Colonel Crabbe declares that they "were absolutely ignorant of the rudiments of soldier-

ing, knew nothing about horses, and had not nearly so much intelligence as the 1st Yeomanry." The Commission deduce from the marked difference between the two contingents, that "while a picked force of fighting material could be obtained in a time of national emergency and emotion," when these had declined, the men forthcoming, although of a better average than the regular recruit, were very inferior. As to the 3d Contingent, they were still worse, although generally of good physique.

On the whole, however, noting these differences, it was conceded that the Imperial Yeomanry had done very good service in the war, but they suffered from many mistakes, such as the failure to maintain the strength of the force at the front by the system of drafts, and the obviously grave error of sending men to receive their military education in the face of the foe. It will, however, be conceded that I have succeeded in showing how very moderate is the reliance that can be placed upon the general populatión to come forward of their own accord in any great numbers, or in other than imperfect quality to reinforce the fighting line. We accept as sound and essential the principle that our adult youth should acquire substantial military training at school, and we may believe that when the system has been in effect for a few years, an almost unlimited number of potential soldiers to be readily perfected will be at hand. It is probably true, moreover, that with the larger development of military spirit consequent upon this training, a far more numerous and much more efficient contingent would be willing to volunteer for service in the field, but the doubt remains that this most desired end will be gained, and failing sufficient volunteers the only alternative is compulsion. We are brought to the conclusion that the only certain salvation is to be found in some modified system of obligatory service, under which, by sound effective organization for defensive purposes, the realm might be made absolutely secure. This is the great reform, far transcending in importance the patching up and peddling with the War Office, which waits for the satesman with the strength and courage to accomplish it.

Returning to the Report, we come next to the quality of the personnel sent out into the field. It has been made the object of continual discussion from those early hours of disaster which we sought to explain by the inefficiency of our troops, the incapacity of their leaders, and the inefficiency, the impotence even, of our weapons when pitted against the better armed Boers. We have to thank the Commission for rectifying these erroneous and generally unfair impressions. A better estimate has been arrived at by collecting the expert opinions of the persons most competent to speak on this point. The evidence of many distinguished soldiers, who bore witness before the Commis-

sion, settles this conclusively. It would occupy too much space to quote this evidence in any great detail, but it is sufficient to support the Commissioners' view that the British soldier "is capable of profiting by experience, and of becoming by the discipline of war a first-class fighting machine." Lord Roberts said: "The highest praise I can give the soldiers of to-day is to say that they are in no single respect inferior to their predecessors, and in some are greatly superior." Lord Wolseley believes that "The men we sent out were the finest England has ever produced on any occasion for war." Lord Kitchener is less enthusiastic, although he admits that the material was very good, and the Commissioners sum up, assuring us that "the morale of the men of the regular army, including under that term courage, endurance, discipline, and cheerfulness under adverse circumstances. left little or nothing to be desired." Defects of a rather serious kind, however, were seen to be visible, shortcomings due to imperfect training, some of which may be mentioned here to emphasize the necessity for remedying them in the future. It is generally agreed that our marksmanship was imperfect, that too great strictness in fire discipline was imposed, and militated against expert individual shooting. The paramount importance of taking cover in the face of modern fire was never fully realized, and generally the intelligence and self-reliance of the fighting unit has been sufficiently cultivated. Our soldiers learnt much by painful and dire experience in the field, and in most cases soon practiced what their peace training had failed to inculcate. The question we must ask now with unfailing insistence, is whether instructional methods of training have improved, and the answer is in a great measure satisfactory. At the army maneuvers last month competent observers were satisfied that when infantry was in contact it displayed a very lively appreciation of the necessity for taking cover, while in the enormous extension of lines when intervals of six to ten paces are left between man and man, commendable self-reliance was exhibited by individuals, and the general control and direction of subordinate leaders was admirably exercised. Lord Roberts eulogizes all this in his general comments, and if he is inclined to be more critical with the other arms, and animadverts upon the want of initiative shown by the cavalry, and the tendency of guns to expose themselves unduly, these strictures are likely to have valuable results in enforcing new and necessary lessons.

The value of maneuvers is sometimes doubted, and there are high authorities who believe that much more good might be done by training in smaller bodies, that we should teach our companies, our squadrons, and our battalions better, by setting them to work independently, and not as unimportant parts of a great whole. A witness before the

Commission, Sir Leslie Rundle, says "that where large bodies of troops are gathered together, training is gained mainly by the generals and their staffs. The troops themselves go through an enormous amount of work of a most uninteresting nature, and the company commander gains nothing." I shall be reluctant to dissent from this view, but from my own experience at the recent maneuvers, I am inclined to think that the junior officers learnt a great deal. It must have been an enormous advantage for them to move over a great extent of broken and unfamiliar ground, and to realize how large a result was dependent upon the judicious action of a very small unit of the fighting line. While granting that preliminary instruction of the most severe kind by companies and troops, or squadrons, is in the highest degree essential, great breadth of view can only be gained when taking part in extended operations. In any case a very marked advantage must accrue to the generals and their staffs, by giving them an opportunity of handling and moving troops over a wide area. I have reason to know that the tactical leadership was good, and the staff work excellently and very efficiently performed. This was no doubt in a great measure due to the useful experience gained in the South African war. We may hope that the ground thus gained has not been lost, and that continued opportunities will be given, as in these maneuvers, for practicing extended field training and the discharge of the many complicated functions appertaining to a competent staff.

The future of the army is closely affected by the manner in which it is administered, and the Commissioners have been at great pains to ascertain how the great Department of State that is responsible for the preparation and conduct of war may be reformed. They very prudently disclaim any intention of advocating great changes. Their inquiry, as they tell us, is directed mainly to the conditions that obtained antecedent to the South African war; and they forbear to deal too critically with present conditions, which are still in the experimental stage. They refrain, too, from expressing a definite opinion as to the drastic measures which find favor with so many experts who firmly believe there can be no effective reform until the professional element becomes supreme in Pall Mall. Lord Wolseley unhesitatingly declared that "the best arrangement would be to do away with the Commander in Chief, and to have a military Minister of War, as they have in all the great nations of the world." Lord Rosebery has since spoken with no uncertain voice, advocating the same principle, and with the addendum that the man of the hour will be found in Lord Kitchener. How far it would be fair or reasonable to impose such a burthen upon him as that of reconciling the constitutional diffi-

culties with the necessities of the case may be doubted. It has been said that if an angel from heaven came down into Pall Mall, he would fail to deal with the maddeningly complicated situation.

The question for the moment is whether or not smaller measures will not serve to put our superior War Office organization on a sounder basis. What is most urgently required is that a better understanding should exist between the two sides, the civil and the military, of our present dual government, if such it can be called, where one is essentially masterful and the other (often weakly) subservient. One improvement has been very constantly and earnestly recommended, that the War Office should be assimilated to the Admiralty, and army matters governed, as are the naval, by a supreme Board of Control. Mr. Brodrick was anxious to impress upon the Commission that this system already obtained in the War Office Council he has called into being, and which he insists is working exceedingly well. More definite evidence as to this is still wanting, but we may doubt whether in this council the leading principle that obtains at the Board of Admiralty is fully observed. In naval administration the professional element speaks with uncontested authority on all naval matters. The First Lord would never venture to question or interfere with the Sea Lords in the way that the War Minister challenges, and, indeed, obstructs the views of even his highest military advisers. As a step towards War Office organization, it is suggested by some of the Commissioners that the office of Commander in Chief should be abolished. There must be a head of the army, whatever we may call him, and the precise name matters little if he is still to be shorn of all power. It is difficult to see where the gain comes in; on the contrary, a lesser official would be more than ever overshadowed by his all-powerful Parliamentary Chief. The best safeguard against the future jeopardy of our national interests lies in the other direction. It should rest with the military expert at the head of the military side, to give his assurance that our military needs are at all times fully realized and met. He should, in fact, express his opinion, approving or otherwise, of the adequacy of the Army Estimates. This reform has been frequently advocated, but has not found much favor from the no doubt serious objection that it would erect an authority superior to the Secretary of State. But it would afford the very best protection against the recurrence of such evils as those set forth by the Commission, and would serve to warn the nation betimes that it was trusting to a broken reed. With such a mandate the head of the army would have enforced attention to the crying needs so culpably neglected and so imperfectly met at the eleventh hour.

MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

AN analysis of the contents of the principal military periodicals, systematically classified under a few general heads for the convenience of the reader and student, comprising extracts and comments, in which special attention is given to the most important and valuable articles.

ORGANIZATION, ADMINISTRATION AND MOBILIZATION.

1. Departments in War.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, Sept.
2. The Reorganization of the Coast-Guard.—*Same.*
3. Guides for Local Defence.—*Ind. Vol. Rec.*, Aug. 15.
4. The Army of the Commonwealth.—*Same*, Aug. 31; *Army and Navy Gaz.*, Sept. 26.
5. Russia.—*Unit. Serv. Mag.*, Sept.
6. The Mexican Army.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, Sept.
7. The South African War.—*Mil. Mail.*, Aug. 28, Sept. 4; *Army and Navy Gaz.*, Sept. 5; *Rev. du Cercle Mil.*, Sept. 12, 19.
8. War Office Organization.—*Mil. Mail*, Sept. 17.
9. The Cavalry of the Japanese Army.—*Rev. du Cercle Mil.*, Aug. 22.
10. Honorable Artillery Company.—*Mil. Mail*, Sept. 18.
11. United States General Staff.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, Sept.

The *first* of these articles is well written and full of food for thought. The introduction discusses the art of leadership, but most of the article is devoted to the Intelligence Department and its various sub-divisions.

There are many interesting statements throughout the essay, some of which we quote here:

> In the struggle for existence a nation is, even in the midst of profound peace, at war. Actual hostilities, whether on sea or land, are merely the culminating point for the time being, the outward and visible sign, of this ever-present conflict. * * * *
>
> Glancing back through the pages of history, it becomes evident to the student that the wars of the past, which were apparently due to the ambition of an individual, to a national love of fighting, or to predatory instinct, were, in reality, could nations but have recognized the fact, inevitable from the moment at which the combatants found themselves face to face in the struggle for existence. The rise of England as a power in the world was possible only through

the downfall of Spain, even as the rise of Rome was dependent on the destruction of Carthage.

Prussia was doomed to destruction save through the defeat of Austria; the German Empire could only come into being with the defeat of France, and it can only develop into a world power through the downfall of the British Empire. "One man's gain is another man's loss."

A nation, no more than other things in nature, can stand still; it must, in the process of evolution, rise or fall. Hence the struggle for existence with its inevitable corollary, war. War is no game; it is a crisis in the life of a nation. It is by the constant study of war alone by the whole manhood of a nation that success in the struggle for existence can be achieved. Hence it is that those nations which are faced by implacable foes, fearing for their existence, have adopted universal service; and that it is those nations alone which, having had naught to fear in the past, and believing themselves invulnerable, have turned their attention away from war, by which they achieved greatness, and are content to rest their hopes of continued success on the accumulation of riches. Vast riches failed to save the Carthaginians or the Spaniards when pitted against the virile qualities of poor but martial races; they will similarly fail in the future. Modern nations which, through fear of their neighbors, have adopted universal service are, in reality, vast fighting machines, prepared at all points, constantly tested in make-believe war, and in readiness to fight to the death. Canada, through fear of her powerful neighbor, is tending towards universal service; Natal, through fear that Great Britain will be found unequal to the task of absorbing the inimical Dutch population of South Africa, is even now taking elementary steps in a similar direction.

War is no longer an art, pure and simple. * * * Sound peace strategy and careful preparation, backed by the whole force of a nation, can alone win success in modern times. An untrained nation, with untrained leaders, is doomed. * * *

Napoleon's combination of Jena was carried to success by the fact that his lieutenant, Davoust, who was entrusted with a difficult operation requiring expert knowledge in both strategy and tactics, was not found wanting; his combinations in the Waterloo campaign failed chiefly through the fact that Ney, the most brilliant of tacticians, was but an indifferent strategist; and it is possible that had Napoleon possessed the services of Davoust in the latter campaign the result would have been different and the face of Europe altered. Again, in the Trafalgar campaign, Villeneuve, seeing only the dangers to be overcome and failing to keep his attention fixed on the great object to be gained, "took counsel of his fears," permitted himself to be checked in the prosecution of Napoleon's plans, and brought the whole magnificent combination to ruin. The general who would succeed, who would avoid needlessly shedding the blood of his men and bringing defeat on his country, who, if he be a subordinate, would successfully carry out the task entrusted to him by his chief, must be a man whose life has been given up to the study of war and of strategy, whose mind is accustomed to the consideration of the broadest issues, self-taught, self-trained, whose brain has been habitually exercised in the solution of military problems, to whom each situation as it occurs is no novel or unsuspected contingency requiring a sudden and lightning-like decision, but a mere amplification or variation of one long since considered, weighed, and solved.

And perhaps the greatest of all qualities is that of trusting subordinates. Mahan, indeed, tells us so. The company commander who fails to trust his section leaders will have a bad company; the battalion commander who, having experience only of regimental work and a detailed knowledge of the duties of his subordinates, apt to command all the companies of his regiment himself in place of forcing those subordinates to do their own work, will have a bad battalion; the colonel who, versed in knowledge of war but ignorant of regimental details and knowing his own ignorance, trusts his subordinates, will surround himself with good officers and have the better battalion. The general who fails to trust his subordinate generals and his heads of departments is a bad leader, and his army will fail in the test of war. He who, proud of his detailed knowledge of departmental, staff and regimental work, constantly interferes in the duties of his subordinates, has neither the time nor, as a general rule, the ability to give thought to the strategical and tactical problems by the correct solution of which success in war is alone to be gained.

Intelligence is one of those departments the necessity for efficiency in which only becomes apparent to the uneducated soldier or the ignorant nation after the outbreak of war.

An army in possession of good intelligence pitted against one without such intelligence is, so to speak, a man who can see, pitted against an adversary who is blind. It is principally this fact which accounts for the minor successes which are always gained by guerillas, unorganized and untrained men of the country, over the well-organized and well-trained troops of the invader.

Good intelligence of the enemy's movements which enables a general to appreciate the situation, to foretell with some certainty his intentions and future movements, and to strike with his whole force at that enemy's most vulnerable point is the first step towards victory.

Without it a general is blind and helpless, and so is it with the leaders of a nation. It was the correct grasp of the strategic situation of Prussia in the struggle for existence which enabled Moltke and Bismarck to decide on a definite object in their peace strategy, to prepare for war with Austria, to precipitate it at their own convenience and win the leading place in Germany.

It was similarly this correct appreciation which enabled these two experts in strategy to humble France four years later, and to weld the German Confederation into the German Empire. It was the action of the German cavalry in 1870 which, scattering its patrols far to the front, not only formed an impenetrable screen, but rendered secrecy of movement on the part of the French Armies impossible, which went far to win success.

Strategy does not commence with the first shot fired and end with the last shot fired; for there is peace strategy as there is war strategy. The first move of German strategy directed against France was made in 1866, before the treaty which terminated the war with Austria was signed.

Kruger's first step in strategy, directed against Great Britain, which culminated in 1889, was made the year after Majuba. Peace strategy is, in Great Britain, termed Foreign, Colonial, or Home Policy, each under a different head and directed by men untrained in the art of war or leadership.

The entire article covers some thirty-four printed pages, and is well worth reading.

The *second* of the above articles relates to the British Coast Guard:

The Re-organisation of the Coast Guard.—It is officially announced that under the new arrangements for the organization of coast guard duties on shore it has been decided to sub-divide the coast line of the United Kingdom into districts on the following principle:

England.—1. Eastern District: St. Abb's Head to Dover. 2. Southern District: Dover to Salcombe. 3. Western District: Salcombe to Tor's Point.

Scotland.—One District: Comprising the present Leith and Clyde Districts, including the Orkneys, Shetland and Stornoway.

Ireland.—1. Northern District: Comprising the present districts of Lough Swilly and Kingstown. 2. Southern District: Comprising the present Limerick District.

Each district will be under the orders of a district captain specially appointed.

The *third* paper refers to the new scheme of utilizing the natives who are not in the active field army at the time as *local guides* in case of a foreign invasion of England:

In the current issue of the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution*, there appears a full report of the paper read before the institution by Colonel W. L. Davidson, C. B., commanding Royal Artillery, Northeastern District, on "The Organization of a System of Local Guides for Home Defense," to which we made brief reference in a recent issue. In the preface of his paper, Colonel Davidson expounds the paragraph which appeared in our last issue under the heading of "An Old Time View," dealing with the measures taken in 1803 when Napoleon was threatening invasion. War was declared with France on the 16th of May, 1803, and Pitt, in defending the approaching contest, expressed his conviction that some system, far more vigorous than any which had been adopted, would be found requisite in our preparations for national defense. He thought that it was not sufficient to make those naval and military preparations which would prevent the success of any particular attempt at invasion, but that such extensive arrangements for national defense should be effected as might diffuse throughout the nation a sense of security. On the 18th June, the Army of Reserve was embodied; 50,000 militiamen for England, 10,000 for Ireland, to be raised by ballot and confined to the defense of the United Kingdom, but allowed to volunteer into the regular army. All persons were liable to serve except such as were exempt from the Militia Ballot; the leading ground of exemption being service in the navy, army or auxiliary forces. * * * The threat of invasion died away and Napoleon led his "Army of Invasion" to the Danube to meet other foes. With the removal of the threat the organization of the nation was allowed to decay and the volunteer force disbanded.

A long line of coast with a number of defended harbors includes large civil populations which would be certain to suffer severely in the event of fighting between ships and forts. Again over the wide area it would be impossible for the staff officers of the district to be thoroughly posted in the localities through which movable columns might operate. It is a consideration of these difficulties and to furnish a further opportunity to those who do not now serve which has led Colonel Davidson to make the suggestion for the organization of a system of local guides. Roughly the idea is that in each ward or district a chief guide, who would be a man of standing, would be

appointed with sub-district guides thoroughly conversant with their own particular locality, and the services of these bodies would be utilized in war or in maneuvers.

The services which could be rendered by such a body are no doubt very useful and the endeavor to enlist a further proportion of the population in useful duty is a thoroughly good one. We anticipate, however, that it will be found that the best services in this direction can be given by a party of scouts organized within the local corps of volunteers and from among men who have already received training and discipline; the bulk of the nation will be content to leave their military responsibilities to the enthusiasm of the small minority who volunteer for service, pending a radical change in our national organization.

The *fourth* really comprises two separate articles, but on the same subject, namely, the Army of the Commonwealth of Australia. One of these (that in the *Indian Volunteer Record*) gives the proposed strength of the reorganized army, while the other contains the annual report of Major General Sir Edward Hutton, commanding in Australia. We quote from the former:

As we have already said, the reorganized commonwealth forces will consist of two distinct branches, the field force and the Garrison force. The former is described as a militia force, as it receives a paid training, while the latter consists of volunteers. The *Commonwealth Gazette* of the 25th July contains the official notification of the organization of the field force. On a peace footing it will consist of eighteen regiments of light horse, organized in six brigades, twelve regiments of infantry, organized in three brigades, complete with artillery and departments. The peace establishment will number 13,911 men and thirty guns capable of expansion in time of war to 27,753 men and eighty-four guns. The disposition by States of the field force is shown by the following table:

ALLOTMENT OF FIELD FORCE TO STAFF BY UNITS.

New South Wales...												
Victoria.....												
Tasmania.....												
Queensland..... ...												
South Australia.....												
Western Australia...												
Total.....	18	6	15	60	3	12	3	6	3	6	3	6

The great feature of the reorganization is the large percentage of mounted riflemen in the Australian field force, no less than eighteen regiments representing 5,292 officers and men on a peace footing, or nearly half the total field force. The Australians have indeed taken to heart the lessons of mobility and have determined to develop their military capacity in a direction which accords with Australian characteristics. Although the reorganization has been officially notified, however, it will be some time yet before the actual position is as precise and well balanced as the scheduled figures, and it depends also on the extent of the financial provision. Thus in Victoria a further battery of Australian field artillery has yet to be provided and the equipment of the departments generally considerably expanded to meet the new organization.

It is satisfactory to note that one of the first labors of the pioneer cabinet of the Australian Commonwealth has been the organization of a working scheme of defense, and that scheme is unique in its recognition of the ability of a militia force to adequately meet the problem. It is by an increased application of these methods that the real military strength of the empire can be organized. It must be recognized that there is a limit to the numbers of professional soldiers which can be maintained by the State, while there is an enormous field for the development of "Auxiliaries." Be it noted also that the total establishment provided for in Australia

Field Force	13,911
Garrison Force	11,896
	25,807

is some thousands short of the total roll of Indian volunteers.

The *fifth* article gives the organization of the Mexican Army, and contains some interesting details:

MEXICO.—*The Mexican Army.*—The army consists, in peace time, of 3,500 officers, 31,000 men, 11,000 horses or mules. Its Budget for the financial year 1901-1902 amounted to fourteen million pesos or about £2,219,666. The government studied a scheme embodying personal and obligatory military service and national recruiting by drawing lots, but in consequence of a wish to avoid displeasing the nation, who are at present hostile to conscription, it was compelled to postpone the promulgation of the scheme. The army, then, is recruited by voluntary engagements of three, four or five years; but as this is insufficient, the different Confederate States are obliged to feed the depot supplies as they are required. These special contingents are called out in each State through the drawing of lots; the administration, however, largely allows dispensations from service, and generally arranges so that the military service shall fall on the lowest classes of society, thus getting rid of the inconvenient social refuse. The maximum period of service is for five years; a man may, however, re-engage for another four.

A. PEACE FOOTING.

The law of organization of the 1st of July, 1901, clearly lays down that the permanent peace army should possess the necessary units for the enrollment and mobilization, under the best conditions, of an effective three times its strength.

B. War Footing.

The Mexican Army consists in time of war of: 1st, the permanent mobilized army; and 2nd, the reserves.

1. *The Permanent Mobilized Army.*—The law on organization gives very well-defined rules for the change from a peace to a war footing.

In the infantry each battalion is doubled and transformed into a regiment of two battalions. The war effective of the company is fixed at five officers and 224 men. The battalion cadre becomes successively a battalion at the lower, then at the higher, and finally at the war effective. In the cavalry, each regiment forms two new squadrons, and then consists of six squadrons, with a strength of five officers and 140 mounted men each. In the artillery, each field artillery regiment forms two new batteries, and consists of six units, at a strength of six officers, 121 men, 136 horses and mules; the mountain artillery regiment is doubled, and then consists of two battalions of four batteries each, with an effective of six officers, 116 men, and ninety-four horses and mules; the horse artillery regiment forms two new batteries, and then consists of six units, with an effective of six officers, eighty men, and 110 horses each. The squadron of Q. F. guns doubles its personnel and has thirty-two guns. The machine gun company also doubles its effective, and has forty-eight guns. The artillery train constitutes the artillery park in the proportion of two ammunition sections per mobilized division. The engineer battalion is also strengthened. Each of its companies is attached to a mobilized division. Should the number of divisions exceed four, two new companies are formed by means of sappers from the infantry and cavalry.

2. *The Reserves.*—The mobilized army on a peace footing will be reinforced by the reserves. Whilst awaiting for a precise recruiting regulation for uniting the contingents, these reserves will be thus constituted: *First Reserve*: Rural and urban police of the Federation; active forces and rural and urban police of the Federated States, fiscal police, coast, and frontier police. *Second Reserve*: National Guards, organized in each Federated State, and officered by officers from the permanent army and reserve officers. Finally, the mobilized army consists of:

	Officers.	Men.
Infantry (60½ battalions)	1,500	40,000
Cavalry (108 squadrons)	700	15,000
Artillery (224 guns and machine guns)	400	4,500
Engineers	100	1,500
Total	2,700	61,000
Reserves officered and armed	1,000	125,000
Grand total	3,700	186,000

With 32,000 horses and 12,000 mules.

By calling out all the military of the Federated States the Mexican Republic could put a quarter of a million men, out of a population of fourteen millions, into the field; but she has not half the armament necessary for that effective.

The *sixth* article discusses the Transport and Mobilization of the Russian Army.

The *seventh* is a series of articles on the Report of the Commission on the South African War. They are all of great value, and should be carefully studied, for they contain lessons of vital importance to every army and every nation. The *Military Mail* contains a very complete summary of all the important matter, and we here quote a few extracts:

NEED OF A GENERAL STAFF.

Not only was the Intelligence undermanned, as Col. Altham shows, but it had no influence over military policy. It in no sense corresponded to a general staff, though it was entrusted with one of its most important functions. The other functions simply did not exist:

In the German General Staff there are forty-eight officers doing the work that is done by Col. Lake's mobilization division and my subdivision, and yet the whole of our permanent staff amounts altogether only to eight officers. (564.)

We were not at that time charged with the preparation of offensive schemes at all. There was no one at the War Office who was specially charged with that except Lord Wolseley himself. (474.)

A system has grown up of regarding, during peace, current administrative duties as the more important part of staff work, and the preparation for war as mere theoretical work. (686.)

Sir John Ardagh thus sums up the situation:

The leading impression in my mind as regards the Intelligence Department is that it should be brought as far as possible to resemble, and perform the functions of, and to have that influence on the military policy of the country which is attributed, very properly and correctly, to the body known in Germany as the Great General Staff. I think the Intelligence Department, although it has grown up gradually and increased in influence since its first creation, has not now, and has not for many years had, the influence on the military policy of the country that it ought to have. I should very much like to see the Intelligence Department improved or modified or expanded so as to resemble in some degree that institution known as the Great General Staff. In its present size it is quite impossible that the work appertaining to the general staff could possibly be done by the number of officers and men employed in it. A very large increase would be necessary; and, above that, a very pronounced recognition that the recommendations of the Intelligence Department were to carry a definite weight in the councils of the military authorities of the country. I do not think they have done so hitherto. (4966.)

The same officer's opinion on army corps is also interesting:

To begin with, the army corps system is a mistake. The largest units that we ever want are divisions. There never has been an army corps together anywhere except on paper. (5158-9. Sir J. C. Ardagh.)

STAFF WORK.

Connected with the question of the general staff, or, as Lord Roberts prefers to call it, the Quartermaster-General's Department, is that of staff training.

Many instances of indifferent staff work might be quoted, and it seems clear that the entire staff should be thoroughly trained; that a definite system of carrying out staff duties should be laid down; and that we should have enough

trained staff officers to supply, in case of emergency, a large army. On such occasions there is no difficulty in obtaining men of such good quality that they very soon become trustworthy soldiers. But staff officers cannot be improvised, nor can they learn their duties, like the rank and file, in a few weeks or months, for their duties are as various as they are important. I am decidedly of opinion that we cannot have a first-rate army unless we have a first-rate staff, well educated, constantly practiced at maneuvers, and with wide experience. Brains are even more important in war than numbers; and in an army which may contain a large proportion of men who are not soldiers by profession, trained leaders are especially important. The provision of such leaders is a point to which we can hardly pay too much attention. (10447. Lord Roberts.)

The *eighth* is a short article on the much needed reorganization of the British War Office, but is of no great interest to us as our present organization is far superior to the British:

LORD ROBERTS' VIEWS.

In the course of his evidence before the War Commission Lord Roberts handed in a very important paper containing his views on the necessity for a recasting of the present War Office organization. He goes to the root of the matter at once by pointing out that under the existing amorphous system the Secretary of State is the only person who has any responsibility. The inevitable result of this is that he is almost bound to attempt to see everything, and therefore, as a matter of fact, does not have time to deal with the really important problems. Lord Roberts' remedy lies in dividing the work of the War Office into clearly-defined branches, each with a responsible head. It is thus, in its underlying principle, in agreement with the scheme recommended by Lord Esher, but differs from it in retaining the Commander-in-Chief, and in putting him at the head of a purely military branch, which should include the adjutant-general and the quartermaster-general—using the latter title in the sense that it always had in the British Army till 1888, and still has in the Indian Army—namely, of a director of military policy, or Chief of the General Staff.

The *ninth* article, on the Japanese Cavalry, by a well-known French military writer, gives a critical study of this arm, the article concluding with the opinion that the Japanese cavalry does not compare in efficiency with the infantry or artillery.

The *tenth* article gives a short account of the Honourable Artillery Company, recently on a visit to its sister organization of Boston.

MILITARY EDUCATION AND TRAINING.

1. The Education and Training of Military Officers.—*Unit. Serv. Mag.*, Sept.
2. Initiative and Responsibility.—*Rév. du Cercle Mil.*, Aug. 22.
3. Instruction of the Officers of Reserve.—*Same*, Sept. 12.
4. Rifle Shooting as a Winter Evening Pursuit.—*Unit. Serv. Mag.*, Sept.

5. The Perfect Private.—*Army and Navy Gaz.*, Sept. 26.
6. Training by Destroyer.—*Same*, Sept. 26.
7. Tactical Tests.—*Same*, Sept. 5.
8. Army Maneuvers.—*Mil. Mail*, Sept. 11, 18, 25; *Army and Navy Gaz.*, Sept. 12, 19.

The next article, on the Education and Training of Military Officers, by Major Burton, of the Indian army, while it refers, of course, to the British army in particular, still contains much matter of more general application. The article deals with the subject broadly, but quite comprehensively, and is suggestive as well as instructive. We can call attention to but a few of the points the author makes: on the examinations for promotion, on the General Staff and the Staff College, and on promotion by selection, all of prime interest to us at the present moment:

> There has long been an idea prevalent throughout the army that a military commander is born, not made. Taking this as an axiom, it has been the custom in our service to depreciate the study of military history and science, to look upon intellectual attainments as of very small moment, and to regard those who make a scientific study of their profession (and how few there are!) as mere bookworms. We have not moved with the times, and we have not yet got rid of the idea of the knight in armor, or the cult of the supposed superiority of physical over intellectual force, for which there is even less reason in our time than existed a century ago. Assuredly it was the physical power and valor of the British soldier which rolled the French columns down the bloody hill of Albuera; but it was the master intellect of the great commander which brought the Peninsular War to a triumphant conclusion. To expose the fallacy of the born soldier is easy. Certainly there are qualities, inherent in some men, which are favorable to the devolopment of military genius. Among these may be noted courage, not only physical but moral, decision of character, a cool head, and sound common sense. But these are of small moment unless developed and enhanced by education and training.
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> It appears desirable to touch upon the sources of supply of army officers, although it is perhaps beyond the scope of this essay to discuss them fully, for the subject under review is intended to deal mainly with the education and training of officers after they have entered the service, and particularly with those in India. The sources of supply at present are:
>
> Royal Military Academy.
> Royal Military College.
> The Universities.
> Militia.
> Yeomanry.
> The Colonial Military College.
>
> Admission into the army by way of these sources is by the necessary evil of examination—necessary, because it is the sole apparent means of selection from a number of candidates; evil, because exammmations must necessarily

lead to more attention being paid to preparation for them in the schools than to general education and culture, the consequence being—specialization and cramming. Examinations should be framed as far as possible to avoid these two evils.

They should be conducted on the principles that have already been expounded in this paper, so as to discover not merely the officer's knowledge of details, but his general abilities, his reasoning power, his knowledge of general principles, and his capacity to apply what he knows, and should not merely aim at discovering whether he has committed to memory a certain number of details. They should be mainly practical, so that the officer may show his knowledge in its application in the field; for confining them to answering questions on paper may conduce to the cramming of a certain amount of details without the ability to apply them. At the same time it is necessary that examinations should be partly theoretical, as otherwise men would not read. Stereotyped examinations by questions of a kind of "sealed pattern" should be avoided. Such tests aid the crammer and tend to cramp the intellect. Some distinction should be awarded to signal ability, which should be sought for by those in high authority, and not left to fortuitous discovery. The secret of Prussian success was long since ascribed with truth to the absolute supremacy assigned to intellectual ability throughout the army; and so long ago as 1849 a Prussian cabinet order said, "It is necessary that the higher commands should be attained only by those officers who unite distinguished ability and military education with corresponding qualities of character." The result of this system, honestly carried out, was seen in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. It should be our aim to produce men like those of the Prussian headquarter staff in 1870, to organize intelligence, and to open out a career to men of talent.

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There are two levers for moving men—interest and fear. It is, therefore, necessary to make it an officer's interest to continue his studies, by rewarding proficiency and affixing penalties to failure. In the first place, it would seem desirable that officers should be called upon to undergo examinations for promotion at short notice, and not given practically unlimited latitude of time in which to pass. By this means it could be insured that they would always keep up to the standard of knowledge. Those who showed exceptional proficiency in their profession might be pushed on, and so given an incentive to effort; those who failed to keep themselves up to the required standard should be first warned, then superseded by having their promotion retarded, and finally removed.

* * * * * * * * *

It cannot be expected that all officers will be equally suitable for the Staff, whatever their attainments may be. The first thing to be done is to select those who are endowed by nature with the necessary qualifications, and then to train them in those special branches of knowledge with which they should be acquainted. It is in this matter of selection that the main difficulty in the establishment of an efficient Staff for the army lies. In the German army this is got over by a constant interchange of personnel between the theoretical and practical branches of the service. This system we have to some extent followed, in so far as an officer is under regulations obliged to return to regi-

mental duty after five years on the Staff, but in practice this is not acted upon. The consequence is that when emergency arises, we have not a large enough body of men trained to Staff duties. Staff officers require a knowledge of the tactics of the three arms, and an acquaintance with the working of all departments.

The next article on *Initiative and Responsibility* is the last installment of an article which was begun in a previous number. The article on the *Instruction of the Officers of Reserve* is practically a Tactical Problem or Field Exercise. The paper on *Rifle Shooting*, by Major General Luard, late Royal Engineers, advocates public shooting galleries for instruction of the masses in that art:

Just think of the enormous number of men and lads in our towns, and also in our villages, who, unless they have adopted some form of military service, really never have had, until recently, any chance of knowing anything whatever about rifle shooting, and in whom, from one cause or another, the inclination to learn and practice it is non-existent. Those who know me know well what I have done, in the course of a fairly busy life, for cricket and other forms of recreation at Portsmouth and elsewhere, and that I should be the last person to decry such kinds of sport; but I hold that it is our duty to do all in our power to remove from rifle shooting, so far as we can, the character of work of an irksome character, and convert it into a pastime, one of the most useful of all pastimes that a nation can probably pursue.

Rightly, or wrongly, we are a people devoted to games, and therefore, to act in accordance with that inclination, this elementary rifle shooting must, by any means, be brought into the category of national games.

* * * * * * * * *

With respect to the mode of carrying on the shooting, I trust that I may not be accused of unduly advertising this afternoon the range that you now see in this hall, simply because I happened to invent it, for I think that much credit attaches to the man who improved on the original invention, Mr. H. Marks, the secretary of the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs, which specially advocates this description of rifle shooting, and to which you, sir, and many other distinguished gentlemen, have given your highly valued support.

It will be noticed firstly that all the marking is done from the firing end, so that exceptional safety is secured; secondly, the cards are the record of the score, so that disputes on that head cannot easily arise; thirdly, that it is available for all classes of shooting; and, fourthly, that it is very portable.

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There are a great many places where this description of rifle shooting has now been introduced under the auspices of the above-mentioned society, whose office is at 17 Victoria street, Westminster.

The next article, on the *Perfect Private*, has some interesting matter, and pertains to the views of General Sir Ian Hamilton as given in his evidence before the *War Commission:*

That every private soldier carries the field-marshal's bâton in his pack is a saying as old as the Napoleonic days, when its truth was frequently proved.

In future the private soldier, if he be perfected on the lines advocated and deemed indispensable, will carry in his rifle the ultimate fate of battle. The decisive influence upon a fight that may be exercised by a single man, or a small group of single men, is being constantly impressed upon us by those who have gained their experience in recent campaigning. Sir Ian Hamilton's sagacious views, which we print *in extenso* in another column, emphasize this point admirably. The seizure of a fault or opening in the enemy's line penetrated by a small handful of assailants may have notable results. If they are constantly strengthened by the accretion of others, who have quickly recognized the advantage gained, to the abandonment of the position immediately or as the result of a general assault delivered along the whole line may soon follow. Here the desired effect has been gained by the bold initiative of the few whose intelligence has been developed by judicious training, and who have been taught to see the chances offered to them and have sufficient self-reliance to turn them to the best account.

* * * * * * * *

How are we to arrive at this perfect fighting man? Certainly not with our present limitations in recruiting the narrow field from which it draws its supplies and the average mental equipment of the classes concerned. A good deal may be acquired after enlistment, but, after all, the period of training is brief under our system of short service, imposed upon us by voluntary principle and therefore unavoidable. The answer will be that we must raise the inducements to enlist and so secure superior material.

A brief extract from Sir Ian Hamilton's testimony is here given to explain the reference above, but the entire statement of the great soldier should be read and re-read by those who would get a clear picture of modern field fighting, and learn some of the most important lessons of the Boer War:

If the experience of the South African War can be taken as a guide, the big battalion phase is now about to pass away, and we are entering upon a period when the efficiency of an army will depend far more upon the morale and high training of the individuals who compose it than upon the mere numbers of these individuals who may be available. I believe that an army composed of individuals each so highly trained as to be able to take full advantage of the terrain, and of his wonderful modern weapon, and each animated with a morale and trained to an efficiency which will make him capable of acting in battle on his own initiative, will break through, scatter, and demolish less efficient opposing forces, even if greatly superior in numbers.

Training by Destroyer is an interesting and instructive paper on naval training in a most important duty, and the arguments are deserving of consideration by our own as well as by the British navy:

An interesting question is raised in a contemporary in connection with the training of officers in tropedo-boat destroyers. There can be no doubt that this training is now looked upon as the very best that a young officer can receive as preliminary to his holding a higher command. But the question raised by our contemporary is as to whether this training is made as valuable as it

might be. The writer, under the *nom de plume* of "Nauticus," appears to think that it can be made more so, and if he be well informed on his subject, it would appear that this is the case. His view of the matter is that "pottering about at sea, playing follow my leader, with intervals of panicking when maneuvers are under way, is not conducive to the desired end." We do not believe that this picture represents the actual work done in the destroyers either at home or abroad. On the few foreign stations where there are destroyers, as in China and the West Indies, there is probably always sufficient movement to keep them at work. But in the Channel and in the Mediterranean the training is systematic, and we have only to watch the reports of what happens to gather that there is very little "pottering" about it. We are far from saying that there may not be improvement, but we cannot help thinking that "Nauticus" has either been misinformed or has exaggerated for the sake of effect.

* * * * * * * *

Originally, the flotillas used to cruise round the coast, putting into port frequently, spending their time about equally at sea, or tied up alongside a wharf; the change appears to be in the direction of keeping them longer away from port, presumably engaged in tactical evolutions when the weather permits it. It may be a question whether by the later plan the officers in command of the boats get so much experience in entering and leaving port and in learning the peculiarities and characteristics of the places visited as they did under the old system The French destroyers, it is said, are continually employed in surveying, taking soundings, and charting the places they visit. We do not hear that our own officers are employed in this way, but it may be so. * * * Work at sea is all very well in its way, and should not be omitted. But if, as "Nauticus" says, it results in pottering about, playing follow my leader, the result cannot be all that should be desired.

The British *Army Maneuvers* are well described in the articles above cited, especially those of the *Military Mail.*

MILITARY HISTORY, STRATEGY AND TACTICS.

1. Battle of Prairie Grove, 1862.—*Jour. Mil. Serv. Inst.*, September-October.
2. The German Mountain Artillery in China.—*Int. Rev.*, August, *Suppl.* 53.
3. Maps for the Study of Military History.—*Int. Rev.*, July, *Suppl.* 52.
4. Strategy is a Science and an Art.—*Same.*
5. Initiative and Responsibility.—*Rev. du Cercle Mil.*, August 15.
6. The Offensive and the Defensive.—*Int. Rev.*, August, *Suppl.* 53.
7. England and the Double Alliance at Sea.—*Same.*
8. The Railroad War in South Africa.—*Int. Rev.*, July, *Suppl.* 52.
9. Tactical Lecture on a Catechetical System.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, August.

10. Reciprocal Relations between the Commander and His Troops.—*Jour. Mil. Serv. Inst.*, September-October.

11. Cavalry of the Future.—*Same.*

12. The Command of Armies in War.—*Int. Rev. Suppl.* 55.

13. The Supply of Troops With Food in Time of War.—*Same.*

14. Strategy and Tactics in Mountain Ranges.—*Unit. Serv. Mag.*, Oct.

15. The Way Round a Flank.—*Same*, Sept.

16. Tactical Problem.—*Revue du Cercle Mil.*, Sept. 19.

The *first* of these articles (by Brigadier General W. M. Wherry) is a very interesting and instructive account of a most important action in the west, in the early part of the war (December 7, 1862).

Of the other articles (all of which are valuable), we can only refer here to two.

The *ninth* article is on a new method of studying tactics, similar to the method proposed in our *Problems in Minor Tactics and Strategy*, or, as the new edition is to be designated, *Practical Field Exercises in Tactics and Strategy:*

> The working of the system should be something as follows: A campaign, or rather perhaps certain tactical incidents in a campaign, are selected, the data for their consideration are stated, the particular situation on which the problem depends is fully described, and the several courses open to the commander are pointed out. The audience are then invited to express their opinion by a show of hands as to which of the several alternate courses the commander should follow. The actual course adopted by the commander is then disclosed, and the result of his action is shown, as well as what history thought about it. Other situations are similarly treated, and finally the audience are asked to declare the name of the campaign. A general review and discussion on the whole subject would conclude the study. The advantage of selecting a real incident in war for study is of course that it is interesting and instructive to compare the views of the audience with those of the commander, and moreover, we have in forming our ultimate judgment the advantage of the light of historical criticism.

The author then gives an illustration, fully discussing it in eight consecutive situations, and closes as follows:

> The campaign discussed was that of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, 1863.
>
> The campaign is one of the most remarkable ones in history, illustrating as it does what military skill, boldness, and judgment can achieve against superior numbers. Indeed, the only campaign that can be compared with it in this respect is that of Leuthen, fought one hundred years before, in which Frederick the Great, with a force of 32,000 men, by a similar flank march, routed the Austrian army of 90,000. In both cases the personal influence and genius of the commander were a chief factor in success. But we must not forget the

debt due by General Lee, and which he was the foremost to acknowledge, to his trusty lieutenant, General John Jackson (Stonewall Jackson), who, as you will all remember, was shot by his own men on the evening of his great success. A dramatic close to an unsurpassed feat of arms.

The author's system has much to commend it, and it should prove a valuable aid to the study of tactics.

The *tenth* article is a psychological study of great importance.

The *twelfth* article, by General Von Verdy du Vernois, well known as a great leader and commander, as well as an authority on the subject, treats of the qualities which a good general should possess. It is very interesting reading, and is written in the style of a master of the art.

The article on *food supply* relates to the improvements that have recently been made in preparing food, baking bread, heating cold viands, cooking meats, etc., for troops in the field. These improvements have been introduced in the recent European maneuvers and their advantages are discussed in this short but interesting paper.

The *fourteenth* article is a continued one, and has been previously referred to.

The *fifteenth*, by Colonel A. W. A. Pollock, deserves some closer attention, and we quote a part of it for our readers:

There is no position that is of itself invulnerable against a turning movement. Even if both flanks rest upon the ocean, a position can still be turned, provided that the assailant has the command of the sea, and an army sufficiently strong to contain the defenders whilst at the same time furnishing an adequate detachment for the turning movement. The lines of Torres Vedras would have been useless to Wellington, if the flanks of the army had not been secured by the fleet.

A great deal of nonsense has been written since the Boer War in condemnation of "frontal attacks," which some declare, with great insistence, to be entirely obsolete. Of course, these wise persons forget that every attack is a frontal attack, so far as it concerns the troops that deliver it; and that it is in the combination of frontal and flank attacks, in the general sense, that sound tactics are usually displayed. Moreover, until the affair has developed there cannot be any certainty whether a frontal or a flank attack is that which it will prove most desirable to push home. The obvious secret of the danger threatening the defender of a position by the development of combined frontal and flank attacks, is that his troops deployed to resist either attack, must, *ipso facto*, offer their flank to the other. The smaller the forces engaged, the more cogently must the above argument apply.

The frontage defensible with modern weapons by a force of a given strength, is much wider than formerly, and the idea has consequently crept in that getting round a flank has become almost impossible against a more mobile adversary, who can rapidly reinforce or prolong his line. What is overlooked is the fact that there is a limit to the extent of ground that, even with the aid of superlative mobility, it is possible for 10,000, or any other fixed

number of men, to defend. Prolongation or reinforcement in one direction must involve a corresponding reduction of strength in the other, and provided that the "containing attack" is made against his front, *with sufficient resolution*, the defender will not dare, if he is wise, to unduly weaken, for example, his left in order to strengthen his right. Supposing, however, that the defender so acts, the assailant, if he can read correctly the signs of battle, and has hitherto played the game as he ought, will have his opportunity.

Purely frontal attacks are, indeed, pretty certain to prove costly, even if successful, and are much more likely to end in failure; but to depend upon a turning movement unsupported by a really businesslike frontal attack, is to handicap the turning movement itself, and further to resign the essential ambition to obtain decisive results. You may, indeed, *dislodge* your enemy at small loss to your own troops, by means of turning movements, but you cannot *punish* him unless you close with him. Your tactics are never good unless their object is to inflict the utmost loss upon the enemy—for his complete defeat is worth whatever it may cost. The loss of a few more men to-day will often save you from the loss of a far greater number afterwards.

ARTILLERY AND FORTIFICATION.

The articles under this head are comparatively few, and relate almost entirely to *field* artillery.

1. Report on the Experiments of the Swiss Commission on the New Armament for the Field Artillery.—*Int. Rev.*, August, *Beih.* 42.
2. The German Field Artillery in Switzerland.—*Int. Rev.*, August, *Suppl.* 53.
3. Artillery Armament of Organized Militia.—*Jour. Mil. Serv. Inst.*, September-October.
4. Machine Guns.—*Same.*
5. Guns and Armor.—*Army and Navy Gaz.*, Aug. 29.
6. The Vickers-Maxim Dismountable Gun.—*Scien. Amer Suppl.*, Oct. 3.
7. The Importance of Large Caliber Artillery for the Field Army.—*Int. Rev. Suppl.* 55.
8. The Border Forts in the Alps.—*Int. Rev. Beih.* 44.
9. The Modern Field Gun.—*Kriegstech. Zeit.*, 8.
10. Field Artillery Material in Switzerland.—*Same.*
11. The Explosive Schneiderite.—*Same.*
12. General Brialmont.

The *first* of these is the full official report on the subject. Its contents have been noted in previous articles in this magazine.

The *second* is a résumé of the same, as regards the adopted Krupp material.

The *third* (by Lieut. Colonel James Parker, 13th Cavalry) is a well digested article, and presents a reasonable view of an important question under the new Militia Law:

During the past few months the Secretary of War has set aside, from the militia appropriation of $2,000,000, by the Act of March 2, 1903, the sum of $700,000 for the purchase and manufacture of 3-inch rapid fire guns for the militia of the United States. This should procure about fifteen batteries of four guns each. The question of the most effective artillery armament of the militia is a most important one. As a result of the recent inspections the following has been found to be the number and kind of guns now in possession of the militia:

Gatling gun, caliber .45	75
Hotchkiss gun	9
Hotchkiss revolving gun	1
3-inch muzzle loading rifle	34
12 pounder Napoleon	41
3.2-inch B. L. rifle	73
Naval Gatling	1
Gatling gun, caliber .30	2
Colt's automatic gun	1
3-inch naval Howitzer	2
6 pounder brass gun	2
6-inch B. L. rifles	3
	244

It will be seen from this statement that a very large portion of the armament does not consist of modern guns; also, that a very large portion consists of guns useful mainly for street riot duty, or for defensive purposes against an attack of infantry.

In connection with the question of setting aside a portion of the two-million-dollar appropriation of March 2, 1903, for the purpose of purchasing batteries, the question as to the proper type of battery which should be supplied is a very important one, and is closely connected with the general question of the defense of the country. The proper maintenance by a State of a battery of artillery is a very difficult matter; it is true that the procurement of enlisted men, artificers, etc., of special qualifications for batteries is perhaps easier in the organized militia than in the regular army, and perhaps it would not be difficult in time of war to obtain good drivers for the teams, but there are many obstacles.

It is well known and has been demonstrated in recent years, that on the line of battle a very important role is filled by machine and other guns reinforcing the fire of infantry. Such guns as these can be attached to a regiment of infantry or cavalry, or they can be organized into independent batteries having for their maneuver the minimum number of horses and minimum amount of expenditure. It would seem to me that it would be a wise policy to encourage the use, by at least a part of the militia, of such guns, rather than of a gun which can only be used in time of war, and in the use of which the militia, as a rule, have not the facilities for proper training. But while it is proper that the National Guard should have a large proportion of machine guns and light guns, it is also proper that a portion, at least, of the armament should be the same as that of the Army of the United States. Therefore, the action of the government in setting aside money for this purpose is wise.

The *fourth* article, on Machine Guns, describes the methods of using the latter in the German and the Swiss armies.

The *fifth* explains itself in its title, and the following extract gives the gist of the argument:

The weight and thickness of compound armor between 1880 and 1893 necessarily limited the area of the armored surfaces, with the result that the secondary batteries were but slightly protected, or not protected at all. Then came Harveyed armor as a retort to high explosive shell, and, in the British navy, the Majestic class were the first ships thus protected. In their turn, Harveyed plates have yielded to the Krupp, so that the latest tables of armor penetration are based upon the resisting powers of the latter. The relative value of 6-in. and 7.5-in. guns when employed against armor may here be shown:

Gun.	Muzzle Velocity.	Penetration (3,000 yards).	4,000 yards.
7.5-in.	2,700	6.5-in. K.C.S. armor	5.5-in.
6-in.	2,640	4.25-in. K.C.S. armor	3.5-in.

Here the penetrations are for direct hits, but glancing impacts need not be considered, and the immensely superior effects of the 7.5-in. gun fire will be apparent. If actions are to be fought at long range, and naval officers agree that the range will rarely decline to 2,000 yards, of what value will be the 6-in. quick firer against modern protection? At 3,000 yards' range, on the other hand, an A.P. shot from the 7.5-in. gun can penetrate 6½ in. of K.C.W. armor, which implies, undoubtedly, that the men behind far too many of our secondary batteries would be destroyed at long ranges. * * * It is a question whether the 6-in should not be replaced by the 7.5-in., which could at least get A.P. shot through a 6-in. Krupp plate at 3,000 yards, and would in all probability get shell through as well—at any rate, in the case of N.C. plates.

The *sixth* describes a new gun:

The English firm of Vickers' Sons & Maxim has recently brought out a 12½-pound dismountable gun for disembarkations and mountain service which is characterized by an extra light tube reinforced in front by a wide hoop, and in the rear by a winding of steel wire. Since so light a gun might exert too violent reactions upon the carriage, it is provided with a jacket designed to diminish the velocity of the recoil. In this way, the English engineers have succeeded in making a gun formed of two parts, the weight of which is as reduced as possible, and yet which is capable of firing a 12½-pound projectile at a velocity of 1,438 feet a second.

The dismountable gun may be carried either by men for disembarkations or on muleback for mountain service For carriage by men there are seven loads requiring two men each (1) The gun tube; (2) the jacket and breech plug; (3) the carriage; (4) the breech mechanism, pointing screw, brake, cords, swab, pointing lever, etc.; (5) carriage axle; (6) carriage wheels; (7) ammunition boxes. The total weight to be carried is about 1,200 pounds, and the different loads vary between 120 and 220 pounds.

The carriage by muleback comprises five loads, thus distributed: (1) Tube and tools; (2) jacket, nut, breech mechanism, pointing screw, and swab; (3)

carriage, spare tools, and pointing lever; (4) axle, wheels and carts; (5) ammunition boxes. Taking into account the weight of the mules and harness, the total weight to be carried is 1,500 pounds. The weight of each load varies between 268 and 340 pounds.

Such weights are somewhat excessive for the men as well as for the mules, especially when we consider that the piece is designed to be employed for colonial service. Another criticism to be made of the new gun, which is so remarkable in many respects, is that it is not a rapid-fire one. This is a disadvantage that might limit its career, for it would seem as if rapid-fire guns are destined to be employed in the future almost exclusively, and that any weapon not possessing this quality will be of but little use in the warfare of the twentieth century.

The *seventh* is an able article on a subject of grave interest at present.

The *eighth* is a strategical and tactical study of the Alps as a barrier, taking into consideration the forts recently built to strengthen the natural position. It is altogether an excellent essay on the subject.

The *ninth* is a technical paper on the questions of the kind of projectile and the caliber most suitable for the new field guns, and is very instructive.

The new explosive *Schneiderite* is the property of Messrs. Schneider & Cie., and is described as a yellow powder, somewhat greasy in feel, and easily compressed into an adhesive mass. In itself it is perfectly safe and non-explosive, and is only converted into an explosive by the action of a special igniter at the instant of explosion. It stands heavy shocks, can be burned with difficulty only in an open fire, and is extinguished at once when removed from the latter. It is hygroscopic, however, and hence requires care in storing, but should it get damp it can be readily dried in the sun or in an oven. Extensive experiments have been made with it by the French government as well as by Messrs. Schneider & Cie. at their firing grounds at Harfleur, near Havre, and the results were very satisfactory.

The article on *General Brialmont*, the great Belgian military engineer, who died July 21, 1903, is a brief account of his life and work, especially in the domain of Fortification.

WARSHIPS.

1. Battleship or Cruiser?—*Int. Rev.*, August, *Suppl.* 53.
2. Supplementary Plans of Modern Battleships.—*Army and Navy Register*, August 22.
3. Admiral Melville on the German Navy.—*Int. Rev.*, August *Suppl.* 53.
4. Construction of Submarines in England.—*Int. Rev.*, August.

5. The French Battleship Carnot (illustration).—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, August.

6. Run of the Kearsarge over the Atlantic.—*Same.*

7. A Warship for Transporting a Military Balloon.—*Rev. du Cercle Mil.*, August 15.

8. Changes in the World's Navies.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, August.

9. The French Naval Program of 1900-1906.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, Sept.

10. Naval Ordnance Work.—*Same.*

11. The Development of Modern Navy Yards.—*Int. Rev. Suppl.* 55.

The *first* of these articles discusses the question as to which is considered the more important, the Battleship or the Cruiser, in France, in England and in the United States.

The *second* will be explained by the following extract:

> In view of the intricate subdivisions and the complicated character of a modern battleship, there is urgent need of plans that can be readily understood by the enlisted men on board. In the German navy this is supplied by their skeleton models, every ship having such a model on board for the instruction of the crew.
>
> Commander W. H. Beehler, commanding the U. S. S. Monterey, fully realized the needs of these skeleton models for the United States Navy from what he had seen of them in the German navy while he was naval attaché, and from time to time he pointed out their necessity, but there are so many things required for the modern navy which were not needed in the old navy that it has been difficult to create the demand for these models in the navy. The bureau of construction has always been most zealous to provide everything that may be demanded for the efficiency of the magnificent ships the bureau has designed and built for the navy, but these models are expensive to build and it seemed a waste of money to construct them. The models that are sent to St. Louis and other great exhibitions are useful to give the public an idea of a modern battleship; these are expensive toys, some cost over $10,000, and contribute nothing to the efficiency of the ships they represent; but skeletons or "supplementary plans" show the interior economy of these ships and teach the officers and crew how to handle the weapon in which they are to fight. No one who has ever seen such a skeleton model can doubt its absolute necessity. President Roosevelt said that he thought the United States Navy had such a model in every ship, so that there can be no doubt that as soon as the attention of the service is called to this feature the necessary arrangements will soon follow for the construction of such skeleton models for every ship in the navy.

The *seventh* is an article on a novel warship recently bought by Sweden. It is to carry a large military balloon, manufactured at Augsburg, Germany, and is to be used as an auxiliary in coast defense.

All the machinery necessary for manipulating the balloon is arranged on board, as well as that for making the necessary hydrogen. The vessel is to be towed by a tug to the point where an ascension is contemplated.

The *ninth* is a study by M. de Lanessan, late Minister of Marine, and well worth careful study.

The *tenth* is a résumé of Admiral O'Neil's Annual Report, originally printed in the *Army and Navy Journal*. This report is sufficiently well known to our readers, but we cannot resist quoting one short paragraph as of special importance:

> The most interesting event during the year in connection with projectiles is the development by the Firth-Sterling Steel Company of a new type of shell, having the perforating power of the regular armor-piercing projectile with the capacity for a large bursting charge. The requirements for these shells on test are that at a prescribed velocity they shall completely perforate, unbroken, a plate of hard-faced armor a caliber in thickness, and then be in condition for effective bursting. A number of shells of this description have been ordered, and the first three lots have successfully passed the requirements. These shells are fitted with soft caps.

SMALL ARMS AND EQUIPMENT.

But four articles on this subject are noted:

1. Infantry Equipment.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, August.

This traces the history of the subject in the British Army, but offers nothing new.

2. The Small Arms in the South African War.—*Kriegstech. Zeit.*, 8.

3. The British Service Rifle.—*Same.*

4. The Service Rifle.—*Ind. Vol. Rec.*, Aug 31.

In the last article the following is of interest:

The following letter appears in the *Times*:

> SIR: In the international contest at Bisley for the Palma Trophy America took first place with an improved Krag-Jorgensen rifle. In the only two reports of the match which I have seen the victory of the American team has been ascribed to the superiority of the American service weapon over the Lee-Metford used by their English competitors. I suppose this view may be accepted as sound and not merely as the pretext of a fond but foolish vanity, since I observe that in a subsequent contest two of the same English competitors took first and second place, whilst the third place only fell to one of the American marksmen. But upon this latter occasion it is to be noted that the winning Englishmen used not the Lee-Metford, the service arm of England, but the Mannlicher rifle, which in the hands of the Boers proved so formidable and deadly a weapon.

* * * * * * * *

The importance of simplicity is very great. The soldier, I believe, when he has nothing better to do, is much given to fiddling with his rifle and taking it to pieces, as a child might a curious toy in which he is deeply interested, with the result that screws and bolts or any other small removable parts of the weapon are apt to be dropped and to go amissing. How troublesome such accidents may be on a campaign only a soldier, I suppose, can tell. Provision must be made for them, and upon an emergency the provision may not be at hand. Now in this respect the superiority of the Krag-Jorgensen rifle as a service arm is obvious. The solid and simple mechanism of its breech-block and the paucity of screws employed in the whole construction of the weapon reduce the possibility of such accidents to a minimum. The action of the magazine also has points of advantage that cannot escape the observation of experts, whilst by an admirably facile movement the arm may be transformed at a moment's notice from a repeating to a single-fire rifle, a feature that lends itself to economy of ammunition. In addition to these striking advantages, it would appear from the Palma Trophy match that the Krag-Jorgensen is superior to the Lee-Metford in precision.

MILITARY GEOGRAPHY.

1. Notes on Luzon.—*Journal Mil. Serv. Inst.*, September-October.

2. The New Cuban Telegraphic Service.—*Scien. Amer. Suppl.*, August 22.

3. German Ambitions.—*Army and Navy Jour.*, August 29.

4. Canal *des Deux-Mers.*—*Rev. du Cercle Mil.*, Aug. 22 to Sept. 6.

The *first* of these is an interesting account of personal experiences and observations, and makes a readable and entertaining paper.

The *second* is an article illustrating some of the general good resulting from our late war:

Few factors in the civilization of our day are so important as the telegraphic service, and the efficiency of that service is an index of the development of a people. The Spanish rule in Cuba was not conducive to the highest development of the resources of the island, and the means of communication between its different portions were so poor that there was little or no traffic, even between the most important cities. This was true, not only in regard to roads and railroads, but the telegraphic system as well, for the latter was antiquated and inefficient, besides being extremely limited in extent.

When the island passed into American control in 1898, the telegraph lines were found to be in a most deplorable condition. In most of the provinces they were completely destroyed, either by the war or by sheer neglect, and in the provinces in which the lines were still operative, they were so much out of repair as to demand reconstruction. Under the Spanish government, the postal and telegraph services constituted a bureau known as the "Cuerpo de Comunicaciones," under the department of public works, and one of the first and most difficult tasks of the provisional government was to arrange for the separation of the postal service from the telegraphic, and provide for the reorganization of each on the plan pursued in the United States.

The signal corps of the army was assigned control of the telegraph system, and the burden of reorganization fell on it. The few lines in working order were not merely dilapidated, but were equipped with the old-fashioned open-circuit tape instruments that had been abandoned in the United States in the early days of telegraphy. The messages were relayed or handled at very short intervals, and the feat of sending a through message from Havana to Santiago had never been accomplished. The lines were often unserviceable for thirty hours or more at a time, and for all points east of Sancti Spiritus, a point that could rarely be reached, messages had to be sent over commercial submarine cables at a cost of from fifteen to thirty cents a word, according to the distance.

In anticipation of the military occupation, materials for the construction of 500 miles of telegraph line, and 5,000 poles, had been collected by the signal corps of the United States Army, at the supply depot established at Savannah, Ga.

The work was steadily extended and improved, until the length of the wires in operation on the island amounted to about 3,500 miles, and the equipment was equal to any in the world. In addition, important points were connected by telephone, and every important seaport on the island was electrically connected. The government cables were repaired or replaced, and new cables laid where the best interests of the people demanded it. On May 20, 1902, when the military occupation ceased, there were 90 offices open for business, with 316 employes, of whom 144 were operators, 41 were messengers, and 109 were engaged in maintenance of lines. Eighty-two per cent. of the employes were Cubans.

The best commentary on the improved service is the increased use made of it. At the end of the first six months, January to June, 1899, the commercial income amounted to $9,746.90, and the official business, estimated at commercial rates, amounted to $84,966.73. By June 30, 1900, the commercial business had increased to $57,712.13, and the official business to $134,974.86, and during the ten months from July, 1901, to May, 1902, the commercial receipts were $88,-324.56, and the official work represented a valuation of $127,974.41. The figures are startling, and the highest praise is due to Captain Otto A. Nesmith, United States Signal Corps, to whose skill and diligence this wonderful success is due.

The *third* article is one that should be carefully taken to heart and considered in an unprejudiced way, for it treats of a subject of vital importance to us.

We have space for but a few extracts:

In reviewing the world events of the last five years the careful observer cannot overlook the fact that the British war with the Boers and the American war with Spain have served as pretexts for an impressive manifestation of German purpose and policy. The British campaign in South Africa was vigorously denounced in Germany as a campaign of usurpation and massacre. The attitude of the German squadron in Manila Bay after Admiral Dewey had destroyed the Spanish fleet was for a time an attitude of obstruction and protest against the American program in the Philippines. These demonstrations of German opposition were indignantly resented in England and America. The feeling in both countries was that Germany had attempted to interfere in com-

plications in which she was in no way concerned, and it was broadly hinted that she should mind her own business. Then followed an interval of conciliation on the part of Germany. England was assured that there was not the shadow of a desire in Berlin to embarrass her campaign in the Transvaal, and the United States was given to understand that the conduct of the German admiral in Manila Bay was all due to a misunderstanding, and that there was no purpose whatever to obstruct American operations in the islands.

Yet the conditions in Germany were then and are now such that none but the idlest dreamer can allow himself to be deluded by the fantastic vision of indestructible peace. Intellectually, politically and industrially, Germany is advancing by leaps and bounds. Within a decade she has become a powerful competitor of England and the United States in manufacturing enterprise. In six or eight years she has taken a place among the great naval powers of the world, her set purpose being that by 1920 she shall rank as second or third on the list. Her industrial development has outstripped her consumptive capacity, so that with sixty millions of population and a yearly increase of eight hundred thousand in a territory smaller than the State of Texas, she is under the dire necessity of seeking outside markets for her products. That, of course, means colonies. These she seeks in Asia, where Russia and Great Britain are ready to contend with her for the mastery, and in South America, where the United States, as recent events have shown, will always have to be reckoned with on the conditions of the Monroe Doctrine.

Germany needs colonies, and for her "South America is the land of the future." In studying her ambitions there are certain qualities of the German mind which must be taken into account. Madame de Stael said: "Thinking calms men of other nations, but it inflames the German," and Nietzsche predicted that "the German Empire will destroy the German mind." The resolute self-confidence of the German is a factor of enormous importance in movements affecting the destiny of the empire.

MILITARY HYGIENE.

1 Medical Service on the Battle-field.—*Int. Rev.*, July, *Suppl.* 52.

2. New Sterilizing Filter.—*Army and Navy Reg.*, August 22.

3. The Comparative Mortality of the French and German Armies between 1888 and 1900.—*Jour. Royal Unit. Serv. Inst.*, August.

4. Report of the Surgeon General.—*Army and Navy Reg.*, Oct. 10; *Army and Navy Jour.*, Oct. 10.

MILITARY TOPOGRAPHY AND ENGINEERING.

1. Military Graphics (Prof. Larned, West Point).—*Jour. Mil. Serv. Inst.*, September-October.

2. Military Road-making in Mindanao.—*Same.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

1. War Correspondents.—*Army and Navy Gazette*, August 22.

The article on "War Correspondents" is particularly interesting, and we present it here almost in full, for it is worthy of careful con-

sideration, as foreshadowing the probable future policy of all military commanders-in-chief:

Lord Kitchener's recent orders with regard to the future treatment of war correspondents and the demand to be made for preliminary deposit to cover cost of rations and so forth have caused no little dissatisfaction in the press. Many of our contemporaries have animadverted strongly upon the evident intention of the military authorities to limit journalistic enterprise and curb the energies of their representatives at the front This is plainly foreshadowed, indeed, and practically it has been decided that in coming wars the chief correspondent of the public will be the commander-in-chief himself. He will not act in person, of course, but by deputy, some staff officer of high rank, who will be responsible in the first instance to his general, and next to the public's eager hunger for news. * * *

It is difficut to see the objections to this, while the advantages are manifest, and will be admitted surely by the press. In the first place, the proprietors will be spared that often extravagant outlay entailed by keen competition among them to provide the earliest news, a game that cannot always be worth the candle. In the second, there will be no reason to dread premature or inconvenient disclosures. Although they are governed nowadays by the censorship, mischief has nevertheless been done and might be repeated. As a matter of fact, the true function of the war correspondent is not to provide the very earliest information, but to give those abundant details that will convey to the public a true picture of what has already occurred and has been briefly made known. The press has, however, long arrogated to itself a position that it cannot quite justify, that of the stern, independent critic of the business in hand, *ex cathedra* comments upon the scope of operations, the direction and intention of projected movements, and the open, often hasty expression of opinion conveying praise or blame. Such judgment, which with the best intentions must still be irresponsible, based upon imperfect knowledge, is calculated both to mislead and unduly agitate the public, who cannot possibly follow the fortunes of a campaign from hour to hour with any accuracy or satisfaction. No doubt there have been occasions when the war correspondents have been most useful. When means are inadequate through lack of previous preparation or apathetic attitude of the government at home or the generals on the spot, the protests raised and the graphic pictures drawn have served to stimulate attention and arouse the public to a true appreciation of the situation. But they are apt to have the evil effect of exaggerating trouble and weakening the hands of those who have to conduct affairs on the spot.

SERVICE SALAD.

Readers of the "United Service," are cordially invited to contribute to this department items of either fact or fancy, grave or gay, instructive or only entertaining; in short, any literary flotsam and jetsam likely to interest our subscribers.

OLD "PENNSYLVANIA."

Launching of the Warship at Philadelphia in 1837.

In view of the expected launching of the magnificent first-class armored cruiser Pennsylvania on Saturday, August 22, I am asked to describe what I witnessed on July 18, 1837, the giving of the first great warship of that name at our noble city of Philadelphia to the element which she was designed to rule.

The wooden line-of-battle ship Pennsylvania was the largest and most heavily equipped that had been built up to her time, and none ever built in that era of naval construction surpassed her in size. Her mainmast, from keelson to truck on the royal mast, was over 250 feet in length, the tallest ever created; and her fore and mizzen masts were in due proportion. She was intended to outdo the English in size and armament, and she did, arousing their envy in a remarkable degree and inciting them to wondrous emulative efforts. But unfortunately, while in construction and appointments the old Pennsylvania was without a rival, an error had been made in her armament, which was found to be too great for her structural strength. She never went to sea except once, and then only to go from Delaware River to the Norfolk Navy Yard, where it was decided, after a survey, that she was not fit to be put in active commission, and she was held there as a receiving ship until the Civil War. When it was deemed necessary to abandon the navy yard at Portsmouth, Va., this great ship, together with $7,000,000 of other naval property, was burned by order of the commandant, McCauley, and I have always believed that the sacrifice of the Pennsylvania was needless, as the enemy could not in her then condition have used her for active service and later she might have again been under the Union flag.

Of all the officers who sailed in the old Pennsylvania in November, 1837, from Philadelphia for Norfolk, not one survives, and I am, I believe, the only man later a midshipman (October, 1841) who was present at her launching. Commodore Charles Stewart was in command on her first and only voyage. Among his officers, Lieut. John M. Dale, Edmund Byrne, John Marston, Jr., Thompson D. Shaw and Laurence Pennington, Sailing Master R. S. Tattem and several others were Philadelphians. John M. Dale was a son of the Dale who fought in the War of 1812. Edmund Byrne was the second of Lieut. "Alvarado" Hunter of the navy in the duel in which the latter killed a young man named Charles Miller, near Darby. The deadly encounter arose out of a controversy over a certain lady in an oyster saloon in the old Arcade, Philadelphia. It was the

sensation of the hour, and is still talked of among gray-haired clubmen. A son of John Marston is the agent of the New England Insurance Company, with an office in the Bullitt Building.

When the Pennsylvania was launched she was the topic of all tongues. There is no describing with any adequacy the interest and excitement with which her completion was attended. For fifteen years she had been upon the stocks in the old navy yard at the foot of Washington avenue, on the Delaware. The country then, as before and during the War of 1812, was divided, in relation to the policy toward Great Britain, into two parties. The Eastern States were against increasing the navy, and several big warships, among them the Vermont, were rotting away in an unfinished state. The Pennsylvania herself had begun to rot when Democratic leaders in Congress, among them the Hon. Joel B. Sutherland, and other eminent citizens of Philadelphia went to work and procured appropriations to complete her. Like the new Pennsylvania, she was built of Pennsylvania material and with Pennsylvania labor.

This fact, coupled with the continued bitterness toward England and reports of pirates off our coast, may account for the intense feeling of expectancy which preceded her launching. I was then a lad of only thirteen years, but I managed to be present at the event, and in a position of vantage in the immense shiphouse in which she had lain so long. Her size was regarded as stupendous, and it was considered wonderful that a great portion of her 300 feet of length should protrude from the extensive structure which had been erected especially to shield her from the weather.

The spectacle of the multitude assembled and of the hundreds of vessels, big and little, decorated in honor of the occasion, is one the like of which, it is probable, will never be witnessed again. In picturesqueness, I am convinced that the launchings of to-day, great and magnificent as are the ships, are as nothing to it. The river was covered with craft and its shores with people. The old Macedonian, of glorious memory, was, I think, at the navy yard. The new leviathan of 3,500 tons, and designed for a ship's company of some 1,200 persons, was an object of some apprehension even to her makers. It was feared that when she slid into the water she would make such a violent commotion as to swamp many of the smaller vessels there. There was no steam tug, as in these days, to take possession of her as soon as she was well off the ways and tow her inshore. Many fathoms of huge hawsers were therefore provided to check her eagerness to seek her destined element, and all along the edge of the water marines were stationed to keep back the people out of harm's way. Only a fortunate few could get near enough to her to see the whole process of her release from the stocks. Yet for days before the launching people had driven into the city from places distant fifty miles or more, many of them crowded uncomfortably into the famed Conestoga wagons in which they had patiently journeyed. The navy yard was surrounded by a brick wall, and below it a canal crossed the "Neck" from Schuylkill to Delaware. Beyond that was an open, marshy country.

Commodore Biddle in christening the Pennsylvania smashed a bottle of good old ship's grog against the big figurehead of Hercules at the bow, instead of using champagne. At least so it was said. At that time grog was a daily ration in the navy.

I cannot better fill out the picture of the scene on that day from which I received an irresistible impulse to enter the navy than by quoting from delphia gentleman of distinction who was present:

"For several hours the streets near the Delaware from Kensington to the navy yard presented an interchangeable stream of foot passengers of all ages. Scores of omnibuses and vehicles of every description were seen going in one direction. Toward the middle of the day the shops and stores suspended business, and some of the streets with their closed houses had the appearance of a quiet Sunday. When the gates of the navy yard opened the thousands besieging them all rushed in, but were doomed to disappointment, as the goal of their hopes was guarded by marines who prevented access to the interior of the shiphouse.

"When we entered it the scene was rather quiet than otherwise. All had been prepared for the launch and the stalwart forms of the shipbuilders were stretched listlessly along the keel of the vessel, waiting for the moment when they should knock away the beams along her sides. Mr. Samuel Humphrey, the architect and chief superintendent of the launch, was coolly engaged at his post, giving directions. He expressed to us his entire confidence in the success of the launch. The channel had been deepened and equilibrium of the vessel ascertained with mathematical precision, and all that was wanting for the final slide was the flood tide. On ascending to the deck, not many visitors were there, and but few officers in uniform. It was right that the number of persons should have been limited—the increased weight to the ship resulting from a crowd might have marred the perfect launch, and, by creating a great swell, have been fatal to some of the small craft with which the river abounded. Indeed, such accidents to the pleasure boats were anticipated by the naval gentlemen present. The German band of musicians was on board and made the shiphouse echo with strains of martial music.

"On going to the stern of the vessel and looking from the height upon the river and the contiguous shores, the most lively and exhilarating scene we ever beheld was presented to our view. The sun shone with meridian splendor upon the surface of the river, which was scarcely agitated by a single ripple, while its tide was nearly imperceptible. Had we not had evidence to the contrary, we should have supposed that the entire population was on the water. Vessels of every size, weight, form and pretension were coursing to and fro or lying motionless in the stream. Each and all were filled with gay groups and decked with Stars and Stripes. The steamboats were crowded with passengers on every deck, and at every cabin window and on spars and masts were clustered countless human forms, thick as autumnal pigeons in an American forest.

"But what we most admired, next to the bright eyes and fair forms that we everywhere encountered, were the boat clubs. They were the poetry of the scene. Resting on the waters light as a snowflake, they shot in every direction, impelled by the strong arms and practiced stroke of their youthful crews, who appeared in every national and peculiar garb, from the exquisite holiday dress of the sailor, with neat pumps and hundreds of shining buttons and petit hats, to that of modern Greeks, with skull caps and glittering scarfs of gay embroidery; or as painted and feathered savages. We noticed one fairly little skiff, facetiously termed John Swift, after our

worthy mayor, and her nautical prowess justified her name. The decorations of this fancy craft were appropriate and elegant; miniature flags, silken and velvet draperies, golden fringes and bright coloring distinguished them all.

"Casting our eyes toward the Jersey shore, at the distance of a mile, we saw thousands along its shores and at every elevated point which promised a fair view. The island opposite the city had its full number of gazers at the scene. On this side of the river the crowd was truly vast and imposing. Every housetop for whole squares was darkened with human forms. Temporary balconies and stands in every direction contained their crowded thousands, and every window that afforded a view was occupied. The navy yard and public storehouses were filled, and the wharves presented a dense mass of spectators. The multitude was estimated at the lowest calculation to comprise 100,000 persons. A friend beside me who had served under Napoleon said that the number exceeded that of the latter's 'Grande Armée.'

"While enjoying this unequalled scene we had almost forgotten how soon the 'Oak Leviathan' was to be released from her long imprisonment. Two cannon, discharged in rapid succession, told in a voice not to be misunderstood that in ten minutes the launch would take place. The sturdy shipwrights had already quit their repose, and with ponderous strokes were knocking away the beams supporting the vessel. Some three hundred men lent their strength to the work of liberating her, and the echoing blows were fast dying away, for the still more welcome blows of the battering ram were now being sent with greater force against the bows.

"Instantly there was great agitation throughout the multitude. We could see its effect in the sister State of New Jersey. No time was to be lost. The boats that had been darting in defiance past the chained monster now shot to a place of safety. All the vessels, great and small, formed two vast dense lines, extending far toward the opposite shore, so as to permit the Pennsylvania to slide between them.

"If the scene had been charming before, it was now majestically beautiful. The crowd on either shore ceased to move, all being anxiously silent and still at their places. The vessels on the river had ceased to move. Looking through the long line of floating habitations, it seemed as if there were a city on the waves, with all degrees of loveliness and pride, from the tiny sails of the fishing smack to the masts and spars of the merchantmen.

"But the quietness of the scene was short lived. In an instant the great ship was started into life. The cry 'She moves!' arose from a hundred thousand lips. A hundred thousand pairs of eyes fed upon the sight. The band struck up the national hymn, the cannon roared, the thousands on ship and shore again and again iterated their glad and mutual huzzas as she met the element. Commodore Biddle, seated at the giant figurehead of the Hercules, gave her the name 'Pennsylvania' with the appropriate ceremonies. Her descent was very slight, the swell of the river gentle, and with one proud bound, that seemed to a landsman like the rolling of a world, she sat erect on the bosom of the Delaware and sailed like a queen of the waves between the double lines

of subject boats to receive their homage. So perfectly easy was the launch that from the instant she touched the water till she floated on its level surface was but five and twenty seconds. The roaring of the cannon had ceased, but the acclamations continued. As each steamboat and vessel neared her she was cheered vociferously, and those on board responded with equal cordiality.

"The Pennsylvania is admired as possessing the qualities of capacity, strength and fast sailing. She is a splendid specimen of the science of naval architecture of the present day, although commenced fifteen years ago. She is very properly an object of pride to the mechanical workers of Philadelphia. She is pierced for 136 guns, 32-pounders and cannonades, and will be the most formidable ship afloat. It was highly appropriate that Commodore Biddle, a Philadelphian, should have the honor of naming her. The launch was considered technically perfect. The able assistants of Mr. Humphrey were Mr. Hart, naval constructor of the navy yard at New York, and Mr. John Lenthall, naval constructor of this city, who is a pupil of Mr. Humphrey. The architect is of this city, as well as Mr. James Keen, who built her. On the occasion of the launch Commander McCauley and Lieutenants Ritchie and Pennington had charge of the ship. All these gentlemen are Philadelphians. Commodore Stewart, commandant of the navy yard, and Capt. Reed were among the distinguished officers on board.

Such was the first line-of-battle ship Pennsylvania. She was the greatest of her kind, and excited legitimate wonder. Of course, we did not dream of iron-clad ships when she was launched, much less of battle monsters constructed entirely of iron and steel. But the complete line-of-battle ship, wooden though she was, was a splendid thing. The martial equipment of the decks impressed one especially. There were the battle axes and pikes and grappling irons, and all the paraphernalia of fierce hand-to-hand warfare.

Yet I must say that, in contrast with all that, the modern cruisers and battleships are to us old grayheads like an Aladdin's dream. Where we were equipped to kill one man, they are designed to slay hundreds, provided the projectile strikes. My own impression, however, is that there will never be more than one or two serious engagements between such ships in any war. In other words, I would not be surprised if the first fight were the last one. Our chief destructive power will reside in submarine boats, or at least in some kind of vessel that will not cost $6,000,000 of $7,000,000 each to build and equip. I think that most of the older navy officers agree in that.

The navy of to-day cannot afford to dispense as early as, in many cases, it has been doing with the services of hale and energetic officers who served in the old navy. There is, for instance, Rear-Admiral Melville, who is about to retire because of the legal limit of age. There is no man living, I believe, more fitted to exercise a responsible and broad command than he. Why should he be put upon the shelf? The country needs him, because he can give her such service as none other can. His first step from an apprentice at the machine works in Brooklyn to the post of assistant engineer in the navy, at the commencement of the Civil War, and his advancement to his present high rank of engineer-in-chief of the navy truly show a rec-

ord of unequalled brilliancy, either on sea or shore duty, and no one is better equipped as commandant to make League Island what it naturally should be—the greatest naval station in the United States. It would be well if the two regular grades of admiral and vice-admiral were created in our navy, if only for the retention in active service, in a more or less advisory capacity, of such men as Melville and a few others. The grade of Admiral does not now exist except for the lifetime of Dewey, who well deserves his position under present regulations, and rear-admirals are becoming quite as plentiful as the leaves in Vallombrosa. It is not a good way to weed out the service—the promotion of men upon their retirement—and it is far from wise to make an indiscriminate application of a rule of retirement to men of ripe age, who yet are more vigorous and capable intellectually than hundreds of their juniors, though the latter may arrive eventually through the irony of political promotion to a much higher rank than theirs.—*Commodore L. P. Ashmead, in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

HAUNTED.

(From Le Figaro.)

It was in the Bay of Toulon, on board the Russian frigate Livadia.

While in the company of several French naval officers, I made the acquaintance of some officers belonging to the Russian man-of-war; and the latter had invited me, the only civilian at the party, to the banquet in honor of my friends of the squadron.

The Russians are strong-headed drinkers, as everybody knows; but their officers particularly maintain the national reputation in this respect; and it is well understood among French naval folk that an invitation to visit any of the Czar's vessels means to indulge in libations that will be talked of for a long time. It is true, of course, that these things happen among respectable, well educated men, without any noise, and as discreetly as possible. Sentries are stationed at the doors with orders to prevent any one from entering; and everybody drinks until he cannot drink any more.

On the evening referred to things went on in the usual style. The banquet had been exquisite, and was admirably served; the company had eaten a great deal, drunk a great deal, and talked a great deal more. Very agreeably, too. The French language passing through Russian lips takes a charming odd accent which delighted me; and all those officers spoke French as fluently as any *boulevardin*. They were all good natured and witty. They were all men of refinement also. In that race refinement has a special mark, a charm of aristocratic courtesy which never fails to attract. It is because in Russia the all-equalizing level of rising democracy has not yet reached the upper classes as it has done elsewhere.

The stewards in black dress-coats and white cravats, never stopped filling the glasses with champagne. Champagne is the favorite wine of the Russians. They drink it, not by sips, as it is polite to do among us, nor even as it is drunk *in cabinet particulier*—when the wine "flows in torrents," to use a hackneyed phrase—but as really robust drinkers only can drink it; throwing back the head and emptying the glass at one movement. It was thus they drank it on board the Livadia; and the stewards were kept busy replenishing the glasses.

There were plenty of liquors—*La*

Fine and Kummel, served in port wine glasses, but all preferred champagne, especially my neighbor. The amount of Möet which that officer absorbed was absolutely extraordinary.

He was a very handsome young man—very tall also, and very strong—with fair hair and blue eyes, steel blue eyes, which lighted up at certain moments with a cold flame. His conversation was uncommonly attractive. He knew Paris and her boulevards by heart—all the places about which all fashionable people talk, but which only the initiated ever frequent. He talked to me about the Comedie Francaise and the Eden of Mme. de X—— and Mlle. Z—— in absolutely Parisian style, and in a language that would have done credit to any of our most accomplished clubmen. And in the meantime glasses succeeded glasses. He would hold his glass by its thin crystal stem, extend it to the waiter, and the golden fluid would instantly disappear down his throat.

"So you leave for Paris to-morrow?" he asked. "I was to leave," I replied, "but I postponed my departure to be present at the torpedo maneuvers of the squadron."

He started—a bright light shone in his eyes, then a sudden thought seemed to throw him into a deep study.

"Then you are really interested in torpedoes?" he asked, after a few moments.

"Yes," I replied. "The torpedo is so terrible a weapon. It is making the whole world anxious just at present; everybody is talking about it."

"Oh! indeed! * * * Well, see here. Nobody in the world can talk to you about it as I can—nobody."

He leaned forward upon his elbows, apparently buried in thought. Then, all of a sudden, he asked me:

"Did you ever hear about the use of torpedoes during the Turco-Russian War?"

"Certainly."

"It was I that blew up that Turkish man-of-war."

He emphasized each word, and watched my face closely, as if to seize the impression his was creating.

"You?"

"It was a horrible thing,—was it not? A horrible thing?"

Again he lapsed into silence a moment, then he continued:

"Oh, what would I not give never to have done that! * * * You admire me! * * * I have heard too much praise about it; I have been too often told that I was a hero—yes, a hero. I got rewards, decorations, promotions. * * * Well, I would give all I have, and I do not know how much more also, never to have done that thing. * * * Listen, I am going to tell you how it happened." And he began, evidently not so much with an idea of interesting me, as of clearing his mind by making me his confidant.

"It was on the Danube, you will remember. * * * For several days we had remained anchored near the Turkish flotilla—a few kilometers only from it, but hidden from each other by the curves of the river. You would almost have called it a sea, it is so broad and deep at that particular point. We watched each other pretty closely; we were well upon our guard. But maneuvering was difficult there, on account of sand bars; and a surprise was really not to be feared at all. Still, we all expected to be attacked by the Turks, who were far the most numerous and better armed. They did not come. Then we made up our minds to attack them with torpedoes. I was selected to command the launch that was to make the attempt. For in

those days, the torpedo was not the instrument with which you are familiar to-day. It was a much simpler affair, but also much less easy to use. The torpedo had to be placed right against the side of the vessel, and then fired with a battery, while the attacking party got away as best they could.

"I started in the middle of a dark night—black—profoundly calm, in the solemn silence of the vast plains which environed us. My men were fellows of tried courage and resolute, men on whom I could rely; and I was full of hope. Nevertheless the undertaking was a difficult one; and our commander, as he pressed my hand at the moment of our departure, saying, 'I commend you to the grace of God!' could not conceal his emotion. We had either to succeed, or * * * Indeed, if the Turks observed the attempt in time the chances were that none of us could escape. But, for all that, I only felt a thrill of pleasure. Think of it, think of it, trying a new system of attack, inaugurating a revolution in the navy. And then, again, if we succeeded, what a result. * * * The idea of destroying a great man-of-war with such a boat.

"The oars were wrapped with tow; we made no noise as we proceeded. Finally I could distinguish the Turkish flotilla. The admiral's vessel was in front, in the first line. Its enormous masts made a great black shadow against the still water. * * * It was the flagship I had selected for attack; there was no sound, absolutely none. They never suspected anything; they never dreamed of any danger. And they had scarcely any lights. They were anchored there, in the most peaceful, unsuspecting way possible.

"We approached. * * * At that moment I felt my heart beating very fast; I was certain of success. My men rowed on swiftly, silently; without one false movement; without a breath. We came right close to them; and still they had observed nothing. I fixed the torpedo. * * * Oh! when I pushed it against the side of the ship, what a furious joy I felt. I would have liked to yell at them, to taunt them, but the job was not yet finished. We turned around, the sailors all bent to their oars, and a few vigorous sweeps sent us at a safe distance from the Turk. Then, all of a sudden, there was a terrible turmoil on board the ship, * * * a terrible outburst of noise. The sentinels uttered frightful cries. 'Torpedo!' they shouted in their language—'torpedo!'

"I must tell you that the Turks, knowing very little about torpedoes, had the most fearful fancies concerning them. A torpedo was, to their imagination, a fantastic engine of death and destruction. It was, indeed! in very fact! * * * They did not even have presence of mind enough to fire on our boat when we were still only a cable's length distant; and the moment I found we were at the strictly necessary distance, I let loose the electric current, and immediately a cry went up—horrible, superhuman. * * * Oh! that cry!—no, no, you could never conceive anything like it! I am brave—you can believe me in that! I am afraid of nothing—but that cry; oh! And everything was swallowed up—everything; the ship and the crew, the officers and the sailors, simultaneously with that hideous outcry of terror, of horror! * * *"

* * *

He clasped both hands, closing his ears as in a frenzy; and his eyes, fixed by the undefaceable vision of that recollection, stared wildly before him.

"What a frightful thing!" I said, myself deeply impressed. "And were there many on board?"

"Many?—how do I know? And furthermore, what do I care? That is not the thing which torments me. * * * Destruction, death; that is war—necessary, unavoidable. The thing that terrifies me, the thing I cannot get rid of—is that hideous clamor out of the blackness! * * * It pursues me still, unceasingly. * * * Would it not have been better to have gone down with the ship? Better to die? * * * It is haunting me—never leaves me. Sometimes in the day, even in the midst of the sunlight—while everything is luminosity and life around me—I have to stop, to close my eyes, and listen to it—that horrible cry! But it is worse by night in the darkness. When any sound comes to my ears, it is not a carriage rumble that I heard, or a cow, or any other ordinary sound—no, it is the Turkish crew roaring in the darkness. * * * And it all happened years ago, a long time ago; but I cannot forget it—I will never, never be able to forget it." * * *

He paused a moment—then fixing his frightened eyes upon me asked, with a strangely suppliant tone in his voice:—

"What shall I do? * * * Tell me! —what can I possibly do? See! But no, it is impossible! never—never."

With a great effort he seemed to calm himself; but the glass slipped from his trembling hand, to shiver itself on the polished floor. A waiter hastened forward and brought another glass, which he proceeded to fill.

All possible toasts had been drunk —still the party continued to drink. Bottles of champagne were being continually emptied, and quantities of kimmel disappeared.

It was suffocatingly hot in the apartment under that iron ceiling.

They opened the side ports. A cool whiff of air rushed into our faces, a sea wind, full of keen odors, cool and refreshing. And suddenly from a neighboring ship rang out a cry — a sentry's cry — long-drawn, modulated, solemn. My neighbor, who had seemed almost unconscious, seized my arm, squeezed it hard, and bringing his face close to mine, exclaimed in a hoarse whisper:—"Do you hear it? Do you hear it?" His eyes grew larger—a wilder terror contracted his face; the fine glass he held in his hand burst into pieces between his fingers—and, letting go my arm, with a sob, he fell heavily to the floor.

MANAHIKI SOUL-SNARERS.

Strange Superstition From The Malay Peninsula.

A little while ago, while turning over some mementos of many years spent in the Pacific islands, I came across a small circle of fine cane about two inches in diameter; from the side toward the center a delicate network of fibers of some plant was constructed, leaving a small hole in the center large enough for, say, a bee to crawl through. The article weighed less than a quarter of an ounce, yet, small and harmless as it appeared, it is not so very many years ago that it and others like it were objects of deadly terror to the natives of many of the Pacific islands, particularly those of Manahiki (Humphrey Island), for the simple-looking thing was a "soul catcher"—that is, a destroyer of human life.

Manahiki is one of a group of low-lying atoll islands to the north-north-

west of Samoa, and its people to-day are about the best educated of all the Malayo-Polynesian people. They elect a king and parliament, have one of the most beautifully adorned churches in the Pacific islands and nearly all the younger members of the community can now not only speak, but read and write English. The island is—for an atoll—unusually fertile, and the people a fine, stalwart, handsome, copper-colored race. The main industries are the making of "copra" (dried cocoanut) and diving for pearl shell.

"Soul catching" in the heathen days, prior to 1863, could be and was practiced by anyone who desired revenge or the life of an enemy. Indeed, although the people were nominally Christians in 1873, it was still in vogue. The *modus operandi* is very simple: Say that two men, Rika and Tetoro, quarrel, Rika accuses Tetoro of going out into the lagoon at night time, lifting his (Rika's) fish traps and abstracting the contents. He therefore demands compensation. Tetoro denies the theft. The relatives of both men take sides and the quarrel assumes all the elements of a feud, with bloodshed. It may be that Tetoro is a man of means, of chiefly rank and influence, and treats his accuser with scorn.

"Very well," the injured Rika cries. "If I cannot get justice from you I shall snare your soul and you will die of a wasting sickness."

Tetoro, even if he is innocent, begins to feel uneasy at this threat, and, while vigorously denying the theft, offers Rika a present of a pig to end the matter. Rika's relatives at once clamor, not only for their original demands, but for the pig as well. Possibly a free fight ensues and Rika's people get badly used, and threats of "soul snaring" are heard on all sides.

Then Rika's wife makes the snare for Tetoro's soul. Taking her mat out into the village square she suspends the snare from the branches of trees, or sticks placed in the ground in such a position that she can closely watch the orifice in the center of the square. Rika's friends—male and female—come with her. They bring food, and eat it, and throw fragments under the snare to attract the flies, with which the island is infested. If but one fly crawls through the hole Tetoro is a dead man, unless he suddenly gives in and allows himself to be bled. For not only do Rika's people watch the snare, but his own as well. No one of them would dare to attempt to destroy the snare—the death of the interferer by occult power would certainly follow.

And so for hours and hours—sometimes for days—many pairs of eyes watch the little circle of cane and Tetoro and his friends are now ready to yield, but feel that still more extortionate demands may be made. Then at last a fly is seen to go through and a shout goes through the village.

"Ua hopo te lago! Ua hopo te lago!" (A fly has passed through.) Tetoro hears the cries and immediately imagines he feels ill. His wife and relatives crowd about him and try to cheer him up, but his face assumes a melancholy look, and as the time passes on he refuses his food. Perhaps he may confess that he did steal Rika's fish, and tremblingly offers to make full restitution if Rika will catch a fly and make it go through the circle from the reverse side from which the first one entered voluntarily. Usually this is done and what might have become a lasting

family feud had Tetoro died of "funk," through being bewitched, ends up by the payment of so much property to Rika, and a feast for which both parties provide the viands. —*Pall Mall Gazette.*

BOOK REVIEW.

All the World's Fighting Ships (*Naval Encyclopedia and Year Book*). Fred T. Jane, 1903. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. New York: Munn & Co. Pp. 422.

This valuable and interesting naval annual is now in its sixth year, and while each successive edition has shown marked progress, the last exhibits greater changes from its predecessor than perhaps any of the previous issues.

The most striking change exhibited by this latest issue is the marginal index, by means of which the reader can readily turn to the fleet of any particular nation. The next is the change in arrangement of the navies in the text; they are now no longer in the alphabetical order of the States, but in their order of importance or strength, at least so far as the eight principal navies is concerned, while the rest are grouped geographically. (Northern Europe, Southern Europe, Asia, South America, etc.). Finally the rating of many ships has been changed, according to a new scheme.

Some of the minor innovations are (1) the introduction at the beginning of each navy of the flags and naval ensigns (admiral's flags, etc.), (2) sketch maps of dock yards, (3) illustrations of uniforms, (4) sketches of conning towers, etc.

There are also two notable articles, viz.; *New Construction* and *Warship Engineering*, both of which are excellent studies in the world's progress in these two fields. There are also essays on the usual subjects of gunnery, torpedoes, submarines, aerostatics, strategy and tactics, naval maneuvers, etc.

The illustrations are excellent (mostly from photographs), and innumerable corrections from previous issues are noted. The silhouettes are more accurate than ever before, and constitute an excellent aid to identification of warships or their classes, as well as an interesting and valuable feature of the work in other respects.

The volume is essential to all naval vessels and coast forts, and constitutes a unique work of reference for the world's navies, in a field which is not covered by any similar work.

The Principles of Land Defence and Their Application to the Conditions of To-day. Captain H. F. Thuillier, Royal Engineers. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1902. Pp. 384.

A work on the subject, based on the most recent war experiences and involving the most advanced theoretical ideas of the latest authorities, has been needed for some time, in order to enable tacticians to appreciate the methods required to meet the conditions of to-day. The present work is radical in its views, throws aside all the old forms that have become useless, and presents the results of the most recent actual experiences, leaving nothing to be desired in the way of originality, clearness and common sense.

The *tactics* and *organisation* of fortifications for land defense are particularly considered, and this for the use of the entire army, and not alone for the technical troops,—artillery, engineers or pioneers.

The development of the subject in a historical sense is first treated, with numerous illustrations from the

sieges of various times, including the American Civil War, the Peninsular War, Plevna, Sebastopol, the Franco-German War and finally the Boer War.

The work is well illustrated by maps and diagrams, and closes with an appendix containing General Baden-Powell's Report on the Siege of Mafeking.

It is an excellent treatise, thoroughly modern in material and in spirit, and perhaps the best work on the subject now available. The views presented are the latest and best of the highest authorities, especially of the advanced school, and its study can be consciously recommended to all officers of the army. It is the most important additon to the literature of the subject that has appeared in the last quarter century.

Neue Formen der Panzer-Fortification. Von Victor Tilschkert. Vienna: L. W. Seidel & Sohn. 1902. Pp. 42.

This pamphlet, by Colonel Tilschkert of the Austrian army, contains the latest European ideas on heavy gun battery construction, and includes Sauer's, Schumann's, Leithner's, Witte's and Wagner's views, as well as Martalembert's and Maximilian's.

The new forms of armored fortifications (beautifully illustrated by large colored diagrams) comprise:

1. An armored group of 3 gun turrets (each with 2 casemate guns) and 2 motor turrets.

2. Gun turret with projecting upper part, the whole forming 2 casemates, the upper for 1 gun and 1 mitrailleuse. *Profile.*

3. Same. *Plan.*

4. 15-cm. gun turret, with concrete base. *Plan.*

5. Same. *Profile.*

6. Gun turret with 2 attached mortar turrets (all in one large turret). *Plan.*

8. Same. *Profile.*

9. Gun turret for the outer fort or keep. (This is also a type of mortar or howitzer turret.)

10. Gun turret behind the inner parapet (1 gun and 1 mitrailleuse in casemate).

11. Gun turret with two casemates. *Profile.*

The work is of value as presenting the latest European ideas on a subject which will come into plan in the defense of our coast forts on both land and sea side, and in any future land fortifications that we may need, besides being of use in studying the art of fortification in general.

J. P. W.

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A MONTHLY REVIEW OF

MILITARY AND NAVAL AFFAIRS

FOUNDED 1879

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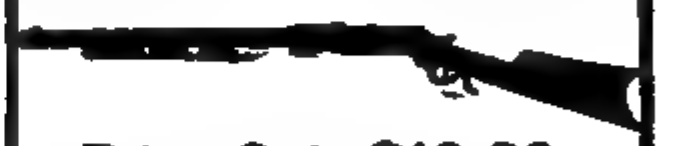

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UNITED SERVICE

EDITED BY L. R. HAMERSLY.

DECEMBER, 1903.

AN INDIAN PRINCESS.

NOT long after the confirmation of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848, a detachment of United States troops marched westward from the Rio Grande Valley along the thirty-fifth parallel, seeking a place to establish a military station for the purpose of checking, if possible, the almost constant depredations made by Navajo Indians upon the Mexican settlements on the banks of the "Bravo."

The detachment halted for awhile at Mal Pais among the lava beds, and after a period of fruitless watching at that place for the passing of predatory bands of Indians, pushed on westward. It halted next at Ojo del Oso, near the foot of the Zuni Mountains, and finally going still further west, located permanently at Fort Defiance, in cantonments built on an open plain near the eastern entrance to the famous Canon Bonito.

The place selected for the erection of the cantonments lay in the midst of the great grazing grounds of the Navajoes, over which their immense herds of horses and flocks of sheep roamed at will, feeding upon the rich grama grass indigenous to that region, and far famed for its nutritive qualities.

The Indians were much inclined to resent the location of the soldiers among them, and soon became restless and threatening. They had been at war with the Mexicans from time immemorial, and had come to regard their predatory excursions upon the Rio Grande settlements as an inherent and sacred privilege, which only their enemies would in justice be inclined to dispute. They exhibited their displeasure therefore at the presence of the soldiers in every way possible, short of actual hostilities, and became a constant source of annoyance to the troops.

The officer in command watched these indications of a coming struggle with much concern, and eventually surrounded the cantonments with a strong chain of sentinels and outposts, to provide against a possible surprise. In the mean while he employed every means within his power to conciliate the Indians and assure them of the friendship of the Americans. His efforts, however, were entirely without success, and both the troops and the Navajoes finally rested upon their arms, waiting with much anxiety for the apparently inevitable spark that would set the smouldering fires aflame.

Among the officers of the garrison, a young lieutenant, recently "joined" from the Academy at West Point, exhibited, probably, as much restlessness as the Indians themselves. He chafed incessantly at the restraints imposed upon the officers and men, confining them to the grounds about the cantonments, and longed for war, that he might "see service," or for peace, that he might indulge in visiting the Indian encampments near by, and in hunting.

The young officer possessed a remarkably fine personal appearance, and his manners were courteous and pleasing. He excelled, however, in no other direction, and had been barely able from time to time to maintain his place in his class at the Academy.

He was a dreamer and more given to speculations of a romantic character than to study or the practical affairs of every day life. His mind dwelt largely upon the wonderful adventures of impossible heroes in the world of fiction, and he dismissed as unworthy of his attention the hard earned achievements of men who had fought their way to fame in the commonplace struggles of life. He called himself "a soldier of fortune," and awaited with impatience the time when some great opportunity would thrust itself upon him that would immortalize his name.

His attention was not especially directed to the accomplishment of great deeds in the line of his profession, but rather to other fields in which his romantic tendencies could have greater play. He was accustomed to fancy that some Quixotical happenings would some day overtake him, in which he would figure as a hero, and by some personal act become possessed of great wealth and fame. Some fair princess in distress, he believed, would some time cross his path and crave his assistance, thus affording the opportunity for some great deed that would bring him untold riches and abundant honors.

These morbid impressions, born of a fertile imagination and cultivated by an extensive reading of fiction, impelled him constantly to look for impracticable results in the plain, every day affairs of his life, and to expect at least a ray of romantic coloring in whatever befell him.

The routine duties of the cantonments greatly distressed him because of the narrow field they afforded for the play of his fancies, and the common labors they imposed. He chafed incessantly over the restraints placed upon him and longed to escape to a life of greater freedom that he might hasten to meet the romantic opportunities he was sure were awaiting him somewhere in the world.

Influenced by these unfortunate impressions to a dislike of his military duties, he sought relief from them when opportunity offered, by visiting the outposts surrounding the cantonments, where he remained often for hours at a time watching the hill and mountain tops about him for the appearance of the small tongues of smoke which the Indians were accustomed to employ in signaling with each other.

On the occasion of one of these visits his attention was attracted as he hurried along the side of the naked mountain, to a beautiful piece of obsidian that lay glittering in the sun at his feet. He picked up the fragment and, looking further among the pebbles that covered the ground before him, found several bright garnets and some fine specimens of moss agate. Continuing the search he wandered unconsciously past the outpost he had intended to visit, having followed a face of the mountain concealed from the view of the sentinel on watch. Naturally intense in the execution of whatever attracted his fancy, he entered earnestly upon the search in which he was now engaged, forgetful of the orders of his commanding officer prohibiting him from going beyond the guarded lines, and of the personal danger he incurred by doing so. He had gone nearly a mile beyond the outpost and was still moving slowly forward, searching the ground as he went, when a slight rustling noise in a cluster of broken rocks before him suddenly diverted his attention. Hastily drawing his pistol from its holster, he cautiously advanced towards the rocks, expecting each moment to see a deer or a wolf spring from its cover and dash away down the side of the mountain. Watching intently as he advanced he suddenly found himself gazing into a pair of black, piercing eyes, visible through a small crevice in the rocks. Acting upon the impression that the eyes belonged to some wild animal in hiding, he hastily raised his pistol and was about to shoot when the eyes suddenly disappeared from his view. Springing forward he ran to the rocks and, climbing upon one of them overlooking the crevice through which the eyes had appeared, discovered to his intense surprise an Indian woman crouching down at the foot of the rocks in an effort to conceal herself from his view. The young man put up his pistol and sat down on the rock.

"I came within an ace of shooting you," he said finally. "What are you hiding for?"

The woman made no reply, but, turning towards him, revealed to his earnest gaze a terror stricken face that struck him instantly as remarkable for its beauty. He sprang down at once from the rock and stood beside her.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "Let us be friends."

She looked at him eagerly for a moment, and then at length gathering confidence from his manner, arose to her feet and stood beside him. She was tall and symmetrical in form and still in her girlhood. He offered her his hand, but she declined to take it.

"Do you speak American?" he asked, employing the term in common use among the Indians to designate the English language.

He repeated the question, but the woman made no response, and the troubled expression that rested upon her face gave plain indication that she did not comprehend what he said. It occurred to him presently that she might possibly have acquired some knowledge of Spanish through captive peons or wandering traders, and venturing upon the use of a somewhat limited vocabulary of that language, which he had acquired while a cadet at the Academy, he again attempted to assure her of his friendship.

He had probably given greater attention to the acquirement of a speaking knowledge of Spanish while at the National Military School, than to any other branch of his studies. To be able to speak in the language of poets and lovers, as he fondly designated the Spanish tongue, appealed strongly to his peculiar trend of thought, and induced application that would not otherwise have been given. To be able to use the courtly speech of the grandees of Castile and Aragon, he argued, would be a passport to royalty itself, and might possibly some time afford the means of intercourse between himself and some dark-eyed houri he was sure awaited his coming somewhere.

The face of the woman brightened quickly as he spoke to her in Spanish, and when he again extended his hand she came closer to him and placed her hand in his, passively.

"We are friends," he said hesitatingly, somewhat in doubt as to the exact meaning of the words he employed. She looked timidly in his face for an instant and smiled faintly, either in response to his assertion of friendship, or at his poor Spanish; he was somewhat in doubt which. She answered him directly, however, in the affirmative.

"Yes," she said, "I hope we are friends."

"Oh, certainly we are friends," he said earnestly, and then, after a brief pause, he continued, speaking slowly and laboriously. "I am

glad to have met you and sorry that I cannot stop and talk with you for awhile. Our people are trying to be enemies with each other, you know, and I must hasten to return."

He made no effort, however, to go, and still holding her hand in his own gazed at her almost rudely. Her hair was dark as the wing of a raven, and her face was almost as white as his own. Her features were regular and attractive, and her manner seemed pleasing. But above all, her dark, lustrous eyes especially attracted his attention and impressed him as wonderfully tender and expressive.

"I must go," he said again. "Some of your kind people might discover me here," he continued, "and insist on my hurried departure."

He turned about as if to depart, and had already taken a step forward, when he found himself once more gazing into the woman's upturned face.

"Let us sit down for a moment," he said, impulsively; "I will go directly," and approaching a moss-covered stone that lay on the ground near by, he sat down upon it and motioned the woman to sit beside him. She refused, however, to sit down and remained standing near him.

"What are you doing here in the rocks?" he inquired.

"Nanteen had a trap set for the conies," she replied, "and came to see if one had been caught."

As she talked the young man observed her more critically, if possible, than before. Her hands, he could see at a glance, were small and shapely, but were sadly in need of a brush and a towel to make them presentable. Her feet, he observed, were covered by much worn moccasins, while her naked toes appeared in places through rents in the deerskin leather of which the moccasins were made. Her leggins hung slovenly about her ankles, and her skirt of coarse woolen cloth, made in a native loom, clung untidily about her person.

The favorable impression previously made upon the young man, by the beautiful face of the woman, faded quickly away before this discouraging ensemble.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, speaking slowly to himself. "What more cruel fate could possibly overtake a civilized man than to be tied for life to such a creature?"

The woman turned towards him inquiringly.

"It is nothing," he said in Spanish. "I was thinking aloud. But I must surely go now," he continued. "I have already remained too long."

He rose quickly to his feet and was about to turn away when he found himself once more gazing into the woman's eyes. The gaze,

hurried as it was, proved sufficient to change the whole current of his impressions, and acting under an impulse which he found himself unable to control, he seized her hand and kissed it fervently.

The woman seemed dazed for a moment and gazed earnestly in the officer's face, like one in a dream. Suddenly, however, as the meaning of the act appeared to dawn upon her mind, she cast her eyes in great confusion to the ground.

"I must go now," he repeated again. "But tell me," he said earnestly, "may I come to see you again?"

The words had scarcely escaped from his lips when a long-drawn, halfsuppressed cry arose from the valley below them. The woman instantly seized the young man by the arm, and pointing in the direction of the outpost, exclaimed hurriedly:

"Go, quick! The father comes to watch the soldiers, and calls for Nanteen."

In her eagerness she started herself, going in the direction she had indicated, pulling the young man after her by the hand. Leading the way she passed rapidly under the cover of trees and rocks, until at length on reaching a thicket of half-grown trees and bushes, almost within sight of the outpost, she stopped abruptly, and turning to her companion, pushed him gently forward.

"Go, quick!" she said.

"May I come again?" he repeated.

He raised her hand to his lips and kissed it.

"May I come?" he asked once more.

"Yes," she consented at last. "When the dove coos in the thicket you may come. You may answer with the caw of the raven."

She pushed him forward as she spake, and urged him to leave her. He turned at last and walked away along the side of the mountain, gradually ascending to its summit, and presently found himself under protection of the outpost. He glanced back frequently as he moved along, before he lost sight of the place where he had left the woman. Once he caught a faint view of her beyond the thicket, but when next he looked she had disappeared entirely from view.

The adventure of the young officer was in full accord with his peculiar fancies and afforded the opening chapter, he believed, of some thrilling experiences that would eventually lead to the discovery of a princess in the Indian woman, and ennoble himself as her deliverer from savage captivity.

"She is to coo as a dove," he said to himself, "and I am to caw as a raven."

The cooing and the cawing, he reflected, should be accomplished as true to nature as possible, in order that attention might not be attracted by imperfect imitations. He began therefore at once to caw as he walked along, awakening the echoes among the trees and the rocks with his imitations of the bird of ill omen.

He promised himself as he hurried forward that he would visit the woman again on the following day, but some military duties were imposed upon him early on the following morning that kept him constantly employed within the cantonments for several days. At last, however, he found himself temporarily free from all military requirements, and hastening to the outpost questioned the men, hurriedly, about their duties, and what, if anything unusual, had attracted their attention.

"There's nothing unusual," said the sergeant in charge, "unless it may be the cooing of a dove down in the thicket yonder. It has been cooing steadily for an hour or more."

The young man thanked the sergeant for the information he had given and hastened away towards the cantonments. As soon as he had passed out of view of the outpost he immediately changed his course, and under cover of trees and overhanging rocks proceeded as rapidly as he could walk in the direction of the thicket. So intent was he upon his purpose to hasten to the interview with the woman, that he forgot to imitate the notes of the raven, on the way, and rushed almost breathless and without any previous warning into the thicket, where he presently found the object of his search in hiding, awaiting his coming.

"The dove has cooed for three days," she said reproachfully.

"I am sorry," he replied, "but I could not come sooner."

She looked like a queen as she stood before him apparently trying to be angry with him for his delay.

She had evidently prepared for his coming and had dressed herself with care, in the hope that she might please him. She wore a pair of new, well-fitting moccasins, embroidered with colored threads split from the bark of the wild aloe tree, to represent birds and flowers and plants. Her moccasins were joined at their tops to a pair of snow-white leggins that extended to her knees, and disappeared under the lower folds of a short skirt of native cloth. A beautiful blanket depended from her shoulders, and was held in its place by a buckskin belt studded with buttons of silver. Her long, black hair was gathered together in a braid at her back, where it was held in place by a highly colored ribbon of native weaving.

The lieutenant was evidently greatly pleased at the neat and picturesque appearance of the girl, and seizing her hand kissed it repeatedly.

They sat down directly quite near to each other on a moss-covered stone, saying but little during the few moments the interview lasted, but supremely happy in each other's company.

The young man had employed whatever time he could spare from his military duties during the previous few days in the study of his Spanish grammar, and had memorized several new words and phrases.

"You are beautiful," he ventured, "and I like you very much."

She quietly placed her hand within his, but made no reply.

There are few things in life that do not combine the bitter with the sweet, and the undesirable with that which is desirable. The present occasion afforded no exception to the rule. The woman was certainly beautiful in features and perfect in physical form, but the odors of the lodge clung offensively to her scant garments, and the fact that she stood greatly in need of a bath was painfully apparent to the young gentleman. But her habits of personal cleanliness, he reflected, were governed by her environments, and if they were at fault, as her present condition seemed to imply, a change would doubtless follow when these environments were supplanted by others. At all events, her hibits should be borne with patiently until means could be found to correct them.

A breath of air suddenly swept a lock of hair from the woolen ribbon of native weaving that had bound it at the back of her head. She raised her hand quickly and smoothed it back in its place. As she did so an indistinct scar upon her temple attracted the attention of her companion.

"That is a strange mark," he said as he placed his finger upon it. "It is a perfect capital letter R."

"And what is a perfect capital letter R?" she asked.

"A character," he replied, "that Americans use in writing and printing upon paper."

The woman evidently failed to comprehend the explanation that had been given her, and a troubled expression rested for a moment upon her face.

"I hope Nanteen will comprehend some time," said the officer.

"I hope so," she replied, "if it will please *mi amigo.*"

"You call me your 'friend,'" he said, earnestly. "Why not call me your dear?"

"*Mi querido,* then," she replied quickly.

"That pleases me better."

"When peace comes," said the officer, "I will meet you here often."

"But peace will not come," she said after a brief pause. "The Navajoes are already on the way to hide their herds of horses and flocks of sheep in Cañon de Chelly."

"What foolish people!" exclaimed the officer. "Don't they know that war with the Americans means the loss of their herds and their flocks wherever they may hide them?"

"No, no," she replied quickly, "the warriors will fight hard and the Americans will be driven away. The dove will coo in the thicket day after day," she said pathetically, as she turned her tear stained face towards him, "but no answer will come from *mi querido.*"

"Nanteen must not permit her people to deceive her," said the lieutenant earnestly. "The warriors are but a handful, and the Americans are more numerous than the leaves on the trees. If the Navajoes go to war they will be killed and wounded, every one, and will lose all their great herds of horses and flocks of sheep."

"No, no!" she repeated earnestly, "that cannot be."

She buried her face in her hands and wept aloud. The young man tried to console her, and withdrawing her hands from her face kissed her tenderly.

"Listen!" he said. "Come with me to the fort, and I will find a home there for you."

"No, no!" she exclaimed eagerly. "The people would hate Nanteen, and when *mi querido* is driven away with his soldiers, they would be angry with her."

She struggled to her feet and began to move away from him.

"I must go," she said. "The mother will wonder what has become of Nanteen."

Turning about finally, she hastened down the side of the mountain followed by the young man, who continued to beseech her not to leave him, helping out his imperfect speech by signs and gesticulations.

"No, no!" she repeated, "Nanteen must go now. *Adios, mi querido. Adios.*"

It occurred to him finally as the woman hastened away, that so beautiful a creature could not possibly long escape the notice of the young warriors of her tribe, and that she might be sold, according to the custom of her people, before he would be able to see her again. Calling, therefore, once more he besought her not to leave him.

"Come back," he cried, "come back. If you go with your people they will sell you."

"No, no," she replied confidently. "The father is kind and Nanteen will not be sold. The mother is old," she continued, "and needs help

in the lodge. If peace comes the dove will coo again in the thicket. *Adios, mi querido. Adios.*"

She disappeared finally among the trees near the foot of the mountain, running as she went to escape the further importunities of her pursuer.

The young man continued the pusuit for awhile after the woman had disappeared, hoping she would stop until he could overtake her, and that he would be able to persuade her at last to go with him to the fort. He was moving rapidly along following the direction the woman had taken, when an arrow suddenly whizzed past his face so close to his cheek that the feather burned the flesh as it passed. Turning quickly aside he sought shelter behind a great juniper tree that stood near, and drawing his pistol from its holster prepared to defend himself. After some time had elapsed he ventured to look cautiously about the trunk of the tree in an effort to discover if possible, who his assailant might be, and where he had established himself. His face had scarcely appeared at the side of the tree when an iron barbed arrow struck viciously close above his head, carrying away a handful of bark and filling his eyes with dust. His first impulse was to spring from the cover of the tree and rush upon his enemy for a hand to hand encounter, but he was led to reflect before he carried the impulse into execution, that he might possibly be wounded in the battle that would follow, in which event the fact would be developed on his return to the fort, that he had violated the orders of the officer in command by going outside of the lines, and his career in the army might in consequence be brought to an ignominous close. Besides, it occurred to him, that it would be difficult to explain why he was pursuing an Indian woman when the attack upon him was made. He was by no means lacking in animal courage, and if he had not been restrained by the conditions that now appealed to his prudence, a bloody conflict would doubtless have speedily occurred. There seemed to be no other course open to him but to remain where he was, on the defensive, and effect his escape in the best manner possible.

The time passed slowly and the young man became very impatient over his enforced delay. At length he ventured again to expose his head, and to take a hasty glance in the direction of his enemy. The exposure failed this time to draw an arrow from his assailant, and the young man, gathering confidence, gradually moved out from the cover of the tree and stood finally quite unprotected in the open. It seemed evident now, he reasoned, as he stood thus for some time looking cautiously about him, that the attack had been made to prevent his further pursuit of the woman, and to frighten him away. Thankful that his

imprudence had occasioned no more serious results, he turned about finally and began to move slowly up the side of the mountain. He had scarcely begun the ascent when suddenly three or four arrows in quick succession flew past him. The first broke through the rim of his hat, and the next tore the skirt of his coat, making a slight wound in his side as it passed. He turned about hastily and sprang once more to the cover of the tree he had just left. His enemy uttered a yell of delight at what he apparently believed to be an exhibition of cowardice upon the part of the officer, and abandoning his concealment ran hastily towards him to capture or kill him. As he came near, the officer's attention was attracted by the sound of his approach, and glancing about the tree he discovered a warrior advancing upon him. The challenge for battle thus offered vanished all thought of prudence on the part of the young officer, and springing out instantly from his cover he stood ready to meet his assailant. The Indian was taken completely by surprise at the unexpected appearance of the lieutenant, but he managed almost instantly to discharge a couple of arrows at him. Fortunately the missiles flew wide of their intended mark, and before the warrior could fix another arrow to his bow the officer fired upon him with his pistol and felled him to the ground.

At the instant the officer fired three Navajo warriors came in sight, hurying up from the valley, evidently on their way to the summit to watch for the possible movements of the soldiers from the cantonments. Attracted by the sound of the pistol, the warriors moved cautiously forward until at last they caught sight of the officer hurrying up the side of the mountain. They started instantly in pursuit, encouraging each other by battle cries as they ran, and occasionally discharging an arrow at the fugitive when he came into view. They had come quite close upon him when he succeeded at last in reaching a cluster of rocks that seemed to offer means of concealment and protection. Turning instantly about after he had entered the place, the officer rested his hand in which his pistol was grasped, upon one of the rocks and fired upon the Indian who led the pursuit. The warrior tumbled headlong to the ground at the instant the pistol was discharged, but recovering presently from the shock of the wound he had received, crawled aside under cover of the trunk of a fallen tree, to which his comrade had preceded him.

The early shades of evening were fast coming on when the lieutenant found shelter among the rocks. He felt well assured as he looked about him that the Indians would not attempt to attack him at close quarters while he remained in so defensible a place, but there was danger that they might be reinforced and able to surround him if he re-

mained long where he was. He determined therefore to leave the rocks as soon as the darkness would cover his movements and fight his way back, if necessary, to the cantonments.

The darkness had scarcely fallen when he was suddenly startled by the barely audible coo of a dove, apperently coming from the log behind which the warriors had sought protection. He was not well acquainted with the habits of the bird, but it struck him at once as peculiar that it had uttered its plaintive notes at night and in such close proximity to the warriors. It could not possibly have been made by the woman, he reasoned, for it came from the place where the warriors lay concealed awaiting his appearance to attack him. In a moment again the cry was repeated, and as he watched intently through an opening among the rocks, he perceived a dark form leave the log and slowly advance towards him. He raised his pistol and steadying the hand that held it upon the rock before him took deliberate aim at the object as it approached. It became evident as the object came more distinctly into view that it was a human being; some friendly warrior possibly, he hoped, who was coming to show him a way of escape. Suddenly something in the walk and carriage of his approaching visitor awakened a recognition that had just begun to dawn, and hastily placing his pistol in its holster he sprang from the rocks and clasped the woman in his arms.

"This way, quick," she cried. "The wounded warrior has gone down in the valley and the others have left the log and gone to hide on the side of the mountain between the rocks and the fort, to await the coming of the soldier when he attempts to return to his people. The wounded Navajo will send other warriors. There is no time to lose."

She caught the officer by the hand and led him hurriedly down the side of the mountain towards the valley, seeking in the darkness for an unfrequented trail, with which she was familiar, that ran along the base of the mountain and gradually ascended to the summit, some distance beyond the cantonments.

"The father has gone with the warriors," she said, as they moved rapidly along, "to look for the soldier, and there was no one but Nanteen to search for a horse that had strayed. When the wounded warrior reaches the valley," she continued, "other warriors will come to surround the place where the soldier hid himself in the rocks."

She had scarcely ceased to speak when a slight noise, a short distance below them, suddenly attracted her attention and caused her to stop. As she stood quietly listening by the side of her companion, the sound of human voices in conversation finally reached her.

"Two warriors are coming," she said, and turning quickly aside she hastened to a low, wide spreading, hemlock tree whose thick branches reached the ground, and pulling the officer after her forced herself beneath it.

The woman and her companion had scarcely effected their concealment when the warriors whom they had heard conversing made their appearance. They were moving slowly forward, evidently unacquainted with the ground, and waiting for some indication to guide them to the place where their services might be needed. They stopped within a few feet of the place where the object of their search lay concealed, and stood listening, apparently for some signal from their people.

"The cry of the coyote," said one of the warriors, "will call for help, and the howl of the wolf will tell that the soldier has been found."

The tree under which the woman and her companion lay concealed was a small one, and the place they occupied was scarcely large enough to accomodate them both. The lieutenant, especially, found but scant room, and in moving slightly to obtain a more comfortable position, broke a small twig under his arm.

"*Mera!*" whispered the woman, "the mere turn of a leaf might betray us."

The warriors turned quickly towards the tree, and were about to look under the branches to discover, if possible, what had caused the noise that had attracted their attention, when another warrior suddenly made his appearance, moving cautiously along on the farther side of the tree.

"Ugh!" ejaculated one of the Navajoes. "The moccasins of the warriors have grown heavy since the Americans came, and twigs break under their feet as they walk."

He seemed indignant at so palpable an offence for a warrior, and passed on slowly with his companion, murmuring something as he went about the light-footed companions of his youth, whose step was as soft and noiseless as the tread of the cony. The warrior who had appeared on the other side of the tree joined them presently, and went forward with them to assist in capturing the soldier, "who," he said, "had ventured alone on the war path against them, and had been discovered while pursuing a woman."

As soon as the warriors had passed out of sight, Nanteen and her companion emerged from their place of concealment and once more moved down the side of the mountain, searching for the trail that led along the valley. They found it at last, and had started to follow it

in the direction of the cantonments, when the sound of approaching footsteps again suddenly arrested their attention.

"It is a soldier," whispered the officer. "I can hear the steady tramp of his heavy shoes on the trail."

"We must take no chances," said the woman, and, drawing the lieutenant aside, she compelled him to hide with her behind the body of a great tree that stood near the trail.

The tramping steadily drew nearer and at length, when it seemed almost upon them, the woman sprang suddenly from her place of concealment with an exclamation of delight.

"It is the horse," she cried, "that strayed from the herd."

She captured the animal without much trouble, and leading him to a tree not far from the trail, proceeded to tether him by means of a lariat that trailed from his neck.

"When Nanteen returns to the hogan with the horse," she said, "the mother will praise her because she persisted so long in searching for the animal and found him at last."

As soon as the horse had been tethered, the officer and his companion returned to the trail, and once more proceeded in the direction of the cantonments.

"The trail follows the valley," said the woman, "and the distance to the fort is great. But we cannot go up the side of the mountain," she continued, "without danger of being discovered."

They moved on in silence for a long time, gradually ascending the valley, and at length reached a point from which the lights of the fort could be seen.

"There is no further need of Nanteen's assistance," said the woman. "The trail goes straight to the doors of the fort, and *mi querido* will soon be among his people. The warriors will watch now in vain for the soldier. *Adios, mi querido. Adios.*"

She was in haste to leave him, and had turned about to go when he seized her by her arm and began to urge her to remain with him.

"You must not return to those miserable savages," he pleaded. "I will find a home for you in the fort, and——."

"No. No!" she exclaimed, interrupting him eagerly. "Nanteen must return to her people," and, tearing herself from his grasp, she fled away in the darkness and quickly passed out of his sight.

But a few days elapsed after the lieutenant's adventure when the threatened war broke out between the Americans and the Navajoes, and for more than a year raged with great fury and cruelty, resulting eventually in the loss by the Indians of all their great flocks of sheep and herds of horses, and in the final capture of the entire tribe.

As soon as all armed resistance to the American troops had ceased, a camp was established near Cañon Bonito, to which all the Indian captives were taken.

It became then at once a vital question to all concerned, including the Americans, the Mexicans on the Rio Grande, and the Indians themselves, what should be done with the prisoners. The army officers on the ground were almost unanimous in the belief that if the Navajoes were given their liberty again they would speedily return to their old haunts in the mountains, and the war would be renewed at no very distant day.

It was decided at last by the authorities in Washington that the views of the officers on the ground were in the main correct, and in due time orders were issued directing the removal of the Indians by slow, well chosen marches, to the military reservation at Fort Sumner, on the Canadian River, several hundred miles distant from their former homes.

The young officer made repeated efforts to gain admission to the camp of the Navajo prisoners while they remained at Cañon Bonito, but the rules were rigid, and he failed to obtain the desired permission. Had he gone to the officer in charge of the camp and told him frankly why he desired permission to enter, his request would doubtless have been granted. But, while he loved the woman dearly and intended in time to make her his wife, he feared to encounter the criticisms of his friends in the cantonments, and hesitated to make his intentions known. He walked daily around the camp, watching the people as they moved about within the lines of the guard, hoping to obtain a view of the woman, but all his efforts were fruitless. He tried to imitate the notes of the raven at various times, but there was no cooing of the dove in response.

Returning one day from the camp, he was delighted to meet Barboncito, the head chief of the nation, who had been paroled by the officer in command and permitted to go where he pleased, in view of the fact that he had opposed the war and had refused to join his people in their struggle with the Americans.

"I am glad to meet you," said the lieutenant, shaking him by the hand as he spake. "Can you tell me," he asked in Spanish, "whether Nanteen, a young Navajo woman, is among the prisoners in the camp?"

The old chief was unable to converse in the English language, and his knowledge of Spanish was limited. In common, however, with all the Indians in the southwestern part of the United States, he had a smattering of Spanish and could comprehend at least a part of any

ordinary conversation held in that tongue. He struggled, however, for some time with the question the lieutenant had asked him before he ventured to reply.

"I know not," he said at length.

"I saw her once in the valley beyond the cantonments," said the officer evasively, "and I believe she is a prisoner now in the camp. She is tall and graceful," he continued enthusiastically. "As beautiful as Venus, and as regal in her bearing as the Graces."

"I know not," repeated the chief, evidently unable to comprehend what was said.

"A young girl," persisted the officer. "An only child in the lodge of her mother. Unmarried and——"

"There is no such woman in the camp," interrupted the chief, comprehending at last the inquiry of the officer. "The white chief must be mistaken," he continued, and turning about he walked away in the direction of the Indian camp.

"The miserable old savage," exclaimed the lieutenant indignantly, as he watched the chief walking slowly away. "A beautiful woman like Nanteen," he continued vigorously, "would awaken the admiration of an idiot, and here is a chief among her own people who says he don't know her."

He turned about, with an expression of disgust on his face, and hastily made his way towards the cantonments, murmuring to himself as he went in terms of contempt for the miserable old savage who had doubtless often seen Nanteen in the camp and had failed to be impressed by her magnificent beauty and queenly deportment.

The day came at last when the Indian prisoners were to start upon their long journey to their new homes on the Canadian. They were arranged in a long column of men, women and children, mostly on foot, and at a word of command from the officer in charge, the motley caravan set out on its sad pilgrimage.

The young man stood by the side of the trail as the column passed along, gazing intently into every face as the prisoners trudged slowly past him. The column had nearly gone by when he suddenly caught sight of the woman. Her face was haggard and beyond expression, exhibiting evidences of intense suffering of both body and mind. Her garments were in rags and covered with dirt, and an infant was strapped at her back. She sobbed aloud when she caught sight of the young man, and extended her hand towards him, but made no effort to leave the column to meet him. He hastened towards her, but she repelled him.

"They sold me," she cried. "They were dying of hunger in the cañon and they sold Nanteen for food. *Adios, mi amigo. Adios.*"

And weeping convulsively, she moved slowly along her place.

The young man, scarcely less affected, walked by her side for awhile until she bade him follow her no more, and then, forcing some money into her hand, he abandoned her finally to the cruel fate that had overtaken her and returned to his quarters in the cantonments, sorrowing sincerely over his lost love, having abandoned the fancies that had prompted him at first to hope she would bring him great treasures of silver and gold, and be found to possess noble blood that would entitle her at least to royal honors in some foreign land.

But the Fates had not yet ceased to spin the threads that were to mingle as woof and warp in the web of their lives.

A few days after the Navajo captives had started on their long journey to the military reservation on the Canadian, one of the officers, in charge of the troops serving as escort and guard with the prisoners, was taken sick on the way and became unable to proceed. When the fact was reported to the department commander at Santa Fe, the lieutenant was directed to join the caravan and take the place of the officer who had become ill. The young man hastily prepared for his departure, and within a few hours after the order reached him, was on his way to assume his new duties. He overtook the caravan finally on the bank of the Jamez, and proceeded with it from that point to its destination.

As the caravan started out on the morning following his arrival, he was surprised to observe Basboncito trudging along in the ranks of the captives.

"*Buenos dias,*" he called to the chief. "Why is Barboncito here? I thought he had accepted his parole."

"I came from choice," replied the chief. "I want to be with my people, and when the Great Father at Washington thinks they have suffered enough, I desire to lead them back to Cañon Bonito again."

As the chief turned to walk on the woman passed near them, busily engaged at the moment in conversation with an elderly companion.

"Does the chief know the woman?" asked the young man hurriedly. "The young woman?" he added.

"I knew her father, Gitano, and Cheeta, his wife," replied the chief deliberately. "But the woman's name I have forgotten."

"And her husband?" continued the lieutenant. "What has become of him?"

"Killed in the battle on the day he bought her," replied the chief. "Her father and husband were both killed in the battle."

"She carried an infant on her back," said the officer, "when the captives left Cañon Bonito."

"The girl is kind," replied the chief. "She carried the child of a woman who was ill."

"And her mother?" persisted the officer. "Where is she?"

"I know not," said the chief. "She was crazed by fear when the battle raged in the cañon and hid in the rocks, where they have not been able to find her."

The chief had moved steadily forward while he conversed with the lieutenant, apparently anxious to avoid any conversation with him, and had answered his questions without turning towards him. The officer, in his eagerness to learn something about the woman, had not at first noticed the fact that the chief was trying to avoid him, but when at last this became apparent, he turned quickly about and hastened away to join his command.

Fortunately for the young man there was no officer of senior rank serving with the company to which he had been assigned, and the duties of company commander therefore fell upon him. Probably much of the measures and discontent he had exhibited while serving at Fort Defiance was due to the subordinate position he held, and the few official duties he was required to perform. But now he found himself busy from morning to night, looking after the daily affairs of his company in the matter of clothing and food, and in the control of the personal habits and intercourse of his men.

It often happens, doubtless, where individuals are required to perform the work in which they are engaged under constant supervision and unalterable rules and regulations, like those that prevailed among the Medes and Persians, they lose their individuality and become helpless and dependent. This condition prevailed to an unusual extent in the company to which the lieutenant had been assigned, and the control of every detail in the administration of its affairs had previously, for some time at least, been exercised exclusively by its commander.

Due to the education thus imparted, the duties of the lieutenant were at first both constant and exacting. He found it necessary to consult the cook and regulate the diet of the men, in order that the scant rations provided by the government might not be exhausted before the next supply became due. He had to see that the canteens were filled before the camp was broken each morning, and that certain men on the march were restrained from improvident use of water and food. He had to give personal attention to the care of the sick and the weary on the march, and to see that the laggards were kept

in their places in the ranks. When the camping ground for the night had been finally selected, it devolved upon him to see that the tents were properly pitched, and if water sufficient could be obtained, that certain ablutions were performed by the men. Altogether he found himself very busy and correspondingly happy. A new life seemed to have come suddenly upon him, bringing with it a contentment he had not before known since he had come from the Academy at West Point.

He met the woman frequently after joining the caravan, and often rode near her on the way. He purchased a horse for her use and each evening and morning sent her a portion of the food provided for his own table.

The route selected for the journey to the Canadian followed the great "Overland Trail" for many miles after crossing the Rio Grande River, and finally came within a few miles of Santa Fe. When the nearest point to the city was reached the lieutenant obtained permission to leave the caravan in order to make a short visit to the place. On entering the ancient capital, he proceeded at once to the office of the military commandant and reported his presence, as required, and then, without a moment's delay, hastened to a convent that had recently been established in the city. On obtaining an interview with the Mother Superior he confided to her that he was very much interested in an Indian woman among the Navajo captives, then on the way to their new home on the Canadian, and desired, if possible, to obtain admission for her to the convent school, provided permission for her absence from her people could be obtained from the government. The Mother Superior entered heartily into the plans of the young officer and agreed to instruct the woman and clothe and feed her for a stipulated sum each month.

As soon as this matter was satisfactorily arranged, the lieutenant hastened to Department Headquarters, and after recording his departure, set out at once to join the caravan. It worried him greatly as he rode rapidly along the indistinct path leading from the town to the "Trail" on which the captives were moving, to determine how he should proceed to obtain the woman's consent to leave her people and begin a new life. While she seemed profoundly grateful for the numerous kindnesses she had received at his hands, she had nevertheless been very reserved in her intercourse with him. At first she had refused the gifts and attentions he had shown her on the way, and had turned from him whenever he appeared. Her aversion, however, if such it was, gradually gave way under the influence of his devotion, and she had now begun to welcome his daily visits.

"I have been told," he said, as he rode by her side on the day fol-

lowing his return from Santa Fe, "that your father and husband were both killed in the battle with the Americans, and that your mother has not since been found. If this is true, you have no ties to bind you to your people, and, if you will consent, I will ask premission to send you to the convent school in Santa Fe, where I have obtained a place for you, and where you will be able to learn those things I would desire my wife to know. Tell me to-morrow whether you will go."

The woman averted her face to conceal her emotion when the officer ceased to address her, but he could see that she was weeping and seemed greatly distressed.

"You have been kind to Nanteen from the first," she said, when she was able at last to speak, "and her heart has been full of gratitude. She has been in mourning for her husband, according to the custom of her people, and could not speak much while it lasted. But the days of sorrow are now over, and Nanteen can speak as she pleases. *Mi querido* need not wait until to-morrow for her answer," she continued, with much animation. "It is ready to-day. Nanteen will go gladly wherever he may desire."

And so it was arranged between them that the woman should go to the convent school at Santa Fe as soon as permission for her absence could be obtained. Fortunately, the authorities at Washington favored the proposition made by the lieutenant to send the woman to school, and within a month after the arrival of the captives at their destination, she was sent, under proper escort, to Santa Fe and placed in charge of the Mother Superior of the convent.

It would scarcely be possible to describe the intense earnestness with which the woman entered upon the duties and requirements of her new life. She labored incessantly and untiringly at her studies, and sought constantly to acquire the accomplishments possessed by those of her sex about her. She progressed rapidly under the care of her instructors and in time was able to converse in English as well as in Spanish, and to read and write in both languages. She seemed to be entirely uninfluenced by personal pride in the efforts she made to acquire knowledge, or the accomplishments of her sex. Her sole, unconcealed ambition appeared to rest in the desire to please her benefactor. If ever she differed with her instructors in the pursuit of her studies, or in her social relations, it needed but the assurance that a certain course would meet the lieutenant's approval to influence her unhesitating decision in its favor.

She had been at the convent nearly two years when the lieutenant was ordered to Santa Fe for duty at Department Headquarters. As soon as possible after the arrival of the young gentleman in the city,

he rang the bell at the convent gate and requested permission to see the "Indian girl." He was shown immediately into the visitors' room and the woman was sent for. She had not been told who desired to see her, and she entered the room slowly, expecting to meet some lady friend among the acquaintances she had been permitted to make in the city. The lieutenant rose to his feet as she entered the room and advanced to meet her.

"Mi querido!" she cried, as she caught sight of his face, and rushing towards him fell fainting in his arms.

When the interview ended at last, under the strict time rules of the institution, the woman accompanied the officer to the door. A venerable old man in the habit of a priest met them at the threshold, and stood in the way, as though he desired to speak to the visitor.

"Padre Joseph," she said, "here is *mi querido,* the lieutenant of whom I have so often spoken."

Then, warned by the sound of a little bell that had rung twice, she hastened away.

"I would be glad to speak with you privately," said the padre, addressing the officer, and turning about he led the way by a garden path, to a little room or cell at the end of an adjoining building. When the lieutenant was finally seated in the humble abode of the priest, the padre startled him by abruptly inquiring what his intentions were regarding the Indian woman. The lieutenant promptly and very frankly replied that he intended in time to make her his wife.

"It would kill her," said the padre, "if your attentions were not sincere. I have never before known such passionate, enduring, unconcealed affection as this poor Indian girl exhibits for you. The earth might be heaven if such love were common. I shall have no brighter picture to hang on memory's walls than that which this woman's affection affords. Do you know anything about her?"

"Nothing whatever," replied the lieutenant. "I found her first in the mountains not far from Fort Defiance, and have met her several times since, but I know nothing whatever about her."

"She has a scar on her temple," said the priest, inquiringly.

"An indistinct scar," replied the officer. "An almost perfect capital letter R, surrounded by a ring."

"Do you know how she got it?" asked the priest.

"I do not," replied the lieutenant," and I doubt whether the woman herself knows anything about it."

The padre gazed earnestly for a moment in the face of his visitor and then, turning to his desk, took a letter from it.

"This letter," he said, "is from the governor of Chihuahua, who

writes me that he will come to Santa Fe soon to see this Indian girl, hoping that he may find she is his daughter, who fell into the hands of 'los barbaros' when she was an infant. I have had considerable correspondence," continued the Padre, "and I will now confide to you in my own language what he says. It will probably be best to go back to the beginning, that everything may be made clear to you as we go along.

"Victor Ramond, now the governor of Chihuahua, is a native of Spain, and the younger son of a nobleman. He came to Mexico when that country was a Spanish possession, under an appointment from the crown, bringing with him his wife and infant daughter. On reaching the city of Mexico he accepted the proffered hospitality of Señor Alcanzar, a near relative, who had preceded him some time before to the 'New World,' and with his family remained for several days in his relative's residence. Shortly before the arrival of the Ramonds a little son of their host had been permitted to spend a few days on his father's ranch near the city, and while there had witnessed the branding of many of his father's cattle. The boy took great interest in the process and accepted without reserve the statement made in his hearing by one of the laborers, that all beasts and human beings should be branded, in order that 'they might never be lost.' Discovering a brass seal one day, which the governor had left on the library table, after using it to impress the initial letter of his name upon the wax with which he sealed his correspondence, the boy seized upon it as a suitable instrument for his purpose, and, heating it in the flame of a lamp, applied it to a cat that lay sleeping on a rug in the room. The contortions and cries of the creature delighted the thoughtless boy, and after again heating the seal, he set out for a new victim. Unfortunately, his attention was next directed to the infant daughter of the governor as she lay sleeping in her cradle, and hastening to her side, he pressed the hot seal forcibly against her temple. The commotion that ensued in the household of the relative, the governor says, can better be imagined than described, and the poor little sufferer was instantly overwhelmed with attentions and smypathy. The wound was a severe one and a long time elapsed before it began to heal. A cicatrix gradually formed as the healing went on, exhibiting eventually a raised ring with a letter R within it.

"Soon after the child had recovered from the injury, the governor was directed to proceed to Santa Fe and other Mexican towns and settlements along the Rio Grande, on some government business, and taking his wife and child with him, set out in a private conveyance, accompanied by a few mounted soldiers as escort. The journey was

tedious and tiresome in the extreme, and long before reaching El Paso, at the crossing of the Rio Grande, the wife of the governor had become weary of traveling over the rough mountain trails on the way, and had decided to return from that place to her friends in the city of Mexico, leaving her husband to go on alone. The escort that had accompanied the governor was directed to return with the señora, and after bidding her husband good bye, she started on her return journey with her infant child and its nurse, attended by a male servant to whom her husband had surrendered his horse and equipments.

"On the second day out from El Paso the escort was attacked by a party of Indians, supposed to be Apaches, and in the battle which ensued, the mother and the nurse were killed and the child captured and carried away.

"In the meanwhile the governor was moving rapidly up the river, and several days elapsed before a special messenger bearing the sad news succeeded in overtaking him. He returned at once to El Paso, and going finally to Chihuahua, organized an expedition and led it against the Apaches, with the hope of recovering his child. After the close of the expedition he employed a number of hunters and trappers and some friendly Indians to search for the infant, and every family and wickeup among the Apaches was visited, but no trace of the child could be found.

"Some time ago," continued the padre, "I was startled one day when the Indian girl knelt before me at confession, on seeing the scar on her temple, and I wrote at once to the governor about it.

"I think it would be best, lieutenant," he said, "if the affair should remain for the present a matter of confidence between us."

The priest had scarcely concluded when the bell at the convent gate rang violently, and when the porter had answered the call he came immediately to the cell of the Father with a letter in his hand. Excusing himself, the padre quickly broke the seal with which it was closed, and after glancing hurriedly at the contents of the letter, placed it in his pocket.

"The governor has come," he said, "and desires to see me at once at the Fonda Hotel, where he has taken apartments."

The two men immediately left the priest's cell and, going together out of the convent gate, proceeded for some distance along the street, when they separated, the padre hurrying towards the Fonda, and the lieutenant going towards his quarters.

For several days thereafter the officer heard nothing from either the convent or the Fonda, and at last, unable longer to bear the suspense, appeared at the convent gate and asked to be taken to the cell

of Padre Joseph. The Father welcomed him warmly and without being questioned told him at once that the governor had positively recognized the Indian girl as his daughter, principally because of the striking resesmblance, he asserts, she bears to his dead wife.

"And in addition to this seemingly good proof," continued the padre, "the scar on her temple is a perfect fac-simile of the seal which the governor brought with him for comparison, though he roundly asserts that no such proof is needed to establish her identity as his long lost child.

"The old man is extremely happy," said the priest, "and cries and laughs and embraces his daughter alternately. He took her from the convent to-day and placed her in apartments at the Fonda, where she now is. He scarcely leaves her alone for a moment, and has employed a maid to wait upon her, and a watchman to guard the door of her rooms. He seems to be laboring under the impression that you have conspired with somebody to take her from him again, and I fear will make the poor girl quite uncomfortable while this delusion lasts.

"It might be well," he continued, "if you kept away for awhile, at least until the governor becomes more reasonable, and gives his daughter greater liberties. He is jealous of the hold you have upon her affections, and wants all her love for himself. He will resent vigorously any efforts you might make to share it with him. Besides, he has a perfect horror of the bare possibility of his daughter becoming the wife of an American Army officer and continuing to live in the neighborhood of the miserable savage barbarians who murdered his wife and stole his daughter from him. 'The poor child,' he says, 'would not be safe for an instant, and he would not be able to sleep for anxiety concerning her.' He told me to-day that he desired to see you in order that he might refund to you the money you have expended in keeping his daughter at the convent for the past two years, and asked me to arrange for an interview between you and himself."

"Tell him for me," said the lieutenant, rising hastily from his seat as he spoke, "that if he ever dares to insult me with such a proposition I will chastise him on the spot."

"Sit down," urged the priest. "I am afraid we are drifting into deep water, and may start a current, if we are not careful, that we will not be able to control. I will see the governor to-morrow," he said, "and tell him how you feel upon the subject, and I doubt not that will end the matter."

"I hope so," said the lieutenant, "but I regret exceedingly that I cannot see the—the—Señorita Ramond to-day," he continued, stumbling over the name. "I have been directed to proceed to Fort Defi-

ance on some business connected with the Indian agency about to be established there, and may be absent for some time. I had hoped to see her again before I went away."

"Sit down at the desk, then," said the priest, "and write her a note. That is all can be done at present, and if you will trust it to me, I will see that she gets it."

The young man hastened to comply, and in a brief letter told the señorita of his proposed visit to Fort Defiance and begged her to excuse him for not coming to see her before he left, and ended by congratulating her upon the arrival of her father. When he had finished the letter he placed it in the hands of the padre, and thanking him for his kindness, bade him good-bye and passed out of the convent gate on the way to his quarters in the city, greatly depressed by what he had heard.

The journey of the young officer began at an early hour on the following day, and long before a reply to the letter he had written could have reasonably been expected. As he dashed through the streets of the city, mounted on a spirited horse, with an escort of cavalry clattering behind him, he was surprised to meet the padre, who stopped him when he came near to say *adios*, and to wish him a happy journey and a speedy return. As the kind, old priest shook his hand he passed a small packet to him and hastened to say that the governor was yet in a delirium of joy over finding his daughter, and that it was idle at present, at least, to think of inducing him to share his joy even temporarily with others.

As the lieutenant reached the outskirts of the city and entered upon the great Overland Trail leading down the Rio Grande River, he opened the packet which the priest had given him, and found a dainty little note within written by the Señorita, who hastened to assure him that whatever the future might bring, her gratitude would always remain. She signed herself Isabel Ramond, and urged him to come and see her at once on his return. She reminded him that, while her own name was probably now for the first time communicated to him, she did not know how to address him except by his official title, and begged him to tell her what she might call him in future.

He stopped for the night at a ranch near the foot of La Bajada Mountain, and from that place wrote to her, under cover addressed to the padre, and concluded by telling her that he was born on the official Army Register as Robert Millard, and hoped that some day she might honor the name by making it her own. He was in a fever of anxiety to despatch the letter after it was written, and finally, on the following morning, before the journey to Fort Defiance was re-

sumed, employed a ranchman to carry it to the city and deliver it to the priest.

The duty upon which the young officer had been sent to Fort Defiance lasted much longer than he had expected, and proved somewhat difficult to bring to a satisfactory conclusion. In the meantime a few Indians, who had secreted themselves in almost inaccessible places in the mountains and cañons while the war was in progress, and had not surrendered with other members of the tribe, were beginning to come into the cantonments professing peace and begging for food. They were usually in a pitiful state of emaciation and exceptionally filthy and ragged.

As the lieutenant stood at the issue counter of the subsistence storehouse one day, a miserably abject old Indian woman approached and begged him for something to eat.

"I will give you something," said the officer indifferently, "but you must first tell me your name."

"Cheeta," she said promptly. "A poor woman alone in the hogan. They killed Gitano in the cañon and have carried Nanteen away. Cheeta must have food," she continued, "or she will die."

"Has Cheeta eaten nothing since she became frightened at the noise of the battle and hid in the rocks?" he asked.

The woman gazed at him curiously for a moment, apparently surprised that he should know anything about her.

"Cheeta found roots and seeds and bugs and crawling things to eat among the rocks," she said in reply, "but they have all gone, and if the white chief will not give her some food, Cheeta will die."

"She shall have some food," said the lieutenant, "but she must first tell what she knows about Nanteen."

The woman looked at him long and earnestly as if she sought to discover what meaning lay hidden in his words. "Nanteen was good," she said at length, "and carried wood and water for the lodge. They have taken her away and Cheeta carries the wood and water herself."

"Cheeta may hunt again in the rocks for something to eat," said the officer, "unless she knows more about Nanteen."

"Cheeta knows nothing more," she said in a pitiful voice. "What more can she say?"

"She can say," replied the lieutenant, "that Nanteen is not of Indian birth, but was captured from her Mexican mother when an infant, in a battle with Mexican soldiers a day's journey beyond the 'Bravo.'"

"The words of the white chief are true," said the woman, after a long delay. "Gitano and Barboncito brought the child to the lodge."

"Cheeta knows something about Nanteen after all," said the officer,

"and now that she has spoken she shall have some food to carry to her hogan."

The time passed slowly for the anxious officer and his communication with Santa Fe was limited to a single messenger which he had been authorized to despatch, but nothing came to him in return.

A longing came upon him one day to see the place where he had first met "Isabel," as he now called the woman, and taking an escort of soldiers, he climbed up the side of the mountain, passing over the ground where he had found the fragment of obsidian that had led him to search beyond the post of the pickets, and then, descending on the other side of the mountain, came presently to the cluster of rocks where he had found the woman. He passed on then to the place where the duel with the warrior who had attacked him while he was following the woman, endeavoring to induce him to go with him to the cantonments. He picked up a couple of iron barbed arrows as he passed, that had doubtless been discharged at him by the warrior while he sought refuge behind the juniper tree, and passing on slowly down the side of the mountain, came finally to an Indian hogan. The structure was entirely empty, except for a few torn and much soiled sheepskins, a small woolen blanket, and a saddle. The lieutenant sat down near the door of the lodge, intending to rest for a while before beginning the return trip to the fort. He had scarcely seated himself when Cheeta appeared, coming up a narrow path that led to a little stream in the valley, carrying an earthen water vessel on her head.

"Cheeta has but few things in her hogan," said the officer, as the woman came near. "She should have more, that she might be comfortable."

The woman seemed bewildered by the suggestion and remained silent for some time, evidently in deep thought over the problem, what could possibly make her more comfortable. Her sheep skins are blanket supplied her wants while she slept, and when she was awake the lodge fully filled its office in giving her shelter. There might, possibly, be things in the world that would be desirable for her to possess, but as she knew nothing about them, ignorance was bliss and lent contentment to her humble mind. Spencer may have had some poor Cheeta in his mental vision when he wrote:

> "It is the mind that maketh good or evil,
> That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor;
> For some that hath abundance at his will,
> Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
> And other, that hath little, asks no more."

She turned at last towards the lieutenant, and sighing deeply, said in a plaintive, appealing voice:

"Cheeta wants nothing but food. They gave her but little at the fort, and it is all gone."

"When Cheeta comes again to the fort," said the officer, "we will see that she is given a more bountiful supply. But tell me," he continued, "what use has Cheeta for a saddle in the lodge?"

"It was Gitano's," she replied. "He brought it to the hogan when Nanteen came."

She entered the lodge quickly and brought it out, that the visitor might look at it.

"If the white chief wants it," she said, "he can take it away. There is no one now in the lodge to use it."

It was a heavy saddle, of Spanish manufacture, and at one time had evidently been heavily ornamented with metal buttons and plates. All of these, however, had been removed excepting a small plate on the top of the pommel, upon which some characters were engraved. The lieutenant examined these characters with some care, but, finding them barely legible, soon abandoned the effort to decipher them, and turning away began again to converse with the woman. As soon as he had stepped aside, a soldier knelt over the saddle and patiently sought to read the inscription on the plate.

"I have it, sir," he said at length, addressing the officer. "It seems a jumble of letters, but as near as I can make out they are intended for the word Ramond."

The lieutenant hastened to return and at once began a more careful examination of the letters inscribed on the plate. It was evident, he quickly observed, that the soldier has correctly deciphered the partially obliterated characters, but for some time he failed to attach any significance to the inscription. It occurred to him presently, however, that in the governor's letter to Padre Joseph, reference was made to a mounted servant who had accompanied his wife and child on their return trip from El Paso, to whom the governor had surrendered his horse and equipments. Recognizing the fact at last, that the saddle might possibly afford further proof of the identity of the child, he promised to add a blanket or two to the woman's meager store, and carried it away with him to the fort.

For several months previous to this time the government had given consideration to the urgent appeals of the Indians that they might be permitted to return to their former homes about Cañon Bonito, and had finally referred the entire matter to the Department Commander at Santa Fe for his recommendations. Barboncito was

the recognized leader of the Navajo nation at the time, and he was immediately invited to Santa Fe for consultation with the Department Commander. When the consultation ended the old chief was sent on to Fort Defiance, at his urgent request, in order that he might visit his family, which he had left behind at Cañon Bonito. He visited the office of the post commander on the morning after his arrival, and delivered an official letter from the department commander directing that certain favors should be shown to the chief, in the matters of transportation and food. The lieutenant was seated in the office when Barboncito entered, and at once arose and welcomed him back to his old home. A few moments conversation followed, after which the chief shook hands with the lieutenant and the commanding officer, preparatory to taking his departure.

"Wait a moment," said the lieutenant. "I desire to ask the chief a question before he goes. Will he kindly tell us what he knows about the capture of Nanteen?"

The chief seemed much confused and perplexed.

"Does the officer seek to injure me?" he asked at length.

"Certainly not," replied the lieutenant. "The only purpose I have in view is to establish the identity of the woman. It has been ascertained from a reliable source that yourself and Gitano were concerned in her capture, and a truthful statement from you will be of advantage to all concerned."

The chief glanced uneasily about him and shifted the weight of his body alternately from one foot to the other. He evidently feared to answer the question, lest his reply might be used to injure his standing with the department commander.

"You may say to him," said the post commander, addressing the interpreter, "that the letter from the general, which he has just brought to me, may not be fully honored unless he answers the question."

"It was a long time ago," said the chief at length. "Barbonito was a young man then, and did some foolish things."

He ceased to speak when this concession had been made, as though he hoped it would constitute a sufficient reply.

"That is a good beginning," said the lieutenant to the interpreter. "Tell him to go on."

The chief hesitated for a moment when the interpreter had translated the remark of the lieutenant into the Navajo tongue, busying himself the meanwhile in arranging his blanket about his person.

"The warriors who found Nanteen," he said at length, speaking slowly and with evident unwillingness, "went down into Mexico to

recover horses that had been stolen from the Navajoes by people living on the great ranches below El Paso. Gitano and Barboncito went with the warriors to recover the horses they had lost.

"The warriors did not go on the war path," said the chief emphatically, "or Barboncito would not have gone with them. No, believe me, my brothers," he continued pleadingly, "the warriors did not go on the war path. They went only to bring back the horses they had lost.

"One day, as they traveled upon a great trail, a carriage overtook them, and the soldiers that accompanied it made war upon the Navajoes, and compelled them to fight.

"In the battle that followed two women who rode in the carriage were killed by their own people before the soldiers could be driven away. When they were gone, the horses that had been captured in the battle were gathered together and the Navajoes set out rapidly for their hogans, fearing the soldiers might return with others to renew the battle against them.

"While the warriors were engaged in gathering the horses together," continued the chief, "Gitano found a babe lying on the ground near the carriage. He picked it up and carried it to his hogan, and gave it to Cheeta, his wife.

"That is all," said the chief decidedly, "unless the officer has more questions to ask."

"I have no more questions to ask," said the lieutenant.

The chief again solemnly shook the hand of the officers and hastily took his departure.

"What a wonderful combination of falsehood and truth your question developed!" exclaimed the post commander as the door closed upon the chief. "Our Navajo leader possesses the diplomacy of Talleyrand and the persuasiveness of Fox. We will have to accept with caution what he may choose to tell us hereafter."

"Nevertheless," said the lieutenant, "what he has told us about the shild is corroborated from other sources, and is in the main doubtless true."

On the following day the lieutenant succeeded in concluding the business on which he had been sent to the fort, and after preparing a written report to be submitted to the department commander on his return, took his departure.

On arriving at Santa Fe he hastened to the convent as soon as his official duties would permit, and asked to be shown to the cell of Father Joseph.

"They have gone," said the good old padre, as he shook the lieutenant cordially by the hand. "The old governor had worried himself into a state bordering on nervous collapse, and his physician urged him to return to his home as rapidly as possible. The young lady intrusted me with a note for you and charged me to say that her gratitude was profound and endearing, and that her greatest hope in earthly things was for your happiness and prosperity."

The lieutenant quickly tore open the letter which the padre had given him, and glancing hurriedly at its contents, placed it in his pocket. He was rather disappointed to find that it contained little more than the message which the priest had just given him.

"During my recent visit at Fort Defiance," said the officer, "I was able to confirm our impressions that Isabel was stolen by the Navajoes," and continuing he related minutely all he had learned at the fort from the chief and the Indian woman, Cheeta.

On the following day the lieutenant caused the saddle he had found in Cheeta's hogan to be carefully packed, and despatched it at once to the governor, accompanied by a formal letter in which he related how it had come into his possession, and what he had been told by the Indian woman concerning its capture by the Navajoes. He called attention to the inscription on the metal plate that surmounted the pommel, and closed by expressing the hope that it supplied another link in the chain of evidence that would end, he doubted not, in the complete identification of his daughter.

When this had been accomplished he wrote a lengthy account of his interview with Barboncito and the Indian woman, giving as witnesses the names of persons who were present with him when the interviews were held, and delivered it to the padre for transmission to the governor.

"I am quite convinced," said the good priest, when the letter was presented to him, "that the governor holds me an accomplice with you in efforts to get his daughter away from him, and will treat my correspondence with scant courtesy when once he gets within his castle in Chihuahua."

And so it turned out, as the father had predicted, and after a brief letter telling the padre of the safe arrival of himself and his daughter at their home in Chihuahua, all correspondence ceased, except a single letter from the priest to the governor, which remained unanswered.

The lieutenant wrote almost daily to Isabel for awhile, sending his letters under cover to her father's address, but not a line ever reached him in reply. He tried finally to reach her by a direct ad-

dress, but with no better success than before. He gave up at length and abandoned further effort, having reached the conclusion that through her father's influence and advice she had deemed it best that all communication between them should cease.

Several months had elapsed when Padre Joseph sent him a message one day that he would be glad to see him at the convent. The young man hastened to comply with the request, and on entering the priest's humble abode was made acquainted with Padre Santiago who, he said, had just come up from Chihuahua.

"I fear," said the Father, "that Brother Santiago brings us unwelcome news. He says that the governor is now very feeble, and that rumor has it he is anxious to see his daughter married and settled in life, lest he should die before she has found a protector, and that numerous proposals have been made for her hand."

"She is an only child," said Padre Santiago, "and it is commonly reported in Chihuahua that she will inherit all her father's immense wealth in money and bonds and mines. Her name is frequently coupled with that of a young blood of the city, and her father is believed to have given his sanction to their union."

"I doubt its consummation, nevertheless," interrupted Padre Joseph, abruptly. "I doubt that the girl's consent can be obtained. Unless a marvelous change has come over her since she left us, not one of her suitors in Chihuahua is able to bend the bow of the Ulysses she left behind her here in this good city of Santa Fe."

"I regret to have to say in reply," said Father Santiago, "that there is no silver lining for the cloud my news has occasioned, but that preparations are already in progress for the wedding."

"I am sorry for you, lieutenant," said the kind hearted Father Joseph, as he observed a sudden pallor come over the face of the young officer. "I am sorry for you, but I thought it best you should know."

And so the dream had ended again.

Once before it had madly ended, when the woman trudged past him in the ranks of the caravan with an infant at her back. But then, there was somewhat of an alloy in the affection he entertained for her, his admiration being incited by her faultless form and her beautiful face. Now, his love was pure and untainted, and brought joy to his heart, notwithstanding the bitter regrets occasioned by the new conditions that had thrust themselves in to separate them.

"I shall bear the blow heroically," he said, as he passed out of the padre's cell. "My best wishes are with her in any event, and I hope

she may never again know such deep sorrow as that through which she has passed."

The padre accompanied the young man along the garden walk from his cell to the convent gate.

"I thought it best, as I have said before," remarked the priest as they passed slowly along, "that you should hear what Father Santiago had to say, in order that you might be prepared for all possibilities that may overtake you in the matter, but, my son, I pray you nevertheless, believe the senorita true to her first love until the contrary has been proven. The intensity of her affection for you while she was an inmate of the convent approached the devotion due to the saints, and I cannot comprehend how such attachment could possibly be turned aside by any human agency. However, it must not be forgotten that her father is an arbitrary man, accustomed to be obeyed, and inflexible in his purposes. I fear the poor girl, even now as we speak together, may be undergoing trials that make life a burden to her. But in the end, my dear friend, I am sure all will be well. At present the clouds are dark, but hope, my son, hope for a happy conclusion. Remember the words of Stevens and find comfort in them:

"When the midnight is darkest, look for the dawn.
When thy sorrow is deepest, watch for the morn.
When thy heart-ache is sharpest, patiently bide,
For the lowest ebb marks the turn of the tide."

A year had barely gone by after Padre Santiago had come up from Chihuahua when the lieutenant yielded to the importunities of friends and applied to the War Department for a long leave of absence to go abroad. He had confined himself too closely to his duties, they told him, and needed a period of rest and a complete change of environment.

During the entire year he had been a frequent visitor at the convent, and although he never mentioned the name of the governor or his daughter, the good padre comprehended fully that the loss of the young man's health was due entirely to the incessant brooding in which he indulged over the silence of Isabel, and the apparent change that had occurred in her affection for him.

The leave of absence which the lieutenant had requested was finally granted, and when the fact was officially communicated to him he at once made preparation for his departure. The nearest railroad station at the time was more than six hundred miles distant from Santa Fe, and was reached by a line of coaches that followed the

Overland Trail through Las Vegos and Trinidad, to a point somewhere near central Kansas.

In the evening preceding the lieutenant's departure several friends called upon him at his quarters to bid him good-bye. The military officers, including the general commanding the department, came first, and after expressing their regret at his departure and the hope that he would speedily return with health fully restored, bade him good-bye, and one after the other in the order of their coming, took their leave.

Padre Joseph came last, evidently desiring a word alone with the lieutenant.

" I hope you will come back to us fully restored to health and strength," he said, as he finally rose to go. "I know you will agree with me when I say that we should accept the inevitable with resignation, whatever it may be, and frame our lives accordingly. Let the dead bury their dead, my son, and live for the future alone."

When the padre ceased to speak he embraced the lieutenant affectionately and hastened away.

The "up bound coach," in which the lieutenant had engaged a seat, reached Santa Fe about noon and delayed a few minutes in front of the Fonda to enable the exchange of the animals that drew it, and to afford an opportunity for the conductor and drivers to obtain their midday meal. It had been preceded not long before by a private conveyance containing a gentleman who had gone immediately after his arrival at the Fonda to call upon Father Joseph at the convent. The traveler had returned in a short time in great haste, and now, after engaging passage in the coach, hurriedly entered the vehicle as it was about to start, and with a sigh of relief threw himself down in the seat by the side of the lieutenant.

"I was afraid," he said, "the coach would get away before I could reach the Fonda and engage my seat."

The stranger proved to be a very agreeable companion and helped greatly to enliven the tedious journey by entertaining conversation and the common courtesies of the road. The coach passed rapidly along the trail, stopping every hour for a moment or two to effect a change of the animals that drew it. On one of these occasions during the first day out, the lieutenant, followed closely by his companion, appeared at the door of the coach and was about to alight when an uneasy animal moved the vehicle suddenly, precipitating the stranger against him and throwing them both through the open doorway to the ground.

Fortunately neither was injured by the fall, and when this fact had been developed by mutual inquiries, the stranger hastened to assume all blame for the accident.

"It was my fault," he said, "I should have remained seated until you were out."

"You blame yourself unjustly," said the lieutenant. "It was my fault, I am sure, as much as it was yours."

"Possibly so," replied the stranger after a brief delay, "but I have been at fault so many times in my life that I have become quite accustomed to assume the blame without considering the question of justice. I began the chapter of perversity when a boy by branding a cat and applying a hot seal to the face of an infant,"

The lieutenant turned hastily towards the stranger and gazed intently in his face.

"You applied a hot seal to the face of an infant," he said inquiringly. "It seems to me I have heard of some such accident before."

"You have probably heard it from Padre Joseph," said the stranger. "The infant was my cousin, and her father is the governor of Chihuahua."

"Yes," said the lieutenant languidly, "I know something about it, not alone from Padre Joseph, but from others. The infant was subsequently captured by Navajo Indians, if you refer to Isabel Ramond, and after she was rescued she spent a couple of years at the convent school at Santa Fe."

"Indeed," cried the stranger, "my misfortunes have at last come to a happy conclusion, if I have the pleasure of addressing Lieutenant Millard."

"And I," said the lieutenant, with equal gallantry, "if I have the pleasure of addressing Señor Alcanzar."

At the warning voice of the conductor the travelers sprang back into the coach, and a moment thereafter were moving rapidly northward over the rough trail. There was now a subject of common interest between the two men, and as they sank back in their seats, they gazed earnestly at each other, as if in doubt where to begin.

"The governor and his daughter are well, I presume," said the lieutenant at last.

"No," replied the señor. "Neither are well. The governor has been ill ever since his return from Santa Fe, and is now confined to his chair and his bed. The strain and anxiety he suffered while the search for his child continued broke down a naturally strong constitution, and an utter collapse, from which he does not seem able to recover, followed her return. The daughter herself is not well.

Added to the care of her father and her anxiety for him, she has other troubles that have seriously affected her health, and she is now practically an invalid and confined to her father's residence in the palace."

"She married well, I presume," said the lieutenant.

"She is not married," replied the señor. "Many young men in the city have aspired to her hand, but she has refused them all. The governor tried to arrange matters for her on one or two occasions, but he quickly got a taste of the Castilian blood in her veins, and finally let her have her own way. She charged me to say to you, if we should meet, that she has never ceased to be grateful to you and still cherishes the hope that you have not forgotten her."

"No, I have not forgotten her," the lieutenant replied, "but I have abundant reason to believe that she desired to forget me."

"How could you think so?" asked the señor. "She speaks of you often."

"But never answered the letters I wrote her," said the lieutenant.

"And never received one until a few days ago," said the señor. "She told me so herself. She waited for some time for a letter from you after she reached Chihuahua, and as none came, she wrote repeatedly to both yourself and Padre Joseph, but nothing ever came in reply. A few days ago the governor sent her to his private desk for a paper which required his attention. In searching for the document, she found a letter written by you nearly a year ago, addressed to herself. The discovery nearly drove her wild with anger and grief, and returning to her father's apartments, she charged him with having purposely witheld the letter, and possibly others written by her and yourself. The scene ended by the abject confession of her father and the expression finally of his desire to see you in person that he might ask your forgiveness. The señorita sent for me at once and desired me to hasten to Santa Fe and beg you to come without delay to Chihuahua while her father still lives, that he may confess his fault and make proper recompense for it before he is taken away. She recognizes that her dear old father was actuated solely by his affection for her, and his fear, which had almost become a mania with him, that she might be taken away from him again.

"When I reached Santa Fe," continued the señor, "I went fortunately, at once to call upon Padre Joseph, from whom I learned that you intended to take the coach that day for the north, and hastening to the Fonda, I had barely time to pay my fare and take my seat beside you before we were off. You will readily understand that I could not at once address you upon the subject on which I have come.

It was possible, you know, that your feelings towards my cousin might have undergone something of a change in consequence of the treatment you have received, and I deemed it best to delay introducing the subject until we had become somewhat acquainted.

"And now, my dear lieutenant," he continued, speaking very earnestly, "when we meet the 'down coach,' let us transfer to it and go back to Santa Fe, where the governor's carriage waits to take us on to Chihuahua."

The lieutenant readily gave his consent, and when the "down coach" was met a few hours later, it was stopped by the conductor, and the señor and his companion were quickly transferred to it. The officer seemed dazed and helpless, and submitted passively to the control of the señor.

"I wish we could get there to-night," he said after the 'down coach" had once more resumed its break-neck speed southward. "These overland coaches," he continued, "are so slow."

On reaching Santa Fe Señor Elcanzar ordered his carriage at once, and within an hour after their arrival the lieutenant and himself were moving rapidly southward on their way to Chihuahua.

It was a long, tedious journey from Santa Fe to their destination, but it was accomplished at last, and one bright autumn day the carriage bearing the two weary travelers drew up in front of the governor's palace.

"Say to Señorita Ramond," said the señor to a servant, as they entered a reception room in the palace, "that a friend desires to see her here personally for a moment. And now," continued the señor, "excuse me, please, while I go and direct the coachman where to drive with our baggage."

He passed quickly out of the room and through the hall into the street. The door had scarcely closed behind him when the señorita appeared, making her way slowly through the wide hall towards the door of the reception room, to which she had been directed by the servant. She paused for a moment at the threshold and looked within. The lieutenant was standing in the middle of the room impatiently awaiting her coming.

"Mi querido!" she cried, as she caught sight of his face. *"Mi querido!"* she repeated, and springing towards him, once more fell fainting in his arms.

Some time elapsed before she recovered consciousness and was able to speak.

"Mi querido," she asked at length, "do you come to say good-bye?"

"No," he replied. "I come to ask Isabel to stay with me forever."

As he spoke the señor entered the hall and noisily approached the reception room. When he entered, the señorita quickly approached him and threw herself upon his shoulder.

"I can never repay you for your kindness," she said. "You are my dear, dear cousin. But for the scar you gave me I would never have been found by my father, and but for your weary journey in serving me, *mi querido* would not have returned to me."

Overcome by her emotions, she would have fallen to the floor but for the aid of her cousin, who assisted her to a seat.

The governor was greatly pleased when he learned that the lieutenant had come, and within a day or two after his arrival asked that he might be brought to his room. The scene that followed the entrance of the lieutenant was pathetic in the extreme.

"I have wronged you," said the governor earnestly, as he lay helpless on his couch. "I believed you had conspired with Padre Joseph to take my child from me again, and I intercepted the letters between you. God forgive me," he said feebly. "I would make amends."

"I entered into no conspiracy," said the lieutenant. "But I have come now," he added, after a brief pause, "to ask your consent to make your daughter my wife. When I believed her of savage birth," he said, "I intended to wed her with her consent alone, but now that she has succeeded by right to a higher station in life, I come to her father for his gracious consent."

"Her wishes are mine," said the governor, and extending his arms towards the lieutenant, he attempted to rise and embrace him. "I have just been advised," he continued, after a brief silence, "that I have succeeded to high rank and a noble estate in my native land, to which my daughter will succeed when I am gone. I charge you," he added earnestly, "to defend her rightful claims and demand for her the rank to which she is entitled as my daughter and only child."

The governor was greatly exhausted by the prolonged effort he had made to converse with the lieutenant and the excitement attending the interview, and lay quiet and motionless for some time, his face as white and colorless as the pillow on which his head reclined. An attendant hastened to administer a stimulant and when the governor had recovered somewhat of his fast failing strength he contiued:

"In partial amend for the injury I have done you," he said, "and that you may have something more than your honorable position in life to share with your bride, I have this day, at my daughter's request, executed deeds in your favor to lands and mines equal in value to the fortune I will leave her."

He touched a bell at his side, and when a servant appeared in response to the call, he sent him to his daughter to say that he desired to see her in his chamber. She came almost at once and quickly approached the side of the bed. Her father seized her by the hand and, calling the lieutenant to come near, placed her hand in his.

"Let it be done quickly," he said, "I have but a short time to remain."

The daughter fell upon her knees at the side of the bed and buried her face in the pillow on which her father lay. He feebly stroked her dark hair and his moving lips showed that his soul was engaged in prayer.

The marriage ceremony was consummated at the earnest desire of the father, early on the following day, and but a few hours thereafter the great bell in the cathedral began a solemn toll, as mass was being celebrated for the repose of the soul of the dead Governor of Chihuahua.

When the funeral obsequies were finally concluded and the lieutenant had made necessary arrangements for the conduct of his business interests in his absence, he resumed the journey that had been so sadly and so happily interrupted, and, accompanied by his wife, proceeded by private conveyance to El Paso. On reaching that place the conveyance in which they had come from Chihuahua was dismissed, and the happy couple took passage in an American mail coach on the "Overland Line" for Santa Fe. Immediately upon their arrival in the ancient city of "Holy Faith," Cheeta was sent for and when she had come a suitable home and a competence for the rest of her life was provided for her.

The journey was then resumed, and continued without further interruption until New York City was reached, where several weeks were spent in visiting with relatives and friends. At the conclusion of these visits, passage was engaged on an Atlantic liner, and a few days thereafter the lieutenant and his wife sailed for Spain.

And so it came to pass in the end that the lieutenant's dreams of a bride who would bring him royal honors and untold wealth in money and mines, were fully and happily realized. He had, however, long since abandoned all faith in his early dreams as unworthy fancies, and now accepted the honors and wealth that had befallen him with grateful recognition of the kind Providence that had made them possible.

COLONEL HENRY R. BRINKERHOFF.
U. S. Army.

THE DUEL,

And the Unfortunate Affair Between Hamilton and Burr.

The origin of the duel, as we understand it to be—a deadly combat between two persons—is undoubtedly the wager of battle, or, as some writers call it, the judicial duel. As Sabine says, it was founded on the presumption that a brave man did not deserve to suffer, and that a coward did not deserve to live; and the appeal was made directly to God in the faith that He would protect the party whose quarrel was just. If the person accused was victorious, he was acquitted as innocent; if he was defeated, he was pronounced guilty and subject to the punishment prescribed by law for his offence. If the accuser was vanquished, he was liable to the penalties that would have fallen upon the accused. Without going very far into the subject, these were the general outlines of the judicial duel as it existed in Europe for a considerable period under the sanction of law. From age to age it became modified in various respects until it was abandoned by the law, and taken up by persons many of whom thought their cause just, and combats became frequent upon points of honor, so-called, such as "Thou liest," etc.; then came into existence the modern duel, against which the common sense of the public throughout the world has set its face. It would take more of your space than you can well spare to treat the subject as it doubtless deserves to be treated. Sufficient to say in this respect, that most countries have made the participators in a duel amenable to the law, and, in case of one or both being killed, subject to be tried and punished for murder. And so in general, duelling has become a thing of the past.

There have been all sorts of duels—tragic, comic, and otherwise—as the writer will proceed to show. France was always a great country for duels. On the slightest provocation, or even no provocation at all, men fought to the death, wondering what they were fighting about. Edicts and laws were made by the different sovereigns of France against duelling, but without much effect. Montaigne and other writers ridiculed it. Voltaire inveighed against the practice, although he had when a young man sought satisfaction from a nobleman for a brutal insult, but had reflected on his temerity in the solitude of the Bastile. Rousseau denounced it "as a horrible and bar-

barous custom, which a courageous man despises and a good man abhors." The great Cardinal Richelieu disapproved of it as a statesman and ecclesiastic. Dumas' duel was fought in 1832, when he wrote his powerful piece of the "Tour de Nesle," and was charged with plagiarism, in consequence of which duel he was obliged to leave France for a time. Napoleon the Great was its sworn foe. Yet such men as the following famous names in literature and politics, if not duellists, fought their duels: Emilie de Giradin, Lamartine, Alexander Dumas, Ledru Rollin, Edmond About, Sainte Beuve, M. Thiers, etc.

In England it has been held by the greatest legal authorities, such as Coke, Bacon and Hale, that a duel in the eye of the law differs nothing from an ordinary murder, and yet such men as Fox, Pitt, Canning, Castlereagh, the Dukes of York and Richmond, Wilkes, Sir Francis Burdett, Henry Grattan and Daniel O'Connell, fought their duels to sustain some fancied point of honor. Duels have now become extinct in England, owing to social changes and the enlightenment of the age, and to the fact that Fox and Pitt were before the law no better than Dick Turpin or the infamous Brownrigg.

Perhaps some of your readers may not be aware that the first fatal duel fought in what is now the United States was upon Boston Common, between Benjamin Woodbridge and Henry Phillips, on the evening of July 3, 1728. These young men had quarrelled over cards at the Royal Exchange Tavern, in King street (now State street), and under the influence of drink had agreed to settle their differences with swords in the public grounds above named. They met at a little after eight in the evening and Woodbridge was mortally wounded and was found dead on the Common the following morning. Both were gentlemen of good social position. Phillips was a brother of Gillam Phillips, who married Marie, the sister of Peter Faneuil, the builder of Boston's famous hall. Shurtleff, in his description of Boston, refers to this duel in the following language: In the old Granary burial ground, between Park Street Church and the Tremont Building (formerly the Tremont House), facing Tremont street, is "a foot stone which may be seen from the sidewalk outside of the yard which recalls a sad story. This stone was the last humble memorial which a disappointed and heart-stricken family had placed over the remains of one who, in an unlucky and unguarded moment, had been hurried from this life by the rash and melancholy act of a companion. It stands as when first erected over the grave of poor Woodbridge, who met his death at the hands of Henry Phillips. There are but few who pass this unostentatious slab of unpretending slate who know

the brief history of Benjamin Woodbridge. All, however, may read the following inscription:

Here lies interred
The body of Mr. Benjamin Woodbridge,
Son of the Honorable Dudley Woodbridge, Esq.,
Who died July 3, 1728, in ye 20th year of his age.

The story of young Woodbridge is soon told: for before he had completed his twentieth year he fell a victim to a duel, the first fought in Boston. The parties to this transaction were himself, a young merchant of great promise who had just completed his education, having been sent from a distant abode for the purpose, and who had recently been admitted to business as a partner with Jonathan Sewall, one of the most active merchants of the place; and Henry Phillips, then a young graduate of the college at Cambridge, who had lately been associated with his brother Gillam in the business of book selling. Phillips was about four years older than Woodbridge, having at the time of this melancholy affair completed his twenty-third year. Their social position was eminently respectable, for each was related to the best families in the Province. Woodbridge was the son of a gentleman of some distinction in Barbadoes, one of the magistrates there, who had formerly been settled in the ministry as pastor of the church in Groton, Ct. The cause of the difficulty was a dispute over cards. The place of meeting was on the rising grounds of the Common, not far from the Great Elm, near where in the olden time a powder house stood. Small swords were used. No one but themselves participated. Woodbridge fell mortally wounded and died on the spot before the next morning. Phillips was slightly wounded and at midnight, by the aid of his brother Gilliam and Peter Faneuil, of famous memory, made his escape to the Sheerness, a British man-of-war then lying in the harbor, and before the sun of the next morning had fully discovered to interested friends the miserable result of the unfortunate meeting, he was on his way to France, where he died in less than a twelvemonth of grief and a broken heart. What a lesson does that silent gravestone perpetually teach!"

The writer supposes that the first encounter with deadly weapons on this continent was between Edward Doty and Edward Leister, in 1621, at Plymouth. Call it the first duel, or mock duel, or what you will, it was a dispute between two servants of Stephen Hopkins, and was settled, gentlemanlike, with sword and dagger. Both were wounded. Without a statute law upon the subject, the whole company of Puritans assembled to consider and to punish the offence. The

decision was the wisest that could have been made. The culprits or duellists were ordered to be tied together, heads and feet, for twenty-four hours, without food or drink, but were released, upon request of their masters, after serving a part of their sentence. Sabine says: "A personal combat between the renowned Miles Standish and John Alden, to adjust their differences about that arch maiden, Priscilla Mullens, would have been respectable and might have afforded a precedent; but no persons of standing, for a generation at least, were likely to imitate two serving men, who had been doomed to punishment so entirely ridiculous."

There is a comic side to duelling which, it seems to the writer, has done more to stay the practice than anything else. It is related of Weston, the player, evidently a facetious individual, that, having borrowed five pounds, and failing in payment, the lender spoke of it in public, whereupon Weston challenged him to fight. On the "field of honor" the lender offered Weston the note to make it up, and then said: "Let us give one another a slight scratch and say we wounded each other." "All right," says Weston, who whipped his sword through the fleshy part of his antagonist's arm, till he brought the very tears into his eyes. This done, and the wound tied up with a handerchief, "Come," said his antagonist, "where shall I wound you?" Weston, who thus had him at a great disadvantage, said: "Where you can, sir; where you can."

Israel Putnam, or "Old Put," as he is known to every school boy, had "two affairs of honor" during the Revolutionary War, which are recorded in his biography. The first was with an American officer whom, without design, he had offended at table, and who demanded instant satisfaction. "Old Put" agreed to meet him the next morning without seconds. The officer repaired to the spot designated, armed with sword and pistols, and, before taking his place, was greeted with a shot from the old general's gun at thirty rods. "What are you about?" cried the officer. "A pretty question to ask of a man you are going to murder," says Old Put. "I am about to kill you, and if you don't beat a retreat in less time than it takes old Heath to hang a Tory, you are a gone dog." The officer turned and fled.

The other affair of Old Put's was with a British officer, a prisoner on parole, who was offended at some remark of the general and challenged him. As the challenged party, Old Put agreed to select the weapons for both and appear at a place named. The officer found him there, seated on a barrel, apparently full of powder, smoking his pipe. The general asked him to take a seat on the other side of the

barrel, remarking, "there was an equal chance for both of them," and set fire to a match which communicated to the contents of the barrel. The officer looked at the match a moment, as the fire approached the supposed powder, and then departed. As he retired Old Put exclaimed: "You are just as brave a man as I took you to be; this is nothing but a barrel of onions with a few grains of powder on the head to try you by. But you don't like the smell."

Of all the lovely spots in the world which the writer has visited there is not one which comes up more nearly to his idea of perfect natural beauty than the little island of Nevis among the group of what are known as the Leeward Islands of the West Indies. As the steamer which carried some sixty passener left St. Christopher's, or St. Kit's, as it is more popularly called, in search of health and recreation, in the winter of 1888-89, Nevis loomed up some twenty-five hundred feet, or more, green to the top with tropical vegetation, with a vessel or two at anchor in its harbor, and its coast dotted with little white dwellings among which arose the spire of a church, which added materially to the romantic effect of a scene never to be forgotten. Your readers who are interested in such matters should read Lafcadio Hearn's vivid descriptions of his trips through the Leeward and Windward Islands, and "Down the Islands," by Agnew Paton, to get the true idea of the loveliness of Nevis. In one of these little dwellings Alexander Hamilton was born in 1757, one of the greatest statesmen America has produced, of whom John Marshall said, "he ranks next to Washington," and here he lived until about twelve years old, when he went to the Danish island of Santa Cruz, and was placed in a counting room. Before proceeding to give a slight account of Hamilton's career, the writer also wishes to state an interesting fact to your readers, that in the little church above alluded to Lord Nelson, then Captain Horatio Nelson, afterwards England's famous admiral, was married to the beautiful Widow Nisbet, at whose wedding was present Prince William Henry, afterward Duke of Clarence, and finally William IV of England; thus making the little island of Nevis celebrated, as it were, for two very important events—the birth of Alexander Hamilton, the statesman, and the marriage of the great Nelson, whose moral character, however, became tainted through the unfortunate relations with the notorious but beautiful Lady Hamilton, who, from being the illegitimate child of a servant girl, afterward became a shop girl in London, then chambermaid to a lady of rank, then barmaid, and so on, as history tells us, until she reached the height of her ambition by becoming the wife of Sir William Hamilton, English

ambassador at Naples. Her life was a mixture of romance and immorality, and ended by her dying in want and misery.

Hamilton, feeling himself above the drudgery of a counting-house, was sent to New York, where he entered King's (now Columbia) College. He rose rapidly, was a ready polemical writer, and taking sides with the Colonies against the mother country, became a power in their defence. Also, he was the beloved friend of Washington and a member of his military family. There was nothing agitated for the good of this country during and after the Revolution in which Hamilton did not serve. He devised and penned the first draft of the Constitution of the United States. With Jay and Madison he wrote "The Federalist," a series of papers, which are still read and quoted, on the ends and aims of the Federal Constitution and its true interpretation. Your readers will pardon this slight sketch of one of whom every American has cause to be proud, because without being an absolutely perfect character his life was elevating; he was not low in point of morals, or a statesman in name only, or a political intriguer, like his antagonist, Aaron Burr. Of the latter his biographer (Matthew L. Davis) says: "His intrigues were without number; his conduct most licentious. The sacred bonds of friendship were unhesitatingly violated when they operated as barriers to the indulgence of his passions, etc." This infamous character he retained through life. And yet this man of education but immoral instincts aspired to the presidency of the United States, and but for a tie vote with Jefferson would have been at the head of the nation. As it was, the election having been thrown into the House of Representatives, Jefferson was chosen and Burr became Vice-President.

Burr hated Washington with an intense hatred, and Washington returned it with a settled distrust of the former; hence it is reasonable to suppose that Hamilton, the friend of Washington, becoming the political enemy of Burr, was betrayed, occasionally, into more forcible language toward his opponent than perhaps the occasion called for, and so a most bitter political enmity arose between the two, which continued until near the close of Burr's term of office as Vice-President, when, finding himself under a cloud with his party, he sought, as an author says, "to recover his popularty by being a candidate for the governorship of New York, but was defeated by Morgan Lewis." While Hamilton and Burr remained outwardly friendly, the former did not hesitate to express privately his distrust of the latter, who fixed upon certain remarks said to have been made to some one (it is not clear to whom, as his biography shows), as a ground for a challenge.

Hamilton sought to avoid extremities; he was opposed to duelling, having lost his eldest son, Philip, in a political duel at the age of eighteen, who was killed at Weehawken, N. J., in 1802, where two years later his father met his death at the hands of Burr. Truman, in his "Field of Honor," says: "Inseparably connected with the political history of the United States, above all other kindred events, is the memorable meeting of Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, at Weehawken, N. J., opposite the city of New York, on Wednesday morning, at seven o'clock, July 11, 1804, in which the former received his antagonist's bullet in a vital part, from which he died at two o'clock the following day. No event of the kind, so far as can be discovered by the author, in America or elsewhere, ever produced such a general and profound sensation. The intelligence of the fall of the illustrious Hamilton, while it was received with marked feeling in Europe even, fell like a crushing dome upon the American people. New York city was paralyzed, and the inhabitants of the whole country were plunged into the deepest mourning. Great multitudes of people thronged to New York to witness the melancholy ceremonies and to take part in the funeral procession, which was very large and very impressive. The funeral address was delivered by Gouverneur Morris from a platform in front of Trinity Church, Broadway, in the presence of many thousands of grief-stricken people, among whom were four of the sons of the deceased, the eldest of whom was sixteen and the youngest between six and seven."

Hamilton, on the evening before the duel, prepared a paper containing his opinions on duelling, in which, after stating his reluctance at obeying a custom so repugnant to his feelings, he says: "My religious and moral principles are strongly opposed to the practice of duelling, and it would ever give me pain to shed the blood of a fellow creature in a private combat forbidden by the laws. My wife and children are extremely dear to me, and my life is of the utmost importance to them in various views," beside much more that would be extremely interesting to the reader to hear. While disclaiming no ill-will to Burr distinct from political opposition, Hamilton took the ground that it was impossible for him to avoid a hostile meeting, owing to intrinsic difficulties in the way; intrinsic because he had animadverted upon Burr's political principles, character, and views with great severity, and because the disavowal of these animadversions was called for in a general and indefinite form. He tried all he could to avoid a meeting, and did go further in the attempt to do so than perhaps many others would have done in that day.

The details of the duel, correspondence, etc., are exceedingly interesting, but in the results like all such as we read about. Two men with deadly weapons stand up to be shot at; one killed, and the other fleeing for his life; not a friendly word spoken by either; nothing but a sense of duty, accompanied by a weakness of character, so far as duelling went, on the part of the better man, and hate and political revenge on the part of the murderer. Burr was ever after ruined. He became reckless and entered into treacherous designs against the country, for which he was tried, and fortunately (for himself) acquitted. He succeeded, however, in getting Blennerhassett into his toils. (For "Who Was Blennerhassett?" see Abbott's article thereon in Harper's Magazine for February, 1877).

Burr's after life, though a ruined one, was quite romantic. His perseverance was indomitable; he entered into all sorts of enterprises, and was unlucky in everything he undertook. At the age of seventy-eight he married the Widow Jumel, whose estates were in litigation for so many years in New York. He separated from her, owing to a reckless use of her money. Appleton says: "In his last days Burr was dependent upon the charity of a Scotch woman, a friend of former years, for a home." He died in 1836, in poverty and imbecility, having outlived his victim nearly a quarter of a century.

There was, however, one trait in Burr's character which all will admire—his love for his daughter, Theodosia, who married Joseph Allston, of Charleston, who afterward became governor of South Carolina. She was one of the most brilliant as well as most lovely women America had produced. Before her tenth year she read Horace and Terence in the original Latin, spoke French fluently, and was a diligent student of German. With her he was always the loving and devoted father. His letters to her, as given in full by Matthew L. Davis, his biographer, are not only beautiful in composition, but wonderful in their affectionate regard. She was his all. And yet, with this exception, this man was rotten to the core, unsound in principle, and a political trickster.

Theodosia left Charleston for New York in a fast sailing pilot boat, in December, 1812, and neither she nor the crew were ever heard of afterward. It was thought at one time that they had become the prey of pirates, who were known to infest the coast and islands; but the calmer judgment of the world has settled down to the belief that they were lost in a heavy storm which prevailed for several days. Let us hope so; for if not, a terrible fate must have awaited them too horrible to dwell upon. Let us, too, bear in mind that one of the few

bright spote in the life of Aaron Burr, the victim of insatiate ambition, was his undying love for his poor drowned daughter.

DECATUR AND BARRON.

Shortly after the death of Hamilton at the hands of Burr, in 1804, public opinion in this country began to be agitated upon the subject of duelling, principally through letters written by an illustrious man of that day—Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina—to the New York State Society of the Cincinnati, in his capacity as vice-president general of the Society of the Cincinnati of the United States. The eminently social and high political standing of Pinckney entitled him to a hearing. The two papers which he addressed to the New York society, coming as they did from one whose father had been chief justice of the colony of South Carolina; whose reputation for scholarship ranked high; who had obtained the affection and confidence of Washington and whose love of country was unimpeachable; who, when minister to France created that sentiment which has since passed into a maxim, "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute," are models of composition and filled with the loftiest, purest and most tender inspirations; they are to be found at length in the appendix to Sabine's work on duelling. Among other interesting matter Pinckney writes: "The custom of duelling erects a tribunal for the settlement of personal differences, in which, contrary to all sound principles, a man become the sole judge in his own cause; whence, as might have been expected from such a code, the only punishments for the lowest as well as highest offences are written in blood. That restraining personal resentments, by giving the attribute of vengeance to the laws, was the greatest victory obtained by civilization over barbarism; but the custom of duelling is too well calculated to defeat the beneficial effects of that triumph, and to weaken the authority of all laws, by accustoming men to condemn their actions. The absurd custom of duelling decides no right, but is simply a relic of the dark ages, when men for grievances, many times more fancied than real, thought Heaven would interfere in a murder in which the innocent was as likely to be the victim as the guilty offender."

Passing from the above thoughts, which, although penned nearly a century ago, are the views of the best part of mankind of the present day, we approach with great affection the name of Stephen Decatur, one of the foremost in the naval history of this country. From the time when our struggling nation was fighting single handed the

piratical Barbary States, in 1801, to the day of his lamentable death, he was a universal favorite. Later on he fought victoriously against Great Britain, and was accounted one of the bravest and most heroic of our navy; he was impetuous to a fault, and it was this impetuosity that led him to his doom. What he said he would do, perfectly careless as to results, he did without fear or favor of any man.

The quarrel between Decatur and Barron began when the former sat upon the court martial which tried the latter for surrendering the Chesapeake to the Leopard in 1807. Decatur, it has always been supposed, was the prime mover in obtaining the verdict of this court, which was the suspension of Barron from the service for five years. During this five years and afterward Barron remained abroad, at first without pay and subsequently on regular pay. Decatur took occasion, in his impetuous way, to infer cowardice on the part of Barron for so doing, intimating that when our country was in danger and needed the services of every man, it was the duty, especially of those who were the servants of the nation, as he claimed Barron was, to come forward and offer those services to the government. The war being over for a while, Barron returned to the United States, still retaining his rank in the navy, but he never obtained a command.

Decatur, still persisting in his invectives, doubtless aided and abetted by interested parties on both sides, was challenged by Barron, and after a correspondence, quite interesting but too lengthy to be inserted here, a meeting was arranged and the two men faced each other at eight paces distant, on March 22, 1820, on the field at Bladensburg, Maryland. Captain William Bainbridge, who commanded the Constitution, or "Old Ironsides," when she captured the Java, was the second of Decatur, and Captain Jesse D. Elliot (who commanded the Charlestown Navy Yard when Captain Sam Dewey sawed off the figurehead of Jackson from her bows, and carried it, on that dreadful stormy night, to the Mansion House, on Milk street, just below the Old South), was the second of Barron.

A writer, who had often visited the now almost deserted village of Bladensburg, says: "Civilization may complacently gaze at this far-away nook, and reflect that the world would have to retard, instead of advance, could the duel ever again revive. It was the mediæval 'wager of battle'; it made the trick of the weapon the verdict of the jury; it disguised murder under the name of chivalry; it was a fraud and a delusion, with human vanity alone making the lie real. 'Confess,' said the priest to the dying Neapolitan nobleman who had fought fourteen duels to prove that Dante was a greater poet than Ariosto,

'confess that Ariosto was the greater poet.' 'Father,' answered the dying man, 'to tell you the truth, I have never read either Dante or Ariosto.'

"Great personages were they who stood in that narrow gully at the meeting of Decatur and Barron. The American navy was well represented by such men as Commodore John Rodgers, David Porter and others. Great decorum prevailed in the choice of corners and the measures of distance. The two principals, haughty, dignified, self-possessed ever, observed in silence the arrangements made for the death of one, and the question must have suggested itself, Which? All being in readiness, the principals were placed back to back. Their orders were to turn at the word 'Present,' and not to fire before the word 'One,' nor after the word 'Three.' Eight paces distant from each other, they swung around at the word 'Present.' Each saw the face of the other, the rising sun and the barren landscape; one for the last time—but which?

"At the cry 'One' each took deadly aim; to miss fire meant death.

" 'Two.' Both pistols were discharged simultaneously, and both men fell. Both men were wounded in the hip. The ball which struck Decatur glanced upward, severing the blood vessels in the abdomen. His time had come.

"The affair created intense excitement all over the country. 'A cursed shame!' said those opposed to murder disguised under the name of the duel. 'Unfortunate in its results!' exclaimed those advocating the code. Barron suffered from his wounds for many months, and finally died in 1851, having gained nothing in life that clung to his name with greater tenacity than his reputation as the slayer of Decatur."

Sabine says: "For this duel there was no cause whatever. Decatur, in the correspondence, constantly maintained all absence of personal enmity towards Barron; but he adhered to his original statement that the conduct of Barron as an officer since the affair of the Chesapeake, in 1807, has been such as ought forever bar his readmission into the service."

Strange enough, both of these men were opposed to duelling; so was the lamented Hamilton and many others who have been called out; then why did they fight or stand up to be shot at with almost an absolute certainty, if both were not killed, of one retiring from the field of a murderer? As William Wirt said, the answer was found in the conversations of Decatur with him, and is the same that other distinguished men have made time and time again—*the omnipotence of public sentiment.*

Both men were undoubtedly brave in the ordinary acceptance of the word, but they lacked that moral strength of character without which mere physical bravery is no better than brute force.

An incident is related of Decatur's coolness which occurred at Malta, in 1803, when he and Joseph Bainbridge (brother of William) were stationed there, the first named a lieutenant and the latter a midshipman of our navy. In the lobby of the theatre, one Cochran, secretary of Sir Alexander Ball, governor of the island, took occasion to grossly insult the midshipman. Our navy and its officers were held in utter contempt by the English residents. They called "Old Ironsides," the flagship of Commodore Preble, "a bunch of pine boards," and treated the officers with indignity. Cochran and his comrades followed Bainbridge from the street into the lobby of the theatre, and dogged at his heels wherever he went, and then deliberately ran against him several times. Upon the last collision Bainbridge knocked him down. A challenge was sent by Cochran the same night. Bainbridge, who had never fired at a mark in his life, placed the matter in the hands of Stephen Decatur, who, having been informed that Cochran had been practicing with a pistol at eight or ten paces for weeks, named *four paces,* as a device to save his friend's life, if possible. Cochran was absolutely sure at ten paces against one who had never practiced; his second objected to the proposition, saying that the distance was simply murderous. Decatur admitted the fact, but declined to modify the terms, and finally prevailed. The parties exchanged shots without effect; at the second fire Cochran was killed, while Bainbridge escaped unhurt.

Decatur's remains rest under an elegant commemorative monument in St. Peter's churchyard, Philadelphia, a spot to which those strangers make a pilgrimage who have not lost their friendly interest in the unfortunate fate of one of the most illustrious of our naval heroes.

BENJAMIN H. STEVENS.

THE TRIALS OF STAFF OFFICERS.

THE STATE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

(Concluded.)

By General Charles King.

In the fall of '96 after a reasonably successful camp season, there came to Mr. X as adjutant general an experience that partook of the nature of a trial which had little of the humorous about it, except, perhaps, as further illustration of the propensity of the press to get utterly mixed when matters military were the subject of discussion. Fourteen years had passed since, as Professor of Military Science and Tactics at the State University, that much badgered Badger had conducted his final review and accepted the new duties assigned him on the Governor's staff. It was the then adjutant general of the State, and not some official connected with the University, who had first approached him on the subject of accepting that professorship. This circumstance had some bearing in his conduct of affairs during the two years of his incumbency, which were full of incident and not without valuable results. Long since, in part at least, those experiences were described in the columns of The United Service, and ever since those years Mr. X had maintained a deep interest in the military department and rejoiced greatly over the building of the great armory and gymnasium and in the purchase of the fine campus for military purposes—two things he had vainly striven to induce the legislature to provide for during his own term, and that only gradually came about as the institution broadened and expanded to the fine proportions attained in the mid nineties. Meantime officers from the active list of the Army had been successively detailed, and what had been a little two-company affair became in course of years a great battalion (it is now a regiment), with a very creditable military band, made up entirely of students.

Like the lads of pretty much every other American institution Mr. X had ever seen or heard of, most of the undergraduates were full of fun, frolic and mischief, and like every other college, old or young, at home or abroad, the Freshmen were considered fair game for the

pranks of their elders. Our youngsters were no worse than those of other states and rather better than some whom Mr. X had known and known well. But the spirit of deviltry seemed riper than ever, this fall of '96, and "hazing" was its natural outlet. Not content with playing the conventional tricks out of what they termed "school hours," the uproarious element of the sophomore class one day essayed to sweep the Freshmen squads from the drill ground, and the essay was startlingly comprehensive and complete. The ringleaders did not receive the punishment they deserved at the hands of the Faculty. The officer then on duty promptly asked to be relieved, and the President of the University, a personal friend of Mr. X, appeared a few days later at the adjutant general's office in quest, as he said, of advice and assistance. They must have as speedily as possible a new head for the Department of Military Science and Tactics, said he, and he did not know for whom to apply.

Ever since Mr. X began this work in 1880, the Board of Regents had chosen for the duty officers whose appointment to the Army was credited to our own state. Once, unbeknownst to the Board, the then President of the University applied for the detail of a certain subaltern who had no local affiliations, and, even as the President of the Board was solemnly considering the applications of native sons, he was apprised of the detail and surprised by the arrival of a total stranger to all Badgerdom, except possibly Mr. X, who had known him at the Point. The order had been issued by the War Department on the application of the President of the institution. The Regents accepted the situation, not without remark, but, with this exception, all the officers successively holding that professorship between the years 1880 and 1896 had been Badgers by birth or adoption.

And now came the head of the 'Varsity to the adjutant general of the State. The Regents, said he, would be having no meeting just now, and he desired the services of a capable officer at once, the latest incumbent having declared his resignation and decision irrevocable.

There were at that moment three Badgers in the line of the Army, who had not yet been on University duty, gifted with especial qualifications for just such work. It required energy, tact, discretion, and though there were other officers whose applications were on file, two of these three were personally well known to Mr. X. First and foremost was a senior lieutenant of artillery of fourteen years of admirable service, a man of high character, marked dignity and ability, a soldier and a gentleman, but so much in request among his superiors that he had only just finished a four years' detail as aide-de-camp to a major general, and, under the laws which Secretary Lamont refused to depart

from, he must now serve a term with his regiment before he could again be sent on detached duty. Mr. X knew, therefore, that this particular officer, whom he long had wished to see at the head of the military department, could not at this time be sent there. Next on the list was a captain of infantry who was to the full as capable an officer and as thorough a gentleman as the first named. He lacked in social, in family and in political influences, possibly, but had, on the other hand, a knowledge of university affairs, derived from the fact that he himself had long been one of its undergraduates before going to West Point. He had been sent to inspect the troops of his native State during the summer, and had most favorably impressed every officer and man. The President of the University had heard that at some time in the past the friends of the first-named officer had sought his detail, and so had Mr. X. Both would have rejoiced to see him there now, but *one* of them knew that the detail was impossible and so informed the other.

"Then," said the President, "can we get the Captain? Will *you* write to the War Department and ask?"

It so happened that the officer of the adjutant general's department, then in charge of such matters, had been Mr. X's intimate friend and associate on the staff of a famous cavalry regiment in by-gone days. He was at the moment, as it happened, pondering over the situation, and Mr. X's letter, written at the request of the President, came just in time to suggest a solution. The captain in question was stationed within a day's journey of the University. He was available in every way. The order was issued at once, and—then came the deluge.

Ignorant of the decision of the Secretary of War in like cases, or possibly ignoring it, influential friends of the artilleryman, learning that a vacancy existed at the 'Varsity, came to the President in behalf of their unconscious candidate (for had he known what was doing he would doubtless have held their hands) and were confounded to learn that another officer, "recommended by the adjutant general," had been applied for;—then that he had been ordered. Now, one difference between the President of the University in Mr. X's day and the President of '96 was that the former seemed to care at times very little for what the Regents might wish, while the latter always seemed to care a great deal. Down from the hill he came, and in obvious perturbation. Certain prominent citizens, friends of the University, he said, wished to secure the lieutenant of artillery, and hadn't a doubt they could get him. Mr. X said in reply that they couldn't wish it any more than he did, but he'd like to bet the influential friends, individually and collectively, ten dollars to ten cents that they couldn't bring

it about. The President was worried, however. They *said* they could, and the only thing standing in the way was that order. So Mr. X showed him another,—the general order that covered the case; told him there was no earthly show of getting their man appointed and that they were in big luck to get the man they did, and with this the President went forth to battle in defense of his deed.

But then came the papers: "UNIVERSITY REGENTS INCENSED." "IMPERTINENT INTERFERENCE OF ADJUTANT GENERAL X." "OBJECTIONAL OFFICER ORDERED ON DUTY," etc., etc. And in two big cities and a dozen smaller ones the affair was elaborately paraded by the press, with all manner of imaginative embroidery, much to the pain of the kith and kin of the selected officer, the dismay of the President and the whimsical wrath of Mr. X. As it happened, he had some personal friends on the Board of Regents, and it speedily transpired that only one of that august body had been at all active in the matter. The story was publicly denied by some of its leading members, but the press was unterrified. It had its information from "unimpeachable sources," it said, and presently the source was discovered.

Long time a leader in matters political, a perennial public servant, sometimes postmaster, sometimes judge, sometimes mayor, ofttimes regent, all the time chairman of some committee, and between times candidate for pretty much anything from the federal senate to ward supervisor, we had at the capital a bustling, busy, genial personage, who was never happy out of politics or power. He had been for a term of years at the head of the Executive Committee of the Board of Regents. He had been long since given the impressive title of "Boss," and though he had ceased to be a regent, he still clung to the Boss and the idea that what was University business was his business.

Right in the midst of the newspaper accusations and the Regents' denials, in he came to the adjutant general's office.

"Where is General X?" said he. "I want to see General X," and having seen him, seated at his usual desk, the caller proceeded as follows: "You've got us into a scrape now, General X, and you must get us out of it. We want Lieutenant Blank, and by Jove, we're going to have him!"

"I want Lieutenant Blank, too, but we're not going to have him," answered the man behind the desk.

"Because you put in your oar and blocked our game," says the assailant.

"Because of the War Department orders, not my oar," says the assailed.

"Bah!" says the Boss, as he bangs out of the door. "We could have had Blank detailed this minute if it weren't for this other man that you've got."

And very probably the Boss believes just what he says, for there are few things of which a politician of local influence, but not versed in the ways of Washington, is more sublimely confident than that a military regulation is only made to be broken at his behest.

"All right, my friend; try it and see," says the staff officer, for he knows what the Boss does not:—that, promptly informed by a friend at court, not remotely connected with the adjutant general's office, of the big row made, the Captain had wired his declination of the detail.

This made the coast clear for the "Boss" and his backers. There was now nothing to prevent their getting the man of their choice and of our desire—nothing, as Mr. X had told them, but the placid and imperturbable refusal of Mr. Secretary Lamont to abate, one jot or tittle, the regulation that officers just completing a detail of staff service should not be sent on other detached duty.

All of which was why no Badger was sent.

The War Department filled the detail according to its own lights, and filled it to perfection. The soldier selected made himself known and honored in very short order, and his speedy promotion to another sphere of duty was a sorrow to the student body, at least, until his successor in turn arrived. They were beginning to learn that, left to itself, the war office could choose for them rather better than could the heads of the 'Varsity. Probably the only man to suffer from the affair was the luckless Mr. X, whose fingers had been burned in pulling other fellows' chestnuts out of the fire. The press, of course, never enlightened the public to the extent of saying that the President *asked* him to write as he did—no more did the Boss.

Then came other chestnuts, and another chance for the politicians and the few papers they controlled. Good as were most of the regimental and company officers in the State force by this time, there were some that were indifferent, a few that were bad and two or three that were worthless, and yet clung to their swords because of a certain *prestige* they gave them at home, and pay in camp. For years there had been attached to the general order for the annual inspection a paragraph setting forth that any company that should fall below the minimum in its score, would stand in danger of summary muster out. Now, there had been hanging on the ragged edge for at least five years no less than five companies whose discipline and instruction were so poor that they were discreditable to the State. But Governors are human. To order the disbandment of the Sugar County Guards

(officially known as Company "Q," Fifth Infantry, let us say), would probably transfer ten score votes, at least count, from his ticket to that of the enemy the very next election. There were half a dozen fine, fresh, vigorous young organizations eager to get into the Guard. There were nearly that many that ought to be got out of it, but votes were votes and so these tail-enders had been tagging along, an eye-sore to every soldier in the State service. Year after year they had been declared deficient and some of them had been recommended earnestly for disbandment. They knew it, but thought, very probably, Mr. X could do no more than did his predecessors.

One of the delinquent commands had been a fine company in the days of its first organizer, but he had passed on to a higher plane, was by '96 serving as colonel and judge advocate and well on his way to his present honored station on the Committee of Military Affairs of the National House of Representatives. But, as he went up, the company went down, and on the Memorial Day following the death of our beloved old war horse of a Governor—he who smashed the rioters in '86—they made such an exhibition of unsoldierly qualities in the sight of soldiers, senators and spectators from all over the State, that Mr. X had no longer to plead or argue. He had marked them for extinction long before, and now they saved him further trouble on that head. "Fire them out!" said the Governor, and for the first time on record the order disbanding a company for its sins of omission became a petrified fact.

It fell like the traditional thunderbolt from a clear sky. It stirred up, apparently, an entire community. Protests by the dozens, wired, written or verbal, poured in at the capitol within thirty-six hours. Men who had never been known to take the faintest interest in the company before, became fierce partisans now. It was a shame, an outrage. "They never gave 'em the faintest warning," etc., etc., were the heated comments. Prominent citizens came swooping down upon the Governor and the Governor sent for the adjutant general and the adjutant general pulled the records on the pleaders and showed them just where "the boys" had stood for ten years past and how steadily they had been going down hill until finally they had struck bottom. As was usual in such cases the local magnates replied that they "knew nothing about that" and obviously didn't care. What they wanted was to have the order revoked on the spot; but the Governor stood pat and held his ground. The old command was swept from the rolls. Its place in the regiment was instantly filled by a brand new company, headed by a young soldier who, before he was five years older, was destined to win the applause of the nation, and his bars in

the regular army, risking his life with Funston in the famous dash for Aguinaldo.

But that wasn't all! From the ashes of the old company rose, Phœnix like, an array of young aspirants, full of zeal and enthusiasm, eager to show the State that the military spirit was not dead in Sparta. A capital company was raised, drilled, partially equipped and was now knocking at the door begging for admission. Under the laws it couldn't come in. The State would support only so many companies. To make room for them, and gratify their host of friends and fellow citizens, and incidentally to "square" the Governor, it would be necessary to wipe out another organization, and the organization was there, not ready by any means to meet its fate, but deserving it a dozen times over. Up in the lumber district, with no less than three model companies within easy hail, was a command that seemed literally to have gone to seed. It had one good officer, the first lieutenant, who, however, was a river pilot and seldom at home. At inspection after inspection it had gone lower and lower, until only one company stood between it and the foot of the list, and when that was dropped out there was nothing to hold the next. To the dismay of its officers and the wrath of one local sheet, but with singularly few protests from the community the "Light Guards" found their light extinguished and their extinction complete. Now such things cannot be done without making enemies, personal and political. Everybody knew, of course, that without the Governor's sanction the adjutant general couldn't do it, and every one knew just as well that without the adjutant general's urging the Governor wouldn't do it. It was the chief of staff, therefore, who must bear the storm of sneers and snarling to be expected, and, without entering into the harrowing details, it may be said that bear it he did—just as he had had to take the abuse of the Press when first he began to labor at teaching the old-time militia to be something like up-to-date soldiers. This was the second company to go out, and there still were others deserving of the lesson, and their time, too, was coming when another election drew nigh; another nominating convention was soon to be held, and matters purely military were relegated by the powers to the backmost of the back seats. The Governor and his friends went on to St. Louis to attend the great Republican gathering called to name the party candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and when they returned it was with the news that the Governor would not seek renomination—would not consent to run a second time. That meant a new deal with the new year, and the State had to be saved meantime. The farmers had been seized with the free silver craze, and between free silver, free sophistry and free trade it looked

for a while most ominously like such another storm as swept the seven senses from the sturdiest citizens when the "Bennett Law" became an issue six years before. If the election of '96 had occurred in August instead of November the Badger State might again have gone daft—and Democratic. That it did not was due in great measure to the remarkable energy and personal effort of a few devoted men who took the field in person, covering the rural districts, riding from village to village, speaking three times a day in many a township, with the threshers at noon, at the cross-roads tavern with the slant of the sun, and at the town hall or village school house at night. Face to face they met the farmers, and heart to heart they talked with them, with the result that the rural vote was saved and the State with it; but it well nigh wore out the saviors.

Prominent in this work were young men, some of whom were well known to Mr. X, and one of whom was the object of peculiar interest. Away back in '80 and '81, in University days, he had started him on his first setting up drill and the school of the soldier; in the early spring had advanced him to the grade of corporal, and in the following year had named him first lieutenant of one of the two companies then existing. Then came the long years of inspection and instruction work with the "Guard," during which period the young graduate of the 'Varsity, son of a gallant veteran of the civil war, had been induced to take command of a broken-down company in his home city, and the company began forthwith its gradual climb from close to the foot to equally close to the head of the list in drill and general efficiency. In all those years during which the soldierly men of the State forces were taking to regular army methods with genuine zeal, while the "show soldiers" and the slothful were covertly opposing, Mr. X had no warmer advocate or stancher friend than this young University captain. A few others of his class had accepted commissions for a time, but the difficulties and discouragements in some cases, and removal from the State in others, had led to their resignation. The one to stick to the work through thick and thin and to attract the attention and win the respect and admiration of a host of fellow-citizens in doing it, was the tall, keen-featured young man from Winnebago. By and by we were able to eliminate the old ten-company-to-a-regiment idea, so tenaciously insisted on by veterans of the civil war days who had never seen another, and, even before the regulars, had organized our three-battalion twelve-company regiments, and within two years thereafter three of these battalions were so finely drilled as to be objects of pride to all friends of the Guard, and the best of them by a narrow margin was that of the ex-University officer, now junior major.

Then there came a time when his business interests seemed to demand that he should cut loose from other pursuits, and he sought to resign, but Mr. X, then adjutant general, would not even lay the papers before the Governor. He wrought with the major until the latter yielded and, to the joy of his men, decided to stand by the Guard, with the ultimate result that now to a man it stands by him. Not only a keen soldier, he was a man of affairs, a deep thinker in matters of state, a live citizen in his community. He speedily became prominent in local politics and as one of the delegates to the State convention in '96 seconded the nomination of the successful candidate for Governor, another gallant veteran and officer of the civil war days, in a speech that made him famous. Then he went back to his battalion and to the onerous work of converting hundreds of hard-headed farmers who, as has been said, had read the magic words of the silver-tongued orator whose "crown of thorns" had turned the heads of the Chicago convention and whose "cross of gold" led on to his own final immolation. Five years before, in speaking of future possibilities for the adjutant generalship, Mr. X had pointed out his University student as pre-eminent. He had to the full the soldierly traits of the best of the list. He had what most of them lacked—the ability to win the sympathy and support of the State legislature. By the time 1896 arrived, if by any freak of fortune Mr. X had become Governor, there was the very man whom he would have appointed adjutant general—his pupil of the University days and his friend and fellow-worker ever since. Being adjutant general and not Governor, however, Mr. X was desirous of completing the reorganization of the Guard and the weeding out of all the incompetents, either captains or companies, before stepping down and out in favor of anybody. That done, he hoped to turn over the desk and the Guard to this man of all others.

Not long after the election was decided, however, the Governor elect began to hear the multitude of reasons why he should not reappoint the then incumbent. Apparently it was not the soldiership or ability of the adjutant general that was brought into question, but certain it was he had not the faculty of making friends among the men most numerously influential, his severely military education, possibly, standing in the way of that. Then he had made enemies among the friends of those he had disbanded or disciplined. He was a stranger personally to the Governor elect and the situation could be "sized up" in a nutshell. As was said in a previous article, at the time when offices were far too few for the applicants, one of the most valuable, pecuniarily, in the State was occupied by a fellow who, first, had a salary from the general government, second, a paying business

(presumably) of his own, and third, who had "done nothing for the party." Letting alone a dozen other points, probably, in which Mr. X fell short of the desired standard, here was disqualification enough when arrayed against the excellences of a man admirable as a soldier, lacking only a few years of Mr. X's own long term of service, possessing what Mr. X had not, the personal acquaintance and friendship of the influential men of the State, and finally who was infinitely more to be considered in that he, first, had no salary from the general government, second, had what would be a better paying business of his own if he had not long devoted so much time to the Guard and lately all his time to the State, and finally, third, a man who had worked himself almost to skin and bone for the sake of the party and its principles. As between the two officers, there could be no question which would find the greatest number of backers among the advisers of the in-coming executive. Mr. X would not ask anybody's influence. The major would not, but the number of statesmen who demanded that the latter's eminent services be recognized was naturally overpowering. Mr. X recognized the situation, went to the Governor elect and frankly told him that, while he should be glad to hold the office until he could finish the work on the lines already begun, he fully realized the conditions, and, therefore, was ready at once in order to save the Governor elect from embarrassment, to announce to the reporters who were persistently coming to question him, that it was his desire and intention to retire from office with his own chief, and therefore was in no sense a seeker for reappointment. The reply was prompt and even surprising. "Don't you do it," were the words, and a kindly, cordial hand was laid upon Mr. X's shoulder. "I have the major's own letter here urging me to retain you in spite of the fact that so many are urging me to appoint *him*. If I find that I have got to make a change I'll let you know, but unless you get word from me, or through your Governor, don't you think of making any such announcement." And so they parted. From several other sources Mr. X soon heard that there could be no doubt the Governor elect had come to a decision, but no word reached him. He himself could take no step,—would permit no friend to approach the Governor elect upon the subject, but, bound by his agreement, neither could he announce any desire to withdraw. He was practically muzzled. An amusing feature of the one-sided contest, as wittily described by the correspondent of a great Chicago daily, was that "neither of the two officers mentioned will lift a hand in his own behalf and each is busy telling the new Governor what a good fellow and soldier the other man is."

And so, through some break in communication, probably, no

word came from the Governor elect until just forty hours before the inauguration,—more than forty days after he had fully made up his mind, during all of which time Mr. X had been held in the false position of presumably expecting reappointment, when his judgment told him he ought long since to have broken silence. It wasn't really the fault of the Governor elect. He said, and believed, he had sent word through the Governor retiring. It wasn't really the fault of the Governor retiring. He said, and believed, that he couldn't remember any such message. It was just one of those pieces of ill luck that go to make up so many of these absurd trials, and it seriously discommoded nobody except, perhaps, the victim himself.

However, the new executive made no mistake in the man he named. The State had never a better adjutant general—so valuable indeed to the service and to the commonwealth was he that when, in the fulness of time, there came a serious split in the ranks of the party, and a young Daniel came to judgment who had won glory with McKinley on the Committee of Ways and Means, and now, overthrowing the "stalwart" wing, became the elect of the people, about the first thing he did was to send for the adjutant general and, to the surprise of that officer and the amaze of the politicians and the press, quietly told him that he desired the benefit of the same adjutant general's services another term.

"I did every thing that I honestly could to oppose your nomination, sir," said that officer.

"I care nothing for that," said the Governor. "What I want is the best man for the place." Rejecting the appeals of his political adherents, he had listened to those of a few soldier citizens who knew whereof they wrote and spoke, and his own ripe judgment had done the rest.

One comical episode there was toward the close of Mr. X's term that gave him keen delight and was further illustrative perhaps of the methods of modern journalism. There was brought to him one day from the capital of the Empire State a letter expressing the desire of the adjutant general of New York to obtain the photographs of all his predecessors, and thus to leave for future generations a gallery of the successive incumbents up to 1897. One of these, in the good old days and the four years of William H. Seward's governorship, was General X, the first, the honored father so little resembled by the son. The photograph was sent, and then it occurred to Mr. X, to whom the bare white walls of the adjutant general's office had long been a glaring eyesore, that it might be a good idea for him to follow suit and collect the photographs of the adjutant generals of his own State. Well he

could remember how, with boyish curiosity, he had clambered to the knees of one of the very first incumbents, a martial looking Irishman, gifted with a fine presence, a boundless imagination and no property, who sat arrayed in the magnificence of the first adjutant general's uniform ever seen in the Badger State—cocked hat, epaulettes, aiguillette and all, and warranted to be strictly regulation because being the property of the West Pointer who had so recently worn them as adjutant general of New York. Genial, jovial, incomparable "Mac"! Does he still believe, I wonder, as he did in '49, that time and again he had thundered his commands to forty thousand men, sir, upon many a bloody field! His glories, alas, like his glittering accoutrements, were naught but borrowed plumes. But Mac had faith that could move mountains, and Captain Costigan himself had never a more delighted auditory than had our great "General" in his cups and songs and story.

It took much writing of letters, research, patience and time to gather all these counterfeit presentments of Mr. X's predecessors, most of them dead and gone and many forgotten, but he persevered and finally succeeded in getting quite a little collection and had them placed in one frame and hung upon the wall facing his desk. Then he began to hear from the papers on that point, as he had on many another on previous occasions. The "Journal" of a thriving little city stirred up its readers and mildly surprised Mr. X by announcing that the present incumbent of the adjutant general's office had ordered oil paintings of the numerous array composed of himself and his predecessors, intending them to be framed and hung in the capitol as were those of the governors in the executive chamber, all this presumably at the expense of the tax-payers. It was bosh from start to finish, but the editor believed his own words, so did most of his readers, doubtless, and so, *mirabile dictu*, did one man at least who should have known better—the editor of the "Watchman," long a friend of the Guard and even of Mr. X, for out came the "Watchman" in an editorial decrying the whole scheme and pitching into the proposition of "following the established custom of having pictures of the State governors on exhibition in the executive office." In time, said the "Watchman," "this formidable collection of portraits" would necessitate the erection of a gallery to the capitol. "It is quite sufficient that the people of the State have the privilege of gazing upon the more or less striking lineaments of our ex-governors," and wound up by suggesting that the Guard could have the portraits of its adjutants general painted for its own gratification and hung in the State armories. "This would be quite inoffensive to the public and doubtless even more grati-

fying to the Guard than to have these revered pictures at" the capitol.

So Mr. X thought it time to write to the "Watchman" and allay its fears, and those of its readers, and in a small corner and smaller print the letter appeared, closing as follows:

. "There is not a word of truth in the story. Somebody has imposed on the credulity of all of you.

"Here are the facts. A year ago the Adjutant General of New York wrote me for a photograph of one of his predecessors (who oddly enough was long the editor of the "Watchman") to complete his collection of pictures of the adjutants general of that State, and, little dreaming that later editors would take alarm at the result, I sent it. Then it occurred to me that I should like to have a similar collection of the adjutants general of our own state, and having obtained most of them I had them put in a simple little frame all at my own expense.

"It is true that I meant to leave this little 'gallery,' which had not cost the State a cent, to my successor in the office. It never occurred to me—and even now, despite the 'Watchman's' suggestion, I find it hard to believe—that my fellow-citizens would regard its existence as offensive. But, should such prove to be the case, I am quite willing to refrain—and to keep it myself."

And that was the last that we heard in print, at least, of the portrait gallery to be started by the adjutant general. Two months more and Mr. X's years of service, beginning as "marker" in the old "Light Guard" battalion away back in '57, compassing a brief period with the Volunteers of '61, and a decade of active duty in the regulars, came to temporary close. The old sword was hung up over the doorway of his Den, and it seemed as though the "Trials" were ended.

But there came another call.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

CHAPTER XXIV.

By Henry Romeyn, Brevet-Major U. S. A.

The years which intervened between the close of the war of 1755-'63 and the outbreak of that of the Revolution, were not prolific in adventures, on the part of the settlers in the Delaware valley in whom our story has an interest, but they were not years of inactivity. Not only had the number of settlers increased by immigration. Families had largely increased in numbers, and with the idea of expansion and adventure so pre-eminent in the New World, they thought their surroundings cramped and confined, and many of the most venturesome had removed to the valley of the Susquehanna, and had located in the beautiful Wyoming region, destined, during the great conflict, to become the scene of one of the greatest tragedies in the country's history.

John Van Campen, whom we have introduced in a former chapter as the friend of Kesmitas, had come to be "a man of affairs" among the Minisink settlers, had married a granddaughter of Nicholas Depui, and his older children were approaching maturity. Benjamin Shoemaker was prominent in church affairs, and his sons, half a dozen in number, were well known through all the valley. Grandchildren had been born to him and the wife of his youth; and they were happy in the hope of a peaceful old age, in the midst of their descendants.*

With his friend and neighbor, John Van Campen, he had been appointed Commissioner to assist in treating with the Indians for the surrender of more of their lands, and their removal wholly to a more circumscribed area, though in the same valley.

Cornelius, a younger brother of Colonel Abraham Van Campen, had removed to the new settlements, and had made extensive improvements there, and a family was growing to maturity in his home. We

*For record of publication of banns of Benj. Schoonmacker and Catrina Du Puis, daughter of Moses and granddaughter of Nicholaes Du Puis, Sr., see Records of Baptisms and Marriages, Dutch Church, Kingston, N. Y.

have only space to note the record of one son, Moses—whose name soon became well known among all the white inhabitants of the valley; and, after the outbreak of hostilities—to the Indians who harried the region in the ir hunts after prisoners, scalps, and plunder.

From the time he was able to carry and aim a rifle, the boy had been an enthusiastic and successful hunter; had ranged far and wide in the forests bounding the valley; and was well known to all the settlers. On the outbreak of hostilities with the mother country, all those in whose careers we have an interest cast in their lot with the patriots; and, though but eighteen years of age, Moses was made ensign in one of the companies raised in the valley, and which was ordered to join the army of Washington. But such was his popularity, and so great the confidence in his judgment and courage, that application was made for his retention at home, to act as scout for the safety of the settlers; and he was placed in command of a small body of young men, organized for such duty, and at once entered upon his work. During intervals when their services were not urgently required, they aided in the ordinary labors of the farms. Lulled into a feeling of security, by absence of any signs of the foe, on one occasion, the young officer, with his father and a younger brother, a mere lad, were at work in a field, and had moved some distance from their rifles—which were always carried afield—when they were fired upon by a party of Indians which had crept upon them from the near-by woods. The father fell dead at the first fire, and the lad under the blow of a tomahawk when the rush which followed was made. Separated from his arms, and surrounded by foes who sprang up on all sides, the only survivor had no alternative, and surrendered. With his arms tightly bound, and led by a warrior to the adjoining timber, he found there three other captives, one being Margaret McClure, a young woman of the vicinity who had been taken prisoner while going on an errand to the house of a neighbor; the others middle-aged men, seized while at work in their fields. Abandoning further hostilities, the party, ten in number, turned their steps toward the wilderness, and before nightfall were far from the scene of their butchery.

The raiders were members of the Seneca tribe of the Six Nations; and their course was directed toward the towns of that band, in the valley of the Genessee river. During the first day's march, the prisoners were too closely watched to be able to hold much communication with each other; but, noticing that the young woman was silently weeping, Van Campen found opportunity to caution her, in whispers, as they stood near each other, when first halted for the night, not to

give way to her feelings, as some angry Indian might send her to follow her slaughtered friends.

Finding that they were not pursued, the vigilance of the captors was somewhat relaxed on the third day, and the young leader began to urge attempts to escape. He found his companions loth to make any effort in that direction, fearing the result, in case of failure; but did not abandon the thought. Of the three, the young woman seemed most inclined to accede to the proposition. She knew that if taken to the village of her captors, she would probable be chosen as wife by some young warrior; and was of course anxious to avoid that fate; but thought the chances of successful escape very meager. Realizing that every mile added to the distance from their homes increased the difficulty of escape, Van Campen finally informed his companions that he should seize the first opportunity which presented, and make the attempt alone, if they feared to accompany him.

At the end of the fourth day of their captivity, after the last meal of the day had been eaten, one of the party, who had been hunting, returned with the carcass of a fawn, which he proceeded to prepare for food near where the prisoners, bound hand and foot, had been placed for the night. In the course of that work—or rather, as he arose to hang the meat on a near-by bough to preserve it from prowling animals during the night, he dropped his knife; but did not at once notice its loss. It fell near the bound feet of the young man, who instantly threw them over it, and managed to cover it with leaves. When he noticed his loss, the owner began a search, but as darkness had by that time fallen upon the scene, soon abandoned it, saying he could find it in the morning. Fatigued with the march of the day, and lulled into security by immunity from pursuit and the bonds of the captives, the red men were soon deep in slumber. When satisfied of that fact, Van Campen began to draw the knife within reach of his bound hands, by bending his knees, and when this could no longer be done, by slipping down from his first position. His feelings, as, though they were bound behind him, his hands touched the precious knife—"worth more than a good farm"—must be left to the imagination of the reader.

Cautiously awakening the man lying behind him, he pushed the weapon to his hands and whispered the order to "cut." It required but a moment to sever the bonds which confined the hands of the leader —that done, the gyves of each were cut, after a cautious whisper had warned the prisoner to preserve silence. Rising to a sitting position, Van Campen surveyed the scene, and formed his plan. For his

own weapons he chose a hatchet, and one of his companions took another, "as they worked silently;"—while the other man assumed charge of the rifles, which stood at the foot of a near-by tree. The young woman was given a hatchet, drawn very cautiously from the belt of one of the captors, and the work of reprisal began.

It was a savage scene. Van Campen, beginning at one end of the row of sleepers, despatched three, but the fourth—awakened by their struggles, sprang to his feet, and darted toward the guns. The young officer sprang to intercept him, and a hand-to-hand struggle began. The white contestant had lost his hatchet, and struggled to keep his adversary from reaching the knife in his belt behind his back, which—once in hand—would have ended the fight. Among the fallen leaves, footing was precarious, and stepping on some rotten wood, Van Campen fell, and the Indian, with a triumphant yell, threw himself upon him, and reached again for his knife. Death looked over the shoulder of the savage, at this instant, but, drawing up one foot, the soldier caught his toes in the belt of his foe, and hurled him from him and against the trunk of a tree which stood near. Springing to his feet, he fortunately found a hatchet, and as the Indian fled, threw it at his head. He missed his aim, but it struck him between the shoulders and remained there, as he disappeared in the darkness.

The man at the rifles had not dared to fire at the active contestants as they fought, but had been fortunate enough to kill two others, with one shot, and wounded a third with another, so severely that he soon died, while the third man had despatched an equal number with his hatchet, and the whites were masters of the bloody grounds—but one of their captors alive, and he a wounded fugitive.*

Loaded with captured arms, which included those taken from the Van Campen field, and carrying the scalps lately torn from the heads of neighbors, the victors retraced their steps to the settlements, where they were welcomed as though risen from the dead. Of the other men of the party we have no further account. Miss McClure will appear again at a later period in our story.

Lieutenant Van Campen—he had gained promotion—was not long idle. The expedition of General Sullivan for the purpose of laying waste the country and towns of the Six Nations, had been organized, and men of the border acquainted with the country and Indian character and modes of warfare were in demand. It is only necessary to state that our hero was wanted, and was at the headquarters of the

*For full history of this chapter, fight, and victory, see Hubbard's Life of Major Moses Van Campen, pp. 188-204.

expedition before it had accomplished half its march. The enemy, with constantly increasing numbers, was in its front, and a battle was imminent; when the commander expressed a wish for means of ascertaining with some degree of accuracy the disposition and strength of the foe. Disguising himself in Indian dress, with a nut-brown stain on face and hands, the young officer made his way, under cover of darkness, into the camp of the hostile forces, reconnoitred it thoroughly, moving carefully about among the groups of sleepers till he was able to gain an approximate idea of their numbers, and returned in safety to report the result of his daring exploit,* and remained with the invading force till the close of the destructive campaign; but saw no further service worthy of record here.

Busied, later, with duties nearer home, he on one occasion found himself in the immediate vicinity of the McClure home, and improved the opportunity to pay a visit to his late companion in captivity. One visit only opened the way for another. "Love rules the camp, the court, the grove;" and the acquaintance formed in such sinister surroundings was continued with growing interest on the part of both, and but a short time had elapsed when the young warrior made a complete surrender, and asked for the hand and heart of the redeemed captive. But before all arrangements for the marriage could be made, duty called him away, and the nuptials were destined to be long delayed.

CHAPTER XXV.

Smarting under their defeats, and the destruction of their homes, the savages did not abandon hostilities; and the following summer found them again devastating the frontiers of New York and Pennsylvania, and with them were numbers of Tories, often more bloodthirsty than their red companions—if that were possible—and more dangerous, owing to their familiarity with the settlements.

Rumors of an expedition fitting out at Fort Niagara, and destined for the Susquehanna valley, reached the authorities, and Van Campen and his rangers were ordered to watch for it. They had been engaged

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*Indians never posted sentries, but depended upon the acuteness of their hearing for safety during the earlier hours of night, and some members of a band or camp were always astir before dawn. For particulars of this exploit, see Hubbard's Life of Van Campen, p. 141.

several days on this duty, and had just left camp to continue their march, when they fell into an ambuscade, and were at once surrounded by a much superior force, and on very unfavorable ground. Still the fight was kept up for some time. Attempts to cut their way out by directing all their efforts to one spot in the surrounding zone of fire, proved unavailing; the enemy having force enough to be able to strengthen the threatened spot without wholly checking fire from other points. Finding his case hopeless, the young commander called out to the Tory officer in command and offered to surrender if promised treatment due to prisoners of war, and safety from the savages. This was promised; but soon after, the Indians, whose loss had been heavy, began to kill the wounded who were unable to travel. Several had been despatched by blows of a tomahawk, when the executioner approached one near where Van Campen was standing, held by a thong in the hands of a warrior, and tied around his arms. As the savage came near his intended victim, the officer suddenly broke away, and dealing the fiend a blow with his fist, felled him to the ground. Instantly all was in commotion. The stricken savage sprang to his feet, and ignoring the wounded man, endeavored to attack his rescuer. But several of the hostiles, admiring the bravery of the act, so long as their man was not killed or wounded, interfered in behalf of the officer; and for some moments he was hustled about, in a stooping position, shielded from blows of the hatchet, by his admiring enemies. He and the man for whom he had risked his life were both spared; and the raiders, who had been very roughly handled by the patriots, and were encumbered with a large proportion of wounded, decided to abandon their foray; and soon began the return march to Fort Niagara.

The troubles of the prisoners, however, were not at an end. At Canasarega, the chief village of the hostiles in the Genesee valley, they were forced to "run the gauntlet" for the amusement of their captors, and again Van Campen's activity and strength saved his companions from torture. When brought to the course, and posted at the end of the lines of warriors through which the prisoners must run, he assumed a leading position, and at the signal, sprang off at his highest speed. As he neared the door of the council house—the end of the course, two young women, armed with long whips, suddenly placed themselves in the course, whips raised for use. The runner sprang into the air, and seizing each of the would-be tormentors about the neck, the trio rolled in a confused mass to the ground. Indian stoicism gave way to boisterous hilarity, and young warriors' screaming

with mirth, forgot the cruel part they had intended to perform, and the captives escaped all punishment.

The party, under charge of the Tory officer who had commanded at time of its capture, was soon sent on to Fort Niagara, and turned over to the British officer in command, and the leader of the captives breathed more freely. The party, so nearly annihilated the previous year, had been members of the same tribe as his captors, and he had feared recognition, should the sole survivor make his appearance while his antagonist was in the hands of his tribesmen. His name, but, fortunately, not his person, was known to them, and it was with bitter anger that they learned, soon after he had passed from their hands, that the hated ranger had escaped, unscathed, from their power. Calling on the British commander, they demanded the surrender of their foe; going so far, in their efforts to regain possession, as to offer nineteen others for him. At first that official thought little of the demand; but when it was pressed, sent the Tory officer to the prisoner with the alternative:

"Swear allegiance to the Crown, and enter British service, in which case you shall have the same rank you now hold among the rebels—or —be surrendered to the Indians."

The patriot officer needed not a moment for consideration. "Tell your commander," he said, "that as a prisoner of war, I am entitled to protection, and demand it; but for his offer of a commission—rather give me the tomahawk, the scalping-knife and the stake."

He was kept in suspense for some time, but the rigor of his confinement was relaxed, though he was cautioned about showing himself in the garrison, where the Indians were allowed to roam freely, lest opportunity should be found for killing him, by friends of those who had fallen under his hatchet. He was occasionally invited to dinner by the British officers, and one such occasion was seized by a Tory officer to make trouble. The dinner had passed off pleasantly, and the company was lingering over the wine, when the Tory, who had already drunk more than enough, rose to his feet, looking the prisoner squarely in the face, and proposed the toast—"A health to King George, and damnation to his foes." No other man present would have thus wantonly insulted a prisoner; and the majority put down their glasses;—Van Campen bringing his down with such force as to shatter it. The drunken Tory indulged in some insulting language toward "the rebel," for which he was seized "hip and shoulder," by the thoroughly aroused man, and hurled over the table, and into the fire which was smouldering upon the hearth. He was quickly rescued by members

of the company, and hustled from the room. Some of the officers apologized for his conduct, and the episode was passed over without further trouble.

At Montreal, to which place the prisoners were sent, attempts were again made to induce them to enter the British service, and it was not till near the close of hostilities that Van Campen was paroled for exchange, which had not been made when peace rendered such proceeding nugatory—and he saw no more service.

Escaped prisoners had early brought tidings of his captivity, and exchanges of some captured in other localities had added to this information at later dates, but the captive officer had heard nothing from home, when he at length landed at Philadelphia, and started on foot for the journey thither. His home! had he any such abiding place? Were any of his family left; if so, where should he find them? He only knew, from British sources, that a murderous raid had swept through the Wyoming region—who had fallen, who had escaped? Where was his mother, and that other, who had shared with him the dangers of forest captivity, and had not quailed during the bloody scene which ended it? Fortunately, both had escaped further molestation, and the son and lover was soon enjoying the society of those dearest to him, from whom he had been so rudely and so long separated. A few months later he and his betrothed were married, and began a home in the vicinity, but removed, later, to one in the upper portion of the valley of the Genesee, where the subject of our story died at the ripe age of ninety years.

One story regarding him remains to be told. It will be remembered that one Indian of those who captured him the first time escaped with a hatchet in his back. Long after, while Major Van Campen—he had gained that rank before leaving his native state—was confined to his room by illness, his family were surprised by a visit from an aged Indian who wished to see the officer. Admitted to the room, after some hesitation on the part of members of the family, he made it understood that he was Mohawk, the sole survivor of the party of ten, and, baring his shoulders, showed the scar of the hatchet stroke. Passing his hand over it, the veteran said: "Yes, that's my mark." They met frequently later and became warm friends.*

But we must bid farewell to the aged patriot and take up the story of another.

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*For account of meeting of Major Van Campen and the Indian, Mohawk, see Hubbard's Life of Major Moses Van Campen.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Among the young men prominent among the families in the lower portion of the Minnesota settlements was Henry, a son of Benjamin Shoemaker. Of greater than average size, and herculean strength, he was looked upon as a leader in almost everything of a stirring nature in his vicinity. He had married a younger daughter of Colonel Van Campen, and made a home in Northampton County, Pennsylvania, not far from those of the sons of Nicholas Du Pui. An ardent patriot, he had early accepted a lieutenant's commission in "Kachlein's Battalion of Riflemen,"* and with several of his cousins marched with it to the aid of Washington, then endeavoring to hold the city of New York against the combined land and naval forces of the enemy.

On the twenty-third of August, 1776, the battalion was sent across the East River, and attached to the command of General Stirling, on the extreme right of the American forces, and near the shore, east of Gowanus Bay, and there they awaited the advance of the enemy.

The scope of our tale forbids a full description of the battle of August 27, or even the part taken by the battalion, nor has the subject of our sketch left any record of what his feelings were, as for more than four hours, from seven A. M. till nearly midday, the raw lines of the patriots stood face to face with some of the best troops of Europe, and momentarily expected an assault. But, when the turning movement, made far to the north and westward, had been completed, and that flank of the Continental line was forced to fall back and the consequent retreat of the Americans' right had begun, the battalion was assigned to the position of rear guard; fought its way back to the line assumed near the river, and that night, and the next day, was in the very front, outside the lines of works which were being hastily constructed as the "last line" to be defended, it was thought by everyone, to the bitter end.

The company of Lieutenant Shoemaker—his captain was in the hands of the enemy, wounded—was placed on picket the night of the twenty-ninth, and, shrouded in the dense fog, was not found by the officer sent to recall it, and was abandoned to its fate. Its commander heard the confused murmur which attended the stealthy movement, which he supposed was caused by the rectifying the alignment of troops for battle in the morning. But one of his men, sent back for or-

*See Heitman's Historical Register, p. 365.

ders, reported that he could find nothing of the American army, and had narrowly escaped capture by the enemy. In the double obscurity of night and fog it was impossible to move without becoming lost, and added to that was the fact that orders had placed him in that position, and it could not be honorably abandoned on any mere surmise. But before dawn of the 30th he was informed by a soldier, who had in some unaccountable way been left, that all the army was across the river, and, assured of capture if the company remained together till seen by the enemy, he gave the order to disperse, and each man seek, as best he might, to make his way along the shore, and gain the rear of the British forces.

Narrowly escaping capture by some of the pickets of the Hessians, the officer at length found himself in rear of the hostile forces, but by no means out of danger. Several members of the company who had lost their way were found within the enemy's lines when the fog lifted, and their presence gave the Hessian commander a hint of what was going on, and a small body was sent out to hunt for fugitives. With two companions the lieutenant made his way to a dense wood on one of the low hills, and, entering the shelter, sought a hiding place. But others who attempted to reach it were less fortunate, and soon a battalion of Donop's "Jagers," which had been specially recruited from among the foresters of Germany, and were accustomed to ranging through woodland, was leading the search.*

So well were the three hidden that, aided by their riflemen's uniforms, which harmonized well with the colors of the shrubbery, they were not discovered, and soon after nightfall crept from their hiding place, and started for the river. Carefully avoiding the vicinity of camp-fires, and narrowly escaping several times from the rather careless guards of the enemy, they at length reached the shore and began a search for a boat. One of the party could use the German language, and that fact was of value in passing near the sentries of de Heister's lines.

When a boat was found there were no oars, but some pieces of boards from the ruins of a house close at hand were used as paddles, and the party pushed off. But they had not gone a hundred yards from shore when they were hailed from an armed boat and ordered to halt. They turned their boat's prow down the tide and endeavored to escape, but a shot which wounded one of the party made that impossible, and they surrendered, and were returned to the shore they

*For description of tactics and personnel of Jagers, see Field's Battle of Long Island, p. 184, also Vol. I. Stiles' Wallabout series, note 10, p. 40.

had left,* and, with several hundreds of other captives, held for future disposition.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The days which followed the disastrous battle were dreary ones to all the patriot forces—even those who, having escaped capture, were exhausted, and in many cases suffering from hunger in the retreat from the city, which soon followed the defeat. Until the Americans evacuated the city the enemy was, perforce, compelled to hold his prisoners on Long Island, and while some were crowded into the public buildings, churches and prisons alike, many were kept in the open air, without shelter of any kind, and fed only at such times as suited the captors; and then very scantily. When, at the end of two weeks, the royal army crossed East River to take possession of the city, it transferred the prisoners also—already with a large sick-list, which did not decrease in the hot and crowded places of confinement.

Recognizing them only as "rebels," except in special cases, where the prominence of the individual made him a target for still greater acts of malevolence, the royalists made no effort to separate officers from enlisted men, and kept no lists of their captives, exchanges not being thought of at that time; nor were organizations kept separate; in confining the prisoners, so many, according to the capacity of the building or other space, were "herded" together. Among those with whom the young rifleman came in contact by this arrangement, or want of it, was one, whose face at first sight seemed familiar, but to which he could attach no locality. A day or two later he heard a familiar name called, and, turning about, found himself face to face with the middle-aged man who answered the call.

"Are you related to Nicholas and Samuel Du Pui of Minisink?" he asked.

"I am Captain Paul Depue, of the Ulster County Regiment. My grandfather was of the same name, and nephew of Nicholas, the first of the family in America."

"My home is near those of the name in Delaware Valley, and also those of the Van Campens. My wife's name was Van Campen."

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*"Three persons, left behind by some mischance, seized a batteau and attempted to escape, but were cut off and forced to return." (From The New England Chronicle, Sept., 1776.)

The men, thus introduced, were separated at that moment, but, as each had an interest in the other, they soon sought each other out, and became fast friends.

"The old sugar house," to which they were taken, was a four-story stone structure, on Liberty street, gloomy and forbidding in appearance, each floor divided into two rooms, and each room filled with prisoners, crowded so thickly as to almost prohibit movement or room for all to lie down at once. "The brutal, infamous Cunningham," whom General Gage, while in Boston, had made Provost Marshal of the British army, was placed in charge of all the prisons, and had as his constant attendant the hideous mulatto hangman, whose badge of office, a rope, was ever in evidence.*

A board fence nine feet high was built around the building, and inside of this was a narrow space patrolled by sentries. The inhuman jailor furnished only food enough to keep life in the inmates, and very often the flour and meal were wormy and the meat putrid.*

On one occasion, not long after their confinement began, when the food, a large boiler of soup, was brought into the lower room, in which the friends were confined, the odor was so offensive that, led by the herculean rifleman, some of the prisoners seized the persons who brought it and threw them, heads down, into the vessel containing it. Fortunately for the drenched ones, it was only lukewarm. But the rebellious act caused a fast of two days as a punishment.

When the hardships of confinement had begun to tell upon the prisoners a Tory officer from Long Island was sent into the prison to offer release upon enlistment in the king's service. He was accompanied by a small guard, and to this precaution owed his life. He had scarcely begun to read the proclamation with which he was provided, before, with a roar of execration, the prisoners were upon him. Again the lieutenant, whom all who were in the room with him had begun to look upon as a leader, was at the front. Seizing the offender, who was a small man, he raised him above his head, and hurled him bodily among those who were clamoring for opportunity to reach him. The guard dared not fire, fearing that a bullet might reach their officer, and attempts to charge into the infuriated mass required the use of the bayonet, and several of the prisoners were wounded before he was reached and rescued.

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*For description and life of Cunningham, see his confession, Stiles' Wallabout Prison Ships. Vol. II., pp. 226-7.

†See Ibid. Notes 12-13, p. 42.

He could not, later, identify any of those who had injured him, and to this fact the leader probably owed his life, but the affray cost the whole body of the prisoners three days of hunger.

The indefatigable young officer could not be quiet. Feeling that all were losing physical strength as well as mental stamina, he began to cast about for avenues of escape. Finding a fellow prisoner who knew thoroughly the ground around their prison, he consulted him on the chances of tunneling out, but the impossibility of obtaining tools, even common table knives, forced the abandonment of the idea. Then he, with his new friend, Captain Depue, began to canvass the chances of overpowering the guard at the door and escaping by that place of egress.

"We can," he said, "let enough of our friends into the scheme to start it. Let them begin a disturbance in the rear of the room, after dark, and that will bring the guard to the door, and if kept up they will probably come inside. You stand one side of the door; I will take the other. Knock down the first man who enters. I will take care of the second, and with each a musket and bayonet we can fight our way to the street, leaving the door open for others to follow, and by scattering at once in the darkness, some, at least, will get away. Some may be killed, but it will take five minutes to turn out the main guard, and much can be done in that time."

But the plan miscarried. None of the prisoners had noticed that very frequently a man was sent in as a prisoner, who would, after not more than two days' incarceration, be released. Then another would be sent in and taken out in the same manner. These were Tory spies, sent in to listen for any plotting on the part of the patriots.

The plan for the outbreak had been overheard by one, and on the day before the attempt was to be made, Cunningham, accompanied by a strong guard and the spy, entered the prison, and the scoundrel was ordered to point out the leaders. He began with Lieutenant Shoemaker, and, with a curse and vilest abuse, the butcher ordered a smith who was among the guards to "bring on the irons." Between two Hessians, who stood with bayonets at the "charge," the patriot, with pale face and set lips and blazing eyes, said, as the shackles were riveted on:

"I am helpless and must submit, but you will do me a favor if you will order those men to bayonet me, and have done with me."

"You're not going to die that easy, you —— rebel. You'll have plenty of time to wish you were dead later on."

The spy had a good memory, and in a few moments after the fet-

ters were closed, a dozen of those most active in the plot were, under a heavy guard, on the way to the prison ship Whitby, anchored a few days before in the ship channel of Wallabout Bay, and about four hundred yards from the Long Island shore.*

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was a deeply dejected party that was rowed across from the Battery to the Whitby that pleasant October afternoon. Only the leader was in irons, but all his fellow prisoners felt the ignominy in their hearts, and though companions in misfortune, offered words of sympathy as they slowly filed out of the boat and climbed to the deck of their floating prison.

The Whitby was moored by anchors at both bow and stern, to prevent her from swinging across the channel at a change of tide, and one of the ports on the lower deck had been enlarged as a door to the prisoners' galley or kitchen, on the starboard side, which was next the channel. This was separated from the prison on that deck by a strong bulkhead, with a door, which was secured by a bar, and guarded by a single sentry—the main guard having quarters on the deck above.

Food was similar in quantity and quality to that furnished to the prisoners on shore. Of surgical or medical attention or appliances there were none, nor any changes of clothing; and soon dirt and bad and scanty food began to tell heavily on the unfortunates. Offers of pardon on enlistment in the royal army were once more made, but such was the determination of the patriots that, led by Captain Depue, they threatened, if it was repeated, to take the life of the person making it, or, failing in that, to fire the hulk, if opportunity offered, and take the chances of escape.

But when the confinement had been endured for a month the conditions had become appalling. Deaths increased rapidly in number, scurvy and fevers claimed victims by scores, and the shackles of the lieutenant had worn raw places on his ankles, which, from lack of medical attention, were rapidly increasing in size and depth. With Captain Depue and two of his cousins—one of his name, the other a Van Campen—he planned for escape.

The first plan of the officer was to overpower the sentry (who had

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*For position of the Whitby, see map accompanying Taylor's Martyrs of the Revolution in Prison Ships, p. 44.

orders to make a casual inspection at different hours of the night—a very foolish command, when it was considered that he faced scores of desperate men, with no aid on the same deck), and drop out of the open port, and risk getting to shore. But before favorable opportunity offered strength had failed, and that plan was abandoned. The quartette had managed to secure sleeping places near the door, and remembering the troubles which had come from former publicity, said nothing of any plan.

When the friends had been about a month on the vessel, a large flat-bottomed boat, loaded with old lumber for fuel, was moored alongside the Whitby, and a detail of prisoners, among them the fettered officer, was placed on it to break up the wood. The task was not completed till darkness had fallen, and the now desperate prisoner, while the attention of the sentry was attracted in another direction, managed to secrete, beneath his ragged coat, a fragment, strong, and of good length, for use as a weapon, and one of the axes which had been used was dropped when the guard did not notice it.

In the rayless gloom of their prison the four waited impatiently for silence in the quarters of the guard on the upper deck. Through the interstices of the door they could hear the heavy tread of the sentry as he moved about, and the voices of his "relief" as the guard was changed.

They were glad to learn that a thick fog covered the water, and hid everything from view at only a few yards distance. The sentry hummed in low tones the words of a German song, as he slowly passed and repassed the door. When he ceased, he came nearer, and, raising the bar, held a lamp above his head as he sought to discover objects within.

It was his last look. The shackled man had risen, and standing beside the doorway as the sentry leaned forward for a better view of the interior, struck a blow which would have felled an ox. The man fell without a groan. His musket had been placed beside the door, as he raised the bar, and his lamp fell upon one of the quartette, who was in the act of rising, and made but little noise. But the rattle of chains might be heard on the upper deck, and the fettered man could not move rapidly.

Seizing him in their arms, his cousins bore him quickly to the port, the shutter of which opened readily, and in a moment more the party was on board the barge.

But not yet in safety. Two blows of the axe were required to sever sink the unseaworthy craft, and drenched more and more its unhappy passengers. Fortunately the direction of the wind changed suddenly

the ropes which fastened it to the vessel, and before the second one could be sundered, the sentry on the upper deck had given the alarm and fired upon the fugitives. Captain Depue fell, his leg broken at the knee by the bullet. Before the soldier could reload or the main guard reach the scene, the fleeing men had cut the rope, pushed off into the fog, and the rapidly ebbing tide had borne them into its dense obscurity, and they were being carried out to sea.

They had hoped that the current would carry them against the Long Island shore before passing Red Hook, but in the opaqueness of the mist nothing could be discerned at more than a few feet distant. Once they were startled by the strokes of a ship's bell, only a few yards away, and a moment later their frail craft was rasping along the side of a man-of-war, the muzzles of her guns projecting over their heads. Next, the hawser of another, drawn taut by the strain of the ebb, came in the way, and the hulk drifted against it "broadside on," and was lifted and careened nearly to capsizing before it could be freed. The wounded man had lost much blood, but the flow had been checked by a rude tourniquet, made by tearing off a sleeve of his shirt. The wind had risen, coming from the north, and soon after the half-frozen fugitives had heard the hour of midnight struck on board a ship, they struck under its bows. So benumbed were they by the cold and fog, that they made no effort to push off from the dangerous obstruction; but, huddled together on the bottom of their craft, allowed it to take its own course. Their recumbent positions probably saved them, for a watch on the deck of the ship, whom they heard report the wreck, failed to notice that it contained any living freight.

Few words were spoken by the chilled, exhausted men. Occasionally one would give expression to a surmise regarding their location or bearings from the shore; but, with all their suffering, not one word of regret over their attempt was heard. The wounded officer, strong in the faith of his fathers, as he lay in the centre of the soaked and shivering group, put up an audible and earnest petition for deliverance from their perils, and though in worse condition than either of his companions, cheered them, when he spoke, with hopes of deliverance.

After they had drifted out through the Narrows the wind freshened and dispersed the fog enough to enable them to see the stars; and Lieutenant Shoemaker, whose woodcraft had included a little of stellar knowledge, was able to determine the direction in which they were drifting, and found it to be nearly south.

The increasing wind soon caused a rough sea, which threatened to to the east, and soon the anxious men heard the roll of surf on a beach,

and had scarcely time to realize what it meant before their wreck was lifted high on a large roller, and, with its exhausted occupants, flung far up the shelving beach.

The unwounded men struggled to their feet, but so exhausted were they that they were forced to steady each other in order to retain that position. Another wave, which reached and for the instant covered the wounded captain, warned them of their unsafe position, and the unfettered ones laid hold of him and succeeded in dragging him away from the water's edge, and, partially warmed by their exertions, they assisted the fettered rifleman to the same point. The cold dawn of a December morning was lighting up the scene, and soon the shipwrecked quartette saw, half a mile away, the roofs of substantial buildings, and young Van Campen, the strongest of the party, at once started for assistance.

Tories swarmed on Staten Island, where they had been thrown; but he was fortunate enough to find a patriot family, descendants of the Huguenot immigrants of a century before, and when he gave the names of his companions was surprised to hear the wife say:

"My mother was a granddaughter of Nicholas Du Puis, and the poor sufferer has a triple claim on us, of patriotism, common humanity, and kinship."

Assistance soon reached the sufferers; the wounded man received surgical attention; a smith was brought, who filed the torturing shackles from the raw and bleeding limbs; nourishing food, at first sparingly, was given, and, for the riflemen, with good effect. But to the wounded officer attentions were of little avail. Hard service in his younger days had left its effects upon him; prison fare had sapped his vitality; loss of blood and a broken bone, which made amputation necessary, with the attendant exposure, had finished what former experiences had begun, and before his companions had recovered sufficiently to proceed to their homes, he had succumbed, and gone on that journey from which no traveler returns.

"Tell my dear wife," said the dying man, "that I regret only that I have but one life to give my country, and that I hope and expect that our children shall be taught that next to duty to God stands duty to country, and that there will always be a man of our name to fill a man's place in the hour of need," * * * and another life was added to the thousands paid as the price of that of a nation's.

Of public means of conveyance there were none, and the disabled officer could not march. In that condition he was assisted across the country as opportunity offered, but it was not till the winter had passed that he reached his home. He was never able to return to duty, and

although he lived well into the second decade of the nineteenth century, one of the sores made by the fetters required daily attention, having never healed.*

* * * * * * *

Thirty-five years had passed, when the country called for men to again repel British aggression, and again a Depue answered the call, and on the northern frontier, first at Little York† and later at Plattsburg, one of the name stood among his smoking guns and acted a man's part. More than thirty years later still, a Decker went to his death at Mexico's gates. When the sainted Lincoln called for men to save the Union, men of all the four families, a part of whose history we have herein traced, answered the call. From the South, "faithful among the faithless found," Depues came to render loyal aid; a great grandson of the Kachlein rifleman rode with Sherman to the Sea, and another, in whose veins was commingled the blood of Shoemaker, Decker, Van Campen and Depue, charged at Missionary Ridge and helped to strike the last blow at Overton's Hill and roll back Hood's invasion of Tennessee.

* * * * * * *

When, on that hot July morning in 1898, the sun rose over that fateful field in front of the Spanish forces in Cuba, which before the day closed was red with American blood, shed in the cause of liberty, it cast, among those of the batteries on El Pasa's crest, the shadow of an officer who claimed descent from the same source; and, later in the day, under the shadows overhanging the Bloody Ford of Aquadores, a Decker surgeon, as he stooped to bind the wounds of a soldier, fell victim to the aim of a Spanish sharpshooter, and, to-day, amid the steaming, miasmatic swamps of far away Luzon, one of the same lineage is upholding the supremacy of the cause for which seven generations of his ancestors have bled.

The old Holland blade hangs on the walls of a clergyman's study, the windows of which overlook the bay to which come the vessels of every nation, and down which the escaping prisoners drifted in the foggy night. The other, that of the former guardsman of the Grand Monarch, ornaments a room whose windows afford a view of the Hudson, where Schoonmacker, Van Kampe, Du Puis and Dekker helped to plant the seeds of empire, and from whence have gone forth men to perfrom man's duty—at the bar, in the pulpit, and on the tented field, FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

THE END.

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*A fact.

†Now Toronto.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

AN analysis of the contents of the principal military periodicals, systematically classified under a few general heads for the convenience of the reader and student, comprising extracts and comments, in which special attention is given to the most important and valuable articles.

ORGANIZATION, ADMINISTRATION AND MOBILIZATION.

1. Annual Report of the Volunteer Forces of India.—*Ind. Vol. Rec.*, September 15.

2. The Royal Naval Volunteers.—*Same*, September 30.

3. District and Army Corps.—*Army and Navy Gaz.*, October 3.

4. The Report of the Royal Commission of the War in South Africa.—*Unit. Serv. Mag.*, October.

5. The Militia Question.—*Same.*

6. The Turkish Soldier.—*Same.*

7. The Von Loebell Annual Reports, 1902.—*Jour. R. U. S. I.*, October.

8. The French Naval Program, 1900-1906.—*Same.*

9. The New Militia Law.—*Jour. Mil. Serv. Inst.*, November-December.

The importance of the British Volunteer Forces in India as well as at home is not always appreciated by the world at large. The first two papers above mentioned relate to the volunteers, one to the Army Volunteers of India, the other to the Naval Volunteers at home.

The importance of the former is seen from the following:

"The total strength of the Volunteers in India for the year 1901-02 was 31,233; the strength for the year 1902-03 is 32,496 (an increase of 1,263) made up as follows:

Naval Volunteers	432
Submarine Mining Engineers	140
Electric Engineers	46
Light Horse	1,724
Mounted Rifles	776

Artillery	1,279
Railway Volunteer Rifles	11,569
Local Volunteer Rifles	11,464
Cadets	4,274
Reservists	792
Total	32,496

"During the year no new Battalions or Corps have been raised. Two Railway Corps (Bengal Nagpore Railway and the Great Indian Peninsula Railway) have been formed into two Battalions each.

"The issue of a 6-in. B. L. gun and two 3-in. Q. F. guns have been sanctioned for the use of the Calcutta Port Defence and Cossipore Artillery.

"Twelve thousand nine hundred and sixteen .303-in. L. M. rifles and 1,132 .303-in. M. E. and M. M. carbines have been issued to the Volunteers and it is expected that the remaining 9,023 rifles and 7,398 carbines will be available for issue during the current year.

"Considerable attention has been paid to the care of arms during the past year, and suitable orders have been issued in all Corps to ensure that all Volunteers are properly instructed how to clean and take care of their arms.

"The shooting of all Corps that have been rearmed with .303-in. arms has very much improved, so much so, that the standard for marksmen is found to be too low, and that a very much higher standard of shooting than has hitherto been considered as sufficient will be obtainable as soon as the Volunteers have all been rearmed.

"The Government of India have sanctioned the expenditure during the current financial year of Rs. 1,500,000 for rifle ranges for Volunteers."

The paper relating to the Naval Volunteers is interesting to us on account of our own Naval Reserves:

"As we have already recorded, active measures are in progress for the raising of the new body of Volunteers, and the Clyde and Thames Divisions are now actively recruiting. The Fishmongers Company of London have allowed the use of their historic Hall on London Bridge Approach as a recruiting office pending the provision of permanent headquarters. In the Thames the composite sloop Buzzard is to take up this duty which was filled in the old days by the Frolic off Temple Pier. The Buzzard has a displacement of 1,140 tons, and has hitherto

been equipped with eight 5-in. breech-loading guns, but will in future be armed with various types of modern guns for drill purposes. She is to be moored in the River Thames, near Blackfriars Bridge. The following extracts from the Regulations expand the particulars we have already given:

"CONSTITUTION AND ESTABLISHMENT.

"The Royal Naval Volunteers Reserve is raised under the 'Naval Forces Act of 1903.' It is to be called generally 'The Royal Naval Volunteers,' of 'R. N. V.,' and is hereinafter shortly referred to as the 'Naval Volunteers.' The Naval Volunteers are subject to the provisions of that Act, and to all regulations made with regard to them by the authority of the Admiralty.

"Whenever the Admiralty call out the Naval Volunteers, or any of them, for actual service, they will be liable to serve either ashore or afloat, as may be directed by the Admiralty, and anywhere the Admiralty may have need of their services, with the understanding that those services shall, as much as practicable, be confined to Home Waters and the Mediterranean. When so called out, and serving either ashore or afloat, they will be liable to any duty applicable to their rating for which they may be found competent, and for which they are required by the Commanding Officers of the ship or force to which they may be attached, and they will be subjected to the Naval Discipline Act. It will be an understanding that the Royal Naval Volunteers shall have, as far as possible, the first claim to be discharged on the termination of hostilities or as soon as any portion of the Reserves can be dispensed with.

"ORGANIZATION.

"The general administration of the whole force is to be dealt with by a Central Committee in London consisting of representatives of local centers providing a division of Naval Volunteers and of other gentlemen who may be invited by the Admiralty to serve on the Committee.

"The formation of a new unit will not be sanctioned unless a sufficient number of persons to form a company are prepared to enroll themselves.

"Whenever it is practicable a division will be formed at each of the large ports in the Kingdom, and the companies composing the division will be raised in the immediate neighborhood of the port.

"PRECEDENCE AND COMMAND.

"The Naval Volunteers will be under the orders of the Admiral Commanding Coastguard and Reserves.

"The Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve takes precedence immediately after the Royal Naval Reserve.

"All Naval Volunteers, when assembled for drill or inspection, or voluntarily doing any naval duty, either afloat or on shore, will be under the immediate command of the senior Naval officer present.

"The officers and petty officers of the Naval Volunteers shall command each other and the men and buglers of the force, agreeably to their respective ranks, in all matters relating to their duties; but none of them are ever to assume any Naval command or authority whatsoever, unless ordered to do so by their superior Naval officers, and they are to be, in all matters whatsoever, under the command of the captain or commanding officer, or other superior officer, of the ship in which they may be.

"OFFICERS.

"All of the Naval Volunteers will be appointed by the Admiralty. Officers above the rank of midshipman will receive commissions in the same manner as officers of corresponding rank in the Royal Navy."

The *third* paper refers to the subject of *Army Corps* as a unit of organization:

"The most significant of the recent appointments to generals' commands are those of Sir Charles Tucker to the Scottish District and of Sir Leslie Rundle to the North-Eastern District. The importance is in the phraseology: 'District,' not 'Army Corps,' is the word used. This official statement bears out the report circulated lately, and incontinently denied by authority, that it was not proposed to complete the newest scheme of organization by forming the 5th and 6th Army Corps. It is now quite clear that for the present, at any rate, and very probably for all time, these last two great units will never be constituted. Wisdom has been learnt, a little tardily, perhaps, although not without its repeated inculcation—that the Army Corps system was not adapted to the whole kingdom. The German territorial model, which was so plainly accepted for imitation, was not, in many respects, suited to our military conditions. In some, indeed, it was hopelessly inapplicable, especially as regards the permanence of the staff and of the regimental units, both of which must necessarily vary continually with the constant demands of service abroad. In the matter of fitness

for the field much progress has certainly been made; the expert opinions that come from the late maneuvers bear witness to that, and it is pretty certain that such good results would not have obtained under the old arrangements. It is not entirely due, of course, to the Army Corps system that the rank and file have learnt to use their wits more largely and to depend on themselves more when moving forward to attack; nor that officers are better trained to accept responsibility and use more independence in subordinate commands. Yet all this has been greatly helped by bringing men more together and in larger bodies under the immediate eyes of leaders whose good word was worth having, and emulation to gain it was encouraged.

"From the administrative point the Army Corps is best adapted to the three that stand first for active service. For the rest the district is still the most effective unit of organization. It is handier, more compact, and the geographical objection of too extensive area does not come in."

The *fourth* paper contains the comments of Lieutenant Colonel F. M. Maude (a recognized authority on the subject) on the Report of the Royal Commission. It is an article well worth careful study, but we can quote only a few extracts:

"No one can hope to obtain a serious grasp of military organization until he has become thoroughly seized and possessed by the conception that the several arms, branches, departments, etc., of an army are not to be spontaneously created, but are absolute organic growths, which require both time, material, and sustenance to mature. One must visualize them as limbs of a living body, liable like these to atrophy, decay, and death, if a healthy blood supply is denied them.

"Every one who will read the information and reports from the department published in the evidence must agree in the ability and conscientious industry they display; but, also, it is apparent that they are the work of men compiling them from hearsay evidence without adequate personal experience of the people or country to guide them, and, as it happened, the three principal men in the army on whom at the outset the responsibility fell, the commander-in-chief, the adjutant-general, and Sir Redvers Buller, had all three intimate acquaintance with the ground, persons, tactics, indeed with every ascertainable condition of the problem before them.

"Is it to be wondered at if the reports of the two junior officers without much, if any, personal knowledge failed to attract the attention their excellence entitled them to, and that the older men preferred to

stick to their own opinions? Now, it was precisely in this divergence of opinion that the civilians saw their opportunity, and being human, very naturally took the advantage it offered.

"It is quite unnecessary to assume them to have been endowed with a double dose of original sin and turpitude, for under the circumstances the consequences were inevitable, and no individual can be blamed for all that has followed; in any case, it is 'no use crying over spilt milk.'

"Instead, let us conceive an Intelligence Department on the Continental model, in full working order for thirty or forty years preceding the Boer *ultimatum*, and fed by a constant supply of young officers, trained, selected, and maintained for the special purpose of guiding military thought and preparation in peace.

"Practically all officers above regimental rank would have passed through the mill, would have given the best of their own locally acquired knowledge to the formation of opinion, and, knowing by experience the rare skill and forethought with which the mass of material had been digested in the office, when at last that office spoke they would have backed up its utterance with such force that the politicians, seeing the risk they would run in defying unanimous military opinion, would, in self-defence of their own interests, have yielded to such representations—and not merely at the eleventh hour, but years before the crisis arose.

"It would not have been only the question of whether the Boers would fight or not which would have monopolized the attention of such a department, but how both they and other possible enemies would assail us, and, as in Germany, every possible campaign would have been fought out again and again on the maps by the different generals and officers, who from time to time had passed through the office, till the armaments and methods most feasible in each instance, as well as the practical capacity of all possible personalities for staff command, had been threshed out and definitely recorded.

"The ultimate fact with which all strategy has to reckon is 'human nature,' and since substantially human nature is the same all through the Western races, the causes which have conditioned progress in France, Germany, and Austria, will prove equally efficacious in our own case. What we have to do now is to spare neither effort nor expense to build up a thinking department from men chosen by the capacity they have shown as instructors of their men, and once the machinery is in existence, I feel confident that the very high degree of ability and conscientious devotion to duty the evidence of all ranks

before the commission reveals will prove adequate to meet all demands the future may make upon us. Briefly, the evidence shows immense individual effort paralyzed by friction and dispersion of energy. Eliminate the friction and concentrate the energy, and we have the framework for a fighting machine of unparalleled power."

The *seventh* paper is a résumé of the contents of the excellent annual account of the changes and progress in the world's armies, published in Germany, which is thus made available for English readers.

The *eighth* is a valuable article in many respects and presents the views of the late French Minister of Marine. A few extracts will illustrate its character and scope. The article is a continuation of one previously discussed in this magazine:

"In battleships offensive power and protection are the two qualities which predominate, but there are other qualities which it will not do to neglect, although they may be considered of only secondary importance. A ship, for instance, to reach the highest point of her fighting efficiency, must have speed and radius of action equal to, if not superior to, similar vessels in foreign navies.

"If it were possible to give up speed and radius of action in battleships, we should be able to give them great offensive power and protection on a moderate displacement, but then it is not possible to reduce the speed and radius of action below a certain limit; nevertheless, battleships being constructed principally with a view to operations where they act with others in a fleet, it is offensive power that is the most essential, and for them speed must be secondary to the armament and protection.

"Speed, however, cannot be entirely disregarded, and it is necessary that the coal supply should be properly proportioned for the distances that the ships may be called upon to steam, and the time they may have to spend at sea. Since, however, battleships as a rule are not intended to act far from their ports, the weights which represent the radius of action can be reduced in favor of those representing armament and protection, so long as the limit is not passed, which would tie them too closely to their base.

"The offensive power being the primordial quality of a battleship, it is necessary, if she is worthy of the name, that she should be designed to cary the largest possible number of the heaviest guns, and at the same time the most rapid-firing weapons which are known at the

time she is laid down. In the actual state of naval science the maximum of offensive power seems to be represented by four 12-inch guns, from fifteen to eighteen 6-inch guns, and a certain number of very rapid-firing guns of small caliber, with four or five torpedo discharges, submerged or above water.

"The protection of the hull ought to be such that at the actual range for action between battle squadrons, that is to say from 1,000 to 2,000 yards, the engines should be sufficiently protected against the heavy and medium guns, whose projectiles alone would on striking have any chance of penetrating the armor. Knowing, for instance, that the armor-piercing projectiles of the 12-inch gun, with which almost all the latest battleships in most navies are armed, can only penetrate a 12-inch plate, under conditions of battle, which it would be difficult to obtain, we ought to take care that the machinery and other vital organs of our battleships should be protected by armor plates not less than 12 inches in thickness.

"If this armor is thicker, with the same resisting qualities, than that of our enemies' battleships, we shall have the great advantage of being able to fight at longer range and to inflict greater damage than we shall ourselves receive.

"Any battleship laid down now, if designed for a less speed than 18 knots, must be considered inferior to the bulk of those being constructed for foreign powers. A radius of action is quite sufficient for our ships, if it reaches 4,000 miles at 10 knots, as it allows of a battleship moving freely in European waters; of passing, for example, from the Mediterranean to the Channel without it being necesary to recoal.

"It is necessary to note that in order to attain the primordial qualities in ships of war in the proportions already referred to, it is indispensable for battleships to have a displacement approaching 15,000 tons."

The paper discusses the fighting duties of battleships, their use to support the cruisers in corsair warfare, their use in protecting the coasts from hostile attacks, the comparative value of French and foreign battleships, the battleships of the triple alliance, and, finally, the number of battleships required by France.

MILITARY EDUCATION AND TRAINING.

1. The Naval War College.—*Proc. Nav. Inst.*, Sept.

2. The Camp of Instruction at Mailly.—*Rev. du Cercle Mil.*, Sept. 26.

3. Observations on the Japanese Military Academy.—*Jour. Cav. Asso.*, Oct.

4. Report on Artillery Practice at Fort Monroe, Va.—*Jour Arty.*, Sept.-Oct.

5. Examination of Gunners.—*Same.*

6. Battle Firing of a Battery of R. F. Guns.—*Same.*

7. System of Fire Direction.—*Same.*

8. Confidential Reports on Officers.—*Mil. Mail.*, Oct. 23; *Army and Navy Gaz.*, Oct. 24.

9. The Ideal Subaltern.—*Jour. Mil. Serv. Inst.*, Nov.-Dec.

10. The Psychology of the Cavalryman.—*Same.*

11. Athletic Training of Cavalry.—*Jour. Cav. Asso.*, Oct.

12. The Farriers' and Horseshoers' School.—*Same.*

13. To Shorten the Recruit Drill.—*Same.*

14. Target Practice Preparatory for War.—*Int. Rev. Suppl.* 54.

15. The New Regulations for the Training of the French Army.—*Same.*

16. The Naval War Game (Jane).—*Proc. Nav. Inst.*, Sept.

17. The Jane Naval War Game.—*Same.*

18. Fleet Maneuvers (various).—*Same.*

19. The British Fleet Maneuvers.—*Mar. Rund.*, Oct.

The *first* of these is an admirable address by a great friend of the War College, Admiral Luce, on the opening of the year's course.

The *second* describes the new camp of instruction at Mailly, with a map and several illustrations.

The *third* is an excellent article on the Japanese military academy, which furnishes annually about 700 officers for the army.

The next four articles are more or less technical in character, but each will be found interesting for the artillery officer.

The articles referred to under 8, relating as they do to a subject of interest in our army, will be quoted from very briefly.

The first contains these remarks among others:

"In certain quarters of late a certain amount of protest has been raised against the system of confidential reports on officers, and obviously there is the machinery in this system, as it has formerly existed, for the wrecking of the career of any young officer who might be unfortunate enough to incur the enmity of his commanding officer. For the credit of the army, however, it must be insisted that though the opportunity might exist, yet the commanding officer who would avail himself of it has yet to be discovered. Still, it cannot be denied that the system was inherently a bad one, and the amendments announced, therefore, in the special army order issued this week, and the full text of which will be found in another portion of this impression, is to be

welcomed. The chief alteration and improvement is the fact that three officers, and not one, as previously, have to make the report, and this should ensure perfect justice and fairness on the one hand, and the instant retirement from the service of all who are shown to be in any way unworthy of it on the other. In the case of officers with less than three years' service, there have to be three separate and independent reports by each of the three senior officers present with the corps, says the order, and this is an excellent proviso.

"It is when we come to the senior ranks, however, that the improvements to be introduced under the new order are most manifest. Staff and second officers are only to be reported upon by their immediate superiors, who are, of course, the best judges of a man's character and capabilities.

"The whole spirit that pervades this order, however, is an excellent one, and shows a strong determination on the part of the authorities to remove any shadow of ground that might arise for complaints of unfairness and injustice with regard to these confidential reports, and at the same time only to retain those in the army who are likely to do some credit to it and themselves. Confidential reports, after all, are a necessary evil, and it is for those responsible for their working to see that they are conducted in the most scrupulous and impartial manner possible."

The other article is more general, and evidently favors the system as well as the new order regarding that system:

"The new and elaborate regulations just published with regard to the future advancement of officers point to a very earnest desire on the part of the authorities to stimulate exertion and reward meritorious endeavor. Promotion must, in the first place, depend upon the fitness that is proved by examinations, not necessarily the highest or most complete test, but as good as can be got in this imperfect world. The subjects are wide but well chosen; due weight is given to the two great branches of knowledge, theoretical and the practical. Candidates must show that they have studied tactics and strategy, are well acquainted with field fortification, military law, administration, and so forth. They must also have mastered all the intricacies of drill according to the most approved modern methods, and having been fully trained themselves, must be capable of conveying instruction to others in every detail.

"The system of confidential reports upon officers is as old as the hills. It has been the custom from time immemorial for commanding officers of all categories to give their views upon the faculties, temper,

and general fitness of their subordinates. For years this was performed for the most part perfunctorily; no more than a series of questions, pertinent enough, but answered with a conventional 'yes' or 'no,' almost invariably by the former, and affording no guide or insight into character or qualifications. The more exact performance of the business of reporting is now to be rigidly insisted upon, and very serious consequences may be expected to follow from it. The reports will now, or ought to, greatly influence an officer's future. If they are favorable, a promise of accelerated promotion is held out to him; if the reverse, he will be condemned to retire from the profession for which he shows himself unfitted or to careless to qualify."

SERVICE SALAD.

Readers of the "United Service," are cordially invited to contribute to this department items of either fact or fancy, grave or gay, instructive or only entertaining; in short, any literary flotsam and jetsam likely to interest our subscribers.

A SHARPSHOOTER AT SARATOGA.

The Dead Shot of Morgan's Rifle Corps.

Who has not heard of the battle of Saratoga in October, 1777, in which the Continental Army, under Gen. Gates, overwhelmingly defeated Sir John Burgoyne at the head of one of the best equipped armies that ever left the shores of England, composed of British veterans and the soul of the German soldiery? It has been said that in the last interview the British general had with King George III., he promised his sovereign to crush the rebellion in the colonies with 5,000 troops.

One of our best historians, who has done much to impress upon the minds of his fellow-countrymen the vast results to American independence which followed the disastrous defeat of Burgoyne, says of this commander: "Burgoyne until his unfortunate campaign stood very high in his profession. He had made a most brilliant record on the banks of the Tagus for dash under that master in the art of war, the famous Count Schaumberg-Lippe. He also added to a prepossessing exterior the polished manners and keen sagacity of a courtier. He was likewise witty and brave, but he was also hasty and selfwilled. Desirous of doing everything himself, he rarely consulted with others; yet he never knew how to keep a plan secret. While in a subordinate position he was continually carping at his military superiors; yet when given a separate command, he was guilty of the same faults that he had reprehended in others. His boastful ways drew upon him the nickname of "Sir Jack Brag" and "Chrononhononthologos," a character in a burlesque tragedy by Henry Carey, the author and composer of "Sally in Our Alley."

William L. Stone, from whom we have quoted the above truthful estimate of the British commander, and to whom we are indebted for much that is interesting in this article, calls the British defeat at Saratoga on October 7, 1777, which was an utter rout, to give it the proper name, the turning point of the American Revolution; for although Great Britain continued to contest with the colonies for six years, the American victory at Saratoga gave a prestige to the cause of liberty abroad which, had victory turned to defeat, would have been denied us. One result of the victory at Saratoga was the alliance with France, and it lifted and dispelled the clouds of moral and financial gloom that had settled upon the leaders, even the hopeful Washington.

Saratoga has its place in history as one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world from Marathon to Waterloo, so wrote the English historian, Creasy, and thus far nearly half a

century has elapsed, and his word has never been questioned.

It was one of those few battles upon which Hallam remarked that a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes.

Leaving the grand results which followed the American victory at Saratoga to the consideration of lovers of Revolutionary history, mentioning en passant only one—the grandest—the formation of a republic of freemen with its present 65,000,000 of population, let us look at two characters who shared in this battle, Col. Daniel Morgan, afterward general, ever the staunch friend of Washington, and at the date of which we write, the leader of 700 sharp-shooters; and Timothy Murphy, the crack shot of Morgan's corps. From behind trees and stumps and fences these men, unerring with the rifle, levied dreadful warfare upon the British and their German and Indian allies, until the latter became practically useless and deserted in great numbers. It was dangerous even for a British uniformed officer to appear upon the field of battle, and more of the rank of the British Army were picked off at Saratoga than in any other battle of the Revolution. Morgan was a far-sighted and clear-headed soldier; he had observed in the action of October 7th, a noble-looking British officer, who, mounted on a magnificent charger, dashed from one end of the line to the other, appearing wherever the danger was greatest and by his judgment, courage and activity frequently retrieving the fortunes of the day when all seemed on the point of being lost to the American cause. While this officer lived, Morgan considered the issue of the contest a doubtful one; he, therefore, selected twelve of his best marksmen, among whom was Timothy Murphy, and leading them to a suitable position, he pointed out to them the doomed officer, who was dressed in full uniform, and said to them: "That gallant officer yonder is Gen. Frazer. I admire and respect him, but it is necessary for our good that he should die. Take your stations and do your duty."

Within a few minutes a rifle ball cut the crupper of Frazer's horse, a second passed through his horse's mane. Calling his attention to this, his aide said to him: "It is evident you are marked out for particular aim; would it not be prudent for you to retire from this place?" Frazer replied: "My duty forbids me to fly from danger." The third shot was from the rifle of Murphy, and Frazer fell mortally wounded.

His death so disheartened the British that from the moment he fell the tide of battle turned against Burgoyne. He had lost his best subordinate, the only one of his officers who had the slightest influence with him. Had Frazer lived to advise with his commander, Burgoyne doubtless would have made a retreat and formed a junction with Sir Henry Clinton on the Hudson, and our Northern Army, mostly of New England troops, would have been obliged to keep the field. The utter defeat of Burgoyne was owing to his own blunders and incompetency, and to his want of confidence in the ability of others to advise. He respected and admired Frazer, whose bravery and ability were unquestioned, and it is reasonable to suppose that had that officer lived, his advice would have saved what is known as Burgoyne's campaign from complete disaster.

There were 700 sharpshooters in Morgan's corps, which number constituted a part of one of the Pennsyl-

vania regiments; later they became a portion of the 11th Virginia. Washington sent these 700 rangers to Gates more for the purpose of fighting the Indians than for ordinary duty. Burgoyne in writing home said: "Perhaps there are few corps in the world better than that of Col. Morgan." When he was introduced to Morgan after the capitulation, he took him warmly by the hand and observed: "Sir, you command the finest regiment in the world."

The uniform of Morgan's sharpshooters was a white long smock frock, or shirt, of thick linen cloth, or woolen, with furbelows or ruffled strips of the same material around the neck, on the shoulders, at the elbows and about the wrists; a broad white belt over the left shoulder for the cartridge box and powder horn, a black stock, hair in a queue and a round-topped, broad-brimmed black hat and leggins reaching to the shoe.

Timothy Murphy, the dead shot of the corps, appears to have been not only the possessor of an unerring aim, but he was a born Indian fighter and a thoroughly brave man.

After the surrender of Burgoyne, Morgan took his sharpshooters back to Washington and they participated in several engagements, notably the battle of Monmouth. But the Indians on the frontier of New York, most of whom had deserted from Burgoyne, came back from their homes in Canada and made war upon the innocent settlers. A detachment of Morgan's riflemen, among whom was Murphy, was sent to again rid the country of them. After his time of service had expired, he entered the New York militia and served as a sharpshooter and Indian fighter to the close of the Revolution. His skill in Indian warfare was such that, although not the commander, he usually directed all the movements of the scouts; no commanding officer could afford to neglect his advice.

Few of the present generation know that such a man as Timothy Murphy existed, or that he was par excellence the "crack shot" of a corps of men, each one of whom had achieved notoriety with the rifle, Morgan's men having been picked for the service they had enlisted for. It was not alone for his unerring sight that Murphy was noted in the camp of Gen. Gates before Saratoga. His coolness and daring also made him a man to be feared. It is related that just before the first battle of Saratoga on the 19th of September, 1777, known as the fight at Bemus Heights, Murphy went out of the American camp, and having ascertained the British countersign, he went into the enemy's camp and seeing in one of their tents an officer writing alone, he whispered to him (pointing to his hunting knife) that if he spoke a word he would make daylight shine through him. The officer, not having a sword or pistols near him, reluctantly marched before him to the American camp.

He was as fleet of foot as the fastest of his Indian adversaries; his double rifle, his quick sight, fleetness and unerring aim made him an object of dread and of vengeance to the red men; they formed many plans to destroy him, but he always eluded them and sometimes made them suffer for their temerity.

He fought the Indians with their own weapons. When circumstances permitted, he tomahawked and scalped his fallen enemy, in this respect simply following the example set him by the Indians, the hirelings of Burgoyne, of whose cruelties the history of the "Thirteenth decisive battle of the world from Marathon to Waterloo" is full. Witness one instance only—the dreadful murder by

tomahawk and scalping of the beautiful Jane McCrea. Murphy boasted after the war that he had slain forty Indians with his own hand, more than half of whom he had scalped. He also took delight in perilous adventures, and seemed to love danger for its own sake.

The Indians were unable to conjecture how he could discharge his rifle twice without having time to reload, for a double rifle was almost unknown in those days, and his singular good fortune in escaping unhurt led them to suppose that he was attended by some invisible being who warded off their bullets and sped his with unerring certainty to the mark. When they had learned the mystery of his double-barreled rifle they were careful not to expose themselves too much until he had fired twice, knowing that he must have time to reload his piece before he could do them further injury.

One day, having separated from his party, he was pursued by a number of Indians, all of whom he outran, excepting one. Murphy turned round, fired upon the Indian and killed him. Supposing the others to have given up the pursuit, he stopped to strip the dead, when the rest of his pursuers came in sight. He snatched the rifle of the dead Indian, and with it killed one of his pursuers; the rest, now sure of their prey, with a yell of joy heedlessly rushed on, hoping to make him their prisoner. He was ready to drop down with fatague, and was likely to be overtaken, when turning round he discharged the remaining barrel of his own rifle, and killed the foremost of his pursuers. The rest, astonished at his firing three times in succession, fled, crying out that he had a great medicine of a gun that would shoot all day without loading. Indeed so dangerous was Murphy regarded, that it was not long before the British set an extra price on his scalp—a price that was never paid, although many Indians lost their scalps in trying to win the reward.

One of the attempts to capture him which is still handed down in Schoharie tradition, as having occurred toward the close of the Revolution, was as follows: He had a cow, on the neck of which he had placed a bell that he might more easily find the beast in the woods. A shrewd Indian took the bell off the cow's neck, and, having placed it on his own, went jingling it about in the woods, hoping by this means to entice the dreaded rifleman within killing or capturing distance. The scout knew too well the different music produced by a cow and an Indian; and so driving the animal home from another part of the woods he left the "ding-dong" warrior to the enjoyment of his own wit.

On another occasion he and twenty-five others were surrounded by 500 Tories and Indians, under Butler and Brant. Two attempts to cut their way out had failed, with the loss of seventeen of their number. The third attempt was more successful; for Murphy, having tumbled a huge warrior into the dust, effected an opening in the circle, through which he and his comrades fled—sauve qui peut. After a little Murphy observed that he had distanced all of his pursuers except two—one a tall and the other a short Indian. Several times as they neared him he would raise his rifle (which was unloaded), whereupon they would fall back. Finding as he ran that, owing to the swelling of his fleet, his moccasins began to pain him, he opened a clasp knife, and while running slit the tops

of the moccasins, and so got relief. Then his feet caught in some long grass and he fell at full length. It was to this at first seemingly untoward accident that he owed his temporary safety and final escape; for the long grass afforded a favorable place for hiding. He lay still until his pursuers had passed on.

Loading his rifle, he went on his way rejoicing; for had he been captured he knew no mercy would be shown him, since, in addition to his well known character as a dead shot, he had an Indian's scalp in his pocket and the same hairless redskin's moccasins upon his feet. He had not gone far, however, before he saw an Indian coming toward him. The discovery was mutual, and they simultaneously took to trees. Murphy adopted the old worn out ruse; he drew his ramrod and placing his hat upon it gently moved it on one side of the tree. The Indian at once put a ball through it, and it dropped; whereupon, running up to obtain the scalp, he received Murphy's bullet in his breast; and as he fell he exclaimed "O-nah!"—meaning that he was astonished at his reception. Instead of one, the scout had two scalps in his pocket.

At the close of the Revolution, Murphy married and settled in Schoharie as a farmer, but his old habits still clung to him. Many Indians returned to Schoharie and settled among a people whose houses and barns they had burned and whose friends and relatives had fallen beneath their tomahawks. Among them was one Indian named Seth Henry, who had killed more Schoharie people than any other redskin. His nature even for an Indian was an unusually cruel one; he would sometimes leave a war club upon the dead body of his victim, with a row of notches cut upon it, each notch indicating a scalp taken. This brutal savage had the audacity to come back into this quiet settlement of farmers. One day he started to go from one house to another. Murphy was also observed to go in the same direction shortly afterward; and it is a curious coincidence that as far as can be ascertained, Seth Henry never reached his destination nor was he ever after seen by mortal eyes.

The instances of Murphy's goodness of heart are numerous; on one occasion he saved two men from drowning at the risk of his life by wading into the river among floating pieces of ice, during a freshet, in which, in addition to human lives, many cattle and sheep were lost. He was a good citizen as well as head of a family, and brought up his children with credit. Yet he could neither read nor write, and when offered rank by Morgan he always declined it, well knowing that his want of education unfitted him to command men. He simply did his duty as he understood it.

To his last day he maintained the reputation he had won as a sharpshooter in Morgan's corps. It was a custom in those days for riflemen to shoot for a prize—generally a gallon of rum, for Old Medford was the standing tipple. On one occasion a large oak tree had been blazed near the ground and in the circle a small piece of white paper was fastened by a brass nail. The distance to be fired was over 100 yards. Several close shots had been made, and it became Murphy's turn to fire. He lay down on the ground at full length, resting his rifle on his hat, as the others had done, and, after glancing over the barrel, he was heard to say: "Sure, and I believe I can see that nail." Again he sighted his piece—fired,

and the paper fell. An examination showed a centre shot; the ball had driven the nail exactly in.

As late as 1799, sixteen years after peace had been declared, four riflemen of the Revolutionary days met at a friend's house in Blenheim, N. Y., to talk over the old times. Before separating it was proposed to shoot at a mark. A target was made by pinning a small piece of white paper to a board some two feet long. One hundred yards were paced off from their standing point, to which the target was taken by one of the four, who held it between his knees to receive the bullet of a comrade, who in turn was to hold it for another, it being thus alternately held until all had fired. Each of the first three shots cut the edge of the paper —William Leek on the right, David Elerson on the left, and the other, whose name is unrecorded, on the bottom. Murphy made the last shot and the paper fell. His shot drove the pin through the board. Elerson and Murphy were comrades in the same company of Morgan's in many a hazardous adventure.

In person, Murphy was stout and well made, handsome in face, with jet black hair and an eye that would kindle and flash like the lightning when excited; quick as a cat in all his movements and possessing an iron frame that nothing apparently could affect. What, moreover, is very remarkable, that in the most dangerous duty that war could possibly entail upon him, in which he passed seven years of army life, his body was never wounded or even scarred.

Although, as has been stated, Murphy could neither read nor write, he became a powerful stump speaker. This patriotic sharpshooter lived a respected citizen of Schoharie until 1818. But there is no monument to mark the resting place of one who turned the tide of battle at Saratoga in favor of the cause of the colonies.

BENJAMIN F. STEVENS.

HEROISM ON THE LAWRENCE.

From Army and Navy Register, November 21, 1903.

A despatch from Norfolk, Va., dated November 12, says: "The heroism of Lieutenant Curtin and several seamen on board the torpedo boat destroyer Lawrence to-day saved that craft from destruction and probably prevented the entire flotilla being blown to atoms. The carelessness of a workman, who left a lighted candle on a wooden box in the vessel's forward compartment, caused a fire that destroyed much of the Lawrence's woodwork before it was extinguished by Lieutenant Curtin and some seaman just before the flames reached the magazine in which a great quantity of dynamite was stored. In their desperate battle with the flames Lieutenant Curtin and his men were so overcome by the smoke that they lost consciousness after the fight was won, and were hurried on board the cruiser Olympia for treatment. Their condition is not serious."

BOOK REVIEWS.

History of the Peninsular War. Charles Oman, M. A., Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. Vol. II. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. London, Edingurgh, New York, 1903. Pp. 684. Price, $4.75.

Professor Oman's splendid contribution to historical literature has in its first volume established its claim to a position in the first rank of modern historical works. It is a notable addition to *political* and *military* history, however, as well as to *general* history, and as a study in *strategy* and *tactics* it is also of prime importance. No student of history will now remain satisfied with possessing Napier's classical account; he must also have Oman's accurate and reliable work, if he desires to obtain a true understanding of all the events presented and problems involved.

This, the second volume of this great production, carries the history through the Falavera campaign, and in interest and variety is in no sense inferior to the first volume. The scenes and incidents are not so closely connected in this period, but the author has systematised his heterogeneous material in so masterly a way that he has succeeded in presenting a clear and graphic picture, nevertheless.

The political events are described with the author's faithful accuracy, and indicate his painstaking investigations of the enormous mass of material available for the purpose. His characterizations of men and scenes are as strong as in the first volume, and among these the most elaborate and brilliant is that of Wellesley at forty years of age. The strategy and tactics of the campaigns and battles are remarkable for their grasp of the situation and their knowledge of military science, in the smaller field of tactics as well as in the grander theatre of strategy. Among the latter the second siege of Saragossa and the Falavera campaign are particularly interesting, entertaining, and instructive.

The entire volume is in its structure, style and mode of treatment on a par with the subject it deals with: the author rises to the height of his work, and the care he has taken in investigating the original sources give him the confidence necessary to present the subject matter with force and decision, and enables him to speak with authority. It is one of the great historical works of our day.

The papers relating to the strength of the various armies, others concerning the intrigues at Oporto, and still others dealing with the Falavera campaign—all of prime importance to such an historical work—are collected in an appendix.

The maps and plans are all excellent, and give all the information required, and the illustrations add to the beauty as well as the utility of the work. J. P. W.

The Despatches of Field Marshall The Duke of Wellington from 1779 to 1815. Selected and Arranged by Walter Wood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1902. Pp. 475.

This collection of the despatches of the great British soldier contains all that is of present-day interest in the originals, which fill twelve bulky volumes in the monumental work compiled by Colonel Gurwood. It makes this rich mine of historical material available to the ordinary reader, presenting the subject matter in a single convenient volume, and so

systematised and arranged as to present the great duke as "the historian of his own brilliant career."

It is dedicated to General Viscount Kitchener of Khartoum, and contains material relating to his campaigns in India, Denmark, Portugal, Spain, the low countries, and France, and also some very interesting remarks on America, particularly during the War of 1812.

The value of this collection is indicated in a remark by Professor Oman, of Oxford University, one of the world's greatest historians of today, in his recent classical *History of the Peninsular War:*

"To clear away any lingering doubts as to Wellesley's extraordinary ability, the student of history has only to read a few of his most notable dispatches."

The compiler has not only selected his material with proper judgment, but he has also arranged it with appropriate headings, for convenience of reference and study.

The despatches relating to America are very interesting, containing as they do some pertinent remarks on the privateers we used, on the strategy of the British and on embargo and other measures which were resorted to.

We have room for but one here:

"*To Marshal C. Beresford.*

"FRENEDA, Feb. 6, 1813.

"I have been very uneasy about the American naval successes. I think we should have peace with America before the season for opening the campaign in Canada, if we could take one or two of those d——d frigates."

Another relates to the necessity for naval supremacy on the lakes for success in any war on the frontier of Canada.

The entire collection is a valuable military as well as historical work, with all the charm of autobiography and the interest always attaching to the individuality and character of a great man. The book is well printed on good paper, and attractively bound. It makes the original despatches of this great soldier available to the every-day reader, and presents them freed from all the dull and tedious parts, whose interest has become obsolete, yet retaining their character and vitality.

J. P. W.

Cadet's Handbook. A Manual for Military Students at Colleges and Academies. By Captain John A. Lockwood, U. S. Army. Kansas Coty, Mo.: Hudson-Kimberly Co., 1903.

Captain Lockwood has here presented a useful little volume to aid the cadets of military academies and colleges in their duties. The interest in the subject of military education in this country is certainly increasing, hence the handbook will be welcomed by a large and constantly increasing class of students.

The book considers not only the subjects of direct and immediate interest to such students but also subjects of general military importance, such as discipline, organization, correspondence, reports, rosters, courts-martial, military engineering, military hygiene, first aid to the wounded, camping and marching. It is well illustrated, particularly the chapters on *military engineering*, and *first aid*. The appendix contains the Articles of War and the blank forms necessary in company and post admistration.

The last two chapters are devoted to West Point and the methods of obtaining commissions in the regular army.

It is altogether a useful, convenient and timely little volume, which should prove effective in increasing the scope of military knowledge, in a practical way in our ordinary academies and colleges, great and small, as well as in those devoted specially to military instruction.

The Cavalry Horse and His Pack; Embracing the Practical Details of Cavalry Service. By First Lieutenant John J. Boniface, Fourth Cavalry. Kansas City, Mo.: Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co., 1903. Pp. 538.

This elaborate work constitutes a most useful handbook for the young cavalry officer and is a valuable addition to the literature of the subject It is a companion volume to Carter's *Horses, Saddles and Bridles*, and resembles the latter in form, binding and general appearance, but is complete in itself.

The purpose of the book, as set forth by the author, is "to place in the hands of the young cavalry officer one volume embracing the duties and responsibilities which confront him from the moment he joins his troop, and to make clear to him how things are done in the cavalry service." The author's ten years of service, his acquaintance with a number of the most prominent cavalry officers, his experience at the Cavalry School at Fort Riley, and the fact that he had for consultation the excellent library at that post, all combined to fit him for his undertaking.

The work opens with a few chapters of a general nature, such as the history of the horse and pack, the classes of cavalry in the world's armies, the horse supply at home and abroad, the various acknowledged classes of horses (with special reference to the kind required for cavalry), and the American cavalry horse.

The body of the work is devoted to the practical details of cavalry duty, including shoeing, bitting and saddling, riding and training, and stable duty, as well as to the field work of cavalry, such as marches, transporting cavalry horses, the passage of rivers, the pack and the pack train, concluding with a good chapter on diseases and medicines. The chapters on stable duty are particularly full and detailed, and contain a mass of useful information.

The work is illustrated by nearly 150 diagrams, cuts and photographs, which add greatly to its value as a handbook of ready reference and a manual of practical utility.

Only those officers who have had practical experience in attempting to glean from the limited library usually furnished a mounted command the information constantly needed, can appreciate fully the great service Lieutenant Boniface has rendered his arm of the service and the army by preparing the volume before us. It is more generally useful than a large number of the older books combined, and, while essential to every young cavalry officer, will be found very useful to all mounted officers, as well as to others interested in horses and their care and use. J. P. W.

COLONEL WILLIAM CONANT CHURCH.

We publish elsewhere in this issue a portrait of Colonel William Conant Church, who is so well known to the Service as the editor of the *Army and Navy Journal*.

Colonel Church was born in Rochester, N. Y., August 11, 1836, removed with his father's family to Boston in 1848, and in 1854 established his residence in New York city, where he has since remained. Born in a family largely devoted to literary pursuits he was at the age of nineteen proprietor of a weekly publication and at twenty-four was at the head of the New York *Sun*, which then had a circulation exceeding sixty thousand. He withdrew from this paper in 1861 and was traveling in Europe at the outbreak of the Civil War. Returning from Europe he joined the Army of the Potomac as a volunteer aide, on the staff of the late General Silas Casey, U. S. A., and continued with him during the siege of Yorktown and through the General's subsequent career on the Peninsula, participating in the battles of Williamsburg and that of Fair Oaks, where Colonel Church was wounded. At the earliest opportunity, General Casey appointed him to a vacancy on his staff, giving him the position of acting inspecting and mustering officer of provisional brigades with rank of captain. He subsequently received the brevets of major and lieutenant-colonel of volunteers. In the establishment of the *Army and Navy Journal* he was associated with his brother, Mr. Francis P. Church, and together they established the *Galaxy Magazine*, which continued for ten years from 1868 to 1878, and then merged with the *Atlantic Monthly* of Boston. Aside from his work on the two periodicals he has controlled, Colonel Church is well known in literary circles through his "Life of Ulysses S. Grant," published by Putnam's, 1899; his contributions to the *Century Magazine*, *Scribner's Magazine* and other publications; and by his "Life of John Ericsson," who was, during his life, a frequent contributor to the *Army and Navy Journal*. This was published by Scribner's in 1891.

Colonel Church was one of the twelve charter members of the New York Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion. He has been junior and senior vice-commander of the New York commandery. He is a member of the Century Club and Union League Club of New York, the Army and Navy clubs of New York and Washington, a member of the Authors' Club and the Barnard Club, a "fellow in perpetuity" of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and a trustee of the Zoological Society of New York.

The position and character of Colonel Church may be best indicated by the tributes paid to him at a dinner which his friends and admirers gave in his honor last winter at Delmonico's, New York. The occasion for this dinner was the fortieth anniversary of the establishment of the *Army and Navy Journal*, which has

been under Colonel Church's charge from the beginning. General Francis V. Greene presided and speeches were made by him, by Colonel Church, Major-General Adna R. Chaffee, U. S. A., Rear Admiral A. S. Barker, U. S. N., Mayor Seth Low of New York, Mr. Charles R. Miller, editor of the New York *Times*, and Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman in the order named. Letters of congratulation were read from President Roosevelt, John Hay, Secretary of State, Elihu Root, Secretary of War, W. H. Moody, Secretary of the Navy, Major-General H. C. Corbin, adjutant-general, U. S. A., Senator Joseph R. Hawley, Hon. Abram S. Hewitt and many others. Those seated at the head table with the guest of the evening were: Hon. Seth Low, Hon. Cornelius N. Bliss, ex-Secretary of the Interior, Judge J. C. Gray, of the New York Court of Appeals, Major-General A. R. Chaffee, U. S. A., Rear Admiral A. S. Barker, U. S. N., General Grenville M. Dodge, Rear Admiral G. W. Melville, U. S. N., Rear Admiral R. B. Bradford, U. S. N., Hon. Andrew H. Green, Judge H. A. Gildersleeve, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Colonel Daniel Appleton, N. G. N. Y., Richard Watson Gilder, Charles R. Miller, Francis P. Church and Willard Church.

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